THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM HOGARTH

WILLIAM HOGARTH AND HIS DOG TRUMP.

Frontispiece.]

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM HOGARTH

WITH

DESCRIPTIONS AND EXPLANATIONS

BY

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PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH numerous editions of Hogarth's Works have been issued, these have been almost entirely in such a large and expensive form as to be wholly out of reach of the general public. For the first time a thoroughly popular edition of his full works is now brought before the people. William Hogarth may be regarded in the strongest sense as indeed the national painter; in character he is essentially English, never pandering to foreign taste and style, however fashionable these features may be. In individual character likewise he was thoroughly English. Manly and straightforward, plain and open in all his actions and productions. When he had to deal with misery and shame among his own nationality, he did so in a bold and emphatic manner; and wherever a moral was applicable, he was ready and anxious to avail himself of it for the guidance of the young.

His characters likewise are all thoroughly natural and intensely human. Times and tastes change, but humanity remains much the same; and the scenes of life and the lessons that Hogarth portrayed one hundred and fifty years ago, are just as applicable at the present day. At the same time, however, if they had been conceived at the present time, many of them no doubt might have been different in detail.

As a satirist, also, Hogarth is irresistibly comic. Satirists were required in those days as they are now; and the works of Hogarth never can be out of date. Probably no artist ever told picture-stories so well. Certainly no one ever acquired such a reputation. And there is no reason why

such splendid and true-to-life monuments should be confined to the houses and families of the wealthy. Everyone should own and study his true pictures of moral life and character, and take home to himself the pointed lessons contained therein.

Hogarth also was emphatically a people's painter. He himself frequently asserted that no one was so badly qualified to form a true judgment of pictures as the professed connoisseur; inasmuch as the taste of such was originally formed upon imitations and confined to the styles of masters who had seldom any reference to true nature. Under this conviction Hogarth acted on the reverse of the general principle, and selected his subjects from nature, and for the crowd rather than for the critic. They were explained in that universal language common to the world, rather than in the technicalities of the arts, which is peculiar to the scientific.

In person Hogarth is described as, though hardly to be classed as a little man, rather below the middle size. His eye was peculiarly bright and piercing, and he had an air of great spirit and vivacity. From an accident in his youth, he had a deep scar on his forehead, and he frequently wore his hat so as to show it. In conversation he was lively and cheerful, mixed at times with a quickness of retort that did not add to the number of his friends. Severe in his satire of those who were present, but of the absent he was usually the advocate. He has been known to boast that he never uttered a sentence concerning any man living, that he would not repeat to his face. In the relations of husband, brother, friend, and master, he was kind, generous, sincere, and indulgent. In diet he was abstemious, but liberal in hospitality, though devoid of ostentation.

He also was not parsimonious, but at the same time was frugal. But so small were the rewards paid to artists in

those days, that after the labours of a long life he was able to leave only a comparatively small sum to his widow, with whom he must have received a considerable portion of what was bequeathed to her.

Were Hogarth's talents as an artist considered by a connoisseur, he would probably assert that this man could not be a painter, for he had never travelled to Rome; could not be a judge of art, for he spoke irreverently of the ancients. But to traverse continents in search of antique paintings, explore caverns for mutilated sculpture, and to measure works of art with mathematical precision, was not his aim. The Temple of Nature was his academy, and his topography the map of the human mind. Disdaining to copy, he avoided the superior class of beings that appear on the canvases of such as Poussin and Michael Angelo and others. Instead of thus following the hackneyed routine of most artists, he selected his subjects from his own country, and portrayed them with a truth, energy, and variety of character that was true to life and invariably original. To these he resorted, and rarely attempted to heighten nature.

It may be interesting to repeat the admirable utterance of his most sympathetic critic, Charles Lamb. "Hogarth's graphic representations," says he, "are indeed books; they have the teeming, fruitful, suggestive meaning of *words*. Other prints we look at, his prints we read."

We shall also give Hazlitt's criticism: "Everything in Hogarth's pictures has life and motion in it. Not only does the business of the scene never stand still, but every feature and muscle is put into full play. The exact feeling of the moment is brought out, and carried to its utmost height, and then instantly seized and stamped on the canvas for ever. Besides the excellence of each individual face, the reflection of the expression from face to face, the contrast and struggle of particular motives and feelings in the different actors in

the scene, as of anger, contempt, laughter, compassion, are conveyed in the happiest and most lively manner. He gives the extremes of character and expression, but he gives them with perfect truth and accuracy."

"Amidst all his pleasantry," says Walpole, "he observes the true end of comedy—namely, reformation; there is always a moral to his pictures." It is possible that the moral was sometimes written in rather large letters, but there can be no doubt that it was always sincere.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF WILLIAM HOGARTH.

WILLIAM HOGARTH is said to have been the descendant of a family originally from Kirby Thore, in Westmoreland.

His grandfather was a plain yeoman, who possessed a small tenement in the vale of Bampton, a village about fifteen miles north of Kendal, in that county; and had three sons.

The eldest assisted his father in farming, and succeeded to his little freehold.

The second settled in Troutbeck, a village eight miles north-west of Kendal, and was remarkable for his talent at provincial poetry.

Richard Hogarth, the third son, who was educated at St. Bees, and had kept a school in the same county, appears to have been a man of some learning. He came early to London, where he resumed his original occupation of a schoolmaster, in Ship-court in the Old Bailey, and was occasionally employed as a corrector of the press. He married in London; and our artist, and his sisters, Mary and Anne, are believed to have been the only product of the marriage.

William Hogarth was born November 10, and baptised November 28, 1697, in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great, in London; to which parish, it is said, in the Biographia Britannica, he was afterwards a benefactor.

The school of Hogarth's father, in 1712, was in the parish of St. Martin, Ludgate. In the register of that parish, therefore, the date of his death, it was natural to suppose, might be found; but the register has been searched to no purpose.

Hogarth seems to have received no other education than that of a mechanic; and his outset in life was unpropitious. As a lad Hogarth was bound apprentice to a silversmith (whose name was Gamble) of some eminence; by whom he was confined to that branch of the trade which consists in engraving arms and cyphers upon the plate. While thus employed, he gradually acquired some knowledge of drawing; and before his apprenticeship expired he exhibited talent for caricature. "He felt the impulse of genius, and it directed him to painting, though little apprised at that time of the mode Nature had intended he should pursue."

The following circumstance gave the first indication of the talents with which Hogarth afterwards proved himself to be so liberally endowed.

During his apprenticeship, he set out one Sunday, with two or three companions, on an excursion to Highgate. The weather being hot, they went into a public-house; where they had not been long, before a quarrel arose between some persons in the same room. From words they soon got to blows; and the quart pots, being the only missiles at hand, were sent flying about the room in glorious confusion. This was a scene too laughable for Hogarth to resist. He drew out his pencil, and produced on the spot one of the most ludicrous pieces that ever was seen; which exhibited likenesses not only of the combatants engaged in the affray, but also of the persons gathered round them, placed in grotesque attitudes, and heightened with character and points of humour.

On the expiration of his apprenticeship, he entered into the academy in St. Martin's Lane, and studied drawing from the life. But in this his proficiency was inconsiderable; nor would he ever have surpassed *mediocrity* as a painter, if he had not penetrated through external form to character and manners. "It was character, passions, and the soul that his genius was given him to copy."

The engraving of arms and shop-bills seems to have been his first employment by which to obtain a decent livelihood. He was, however, soon engaged in decorating books, and furnished sets of plates for several publications of the time. An edition of "Hudibras" afforded him the first subject suited to his genius. Yet he felt so much the shackles of other men's ideas, that he was less successful in this task than might have been expected. In the meantime, he had acquired the use of the brush, as well as of the pen and graver; and, possessing a singular facility in seizing a likeness, he acquired considerable employment as a portrait-painter.

Shortly after his marriage, he informs us that he commenced painter of small conversation pieces, from twelve to fifteen inches in height; the novelty of which caused them to succeed for a few years. One of the earliest productions of this kind, which distinguished him as a painter, is supposed to have been a representation of Wanstead Assembly. The figures in it were drawn from the life, and without burlesque. The faces were said to bear great likenesses to the persons so drawn, and to be rather better coloured than some of his more finished performances. Grace, however, was no attribute of his pencil; and he was more disposed to aggravate than to soften the harsh touches of nature.

A curious anecdote is recorded of our artist during the

early part of his practice as a portrait-painter. A nobleman, who was uncommonly ugly and deformed, sat for his picture, which was executed in his happiest manner, and with singularly rigid fidelity. The peer, disgusted at this counterpart of his dear self, was not disposed very readily to pay for a reflector that would only insult him with his deformities. After some time had elapsed, and numerous unsuccessful applications had been made for payment, the painter resorted to an expedient which he knew must alarm the nobleman's pride. He sent him the following card:—"Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ———; finding that he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, is informed again of Mr. Hogarth's pressing necessities for the money. If, therefore, his lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail and some other appendages, to *Mr. Hare, the famous wild-beast man;* Mr. H. having given that gentleman a conditional promise on his lordship's refusal." This intimation had its desired effect; the picture was paid for, and committed to the flames.

Hogarth's talents, however, for original comic design gradually unfolded themselves; and various public occasions produced displays of his ludicrous powers.

In the year 1730, he clandestinely married the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill, the painter, who was not easily reconciled to her union with an obscure artist, as Hogarth then comparatively was. Shortly after, he commenced his first great series of moral paintings, "The Harlot's Progress." Some of these were, at Lady Thornhill's suggestion, designedly placed by Mrs. Hogarth in her father's way, in order to reconcile him to her marriage. Being informed by whom they were executed, Sir James observed, "The man who can produce such representations as these, can also maintain a wife without a portion." He soon after relented, and became generous to the young couple, with whom he lived in great harmony until his death, which took place in 1733.

In 1733 his genius became conspicuously known. The third scene of "The Harlot's Progress" introduced him to the notice of the great. At a Board of Treasury (which was held a day or two after the appearance of that print) a copy of it was shown by one of the lords, as containing, among other excellences, a striking likeness of Sir John Gonson, a celebrated magistrate of that day, well known for his rigour towards women of the town. From the Treasury each lord

repaired to the print-shop for a copy of it, and Hogarth rose completely into fame.

Upwards of twelve hundred subscribers entered their names for the plates, which were copied and imitated on fan mounts and in a variety of other forms; and a pantomime taken from them was represented at the theatre. This performance, together with several subsequent ones of a similar kind, have placed Hogarth in the rare class of original geniuses and inventors. He may be said to have created an entirely new species of painting, which may be termed the *moral comic;* and may be considered rather as a writer of comedy with a pencil, than as a painter. If catching the manners and follies of an age *living as they rise*—if general satire on vices,—and ridicule familiarised by strokes of nature, and heightened by wit,—and the whole animated by proper and just expressions of the passions,—be comedy, Hogarth composed comedies as much as Moliere.

Soon after his marriage, Hogarth resided at South Lambeth; and being intimate with Mr. Tyers, the then spirited proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens, he contributed much to the improvement of those gardens; and first suggested the hint of embellishing them with paintings, some of which were the productions of his own comic pencil. Among the paintings were "The Four Parts of the Day," either by Hogarth or after his designs.

Two years after the publication of his "Harlot's Progress," appeared the "Rake's Progress," which, Lord Orford remarks, (though perhaps superior,) "had not so much success, for want of notoriety." The curtain, however, was now drawn aside, and his genius stood displayed in its full lustre.

The "Rake's Progress" was followed by several works in series, viz. "Marriage a-la-Mode," "Industry and Idleness," "The Stages of Cruelty," and election prints. To these may be added a great number of single comic pieces, all of which present a rich source of amusement:—such as "The March to Finchley," "Modern Midnight Conversation," "The Sleeping Congregation," "The Gates of Calais," "Gin Lane and Beer Street," "Strolling Players in a Barn," "The Lecture," "The Laughing Audience," "The Enraged Musician," etc., etc.; which, being introduced and described in the subsequent part of this work, it would far exceed the limits necessarily assigned to these brief memoirs here minutely to characterise.

All the works of this original genius are, in fact, lectures

on morality. They are satires of particular vices and follies, expressed with such strength of character, and such an accumulation of minute and appropriate circumstances, that they have all the truth of nature heightened by the attractions of wit and fancy. Nothing is without a meaning, but all either conspires to the great end or forms an addition to the lively drama of human manners. His single pieces, however, are rather to be considered as studies, not perhaps for the professional artist, but for the searcher into life and manners, and for the votaries of true humour and ridicule. No productions of the kind can vie with Hogarth's prints, as a fund of inexhaustible amusement, yet conveying at the same time lessons of morality.

Not contented, however, with the just reputation which he had acquired in his proper department, Hogarth attempted to shine in the highest branch of the art—serious history-painting. "From a contempt," says Lord Orford, "of the ignorant virtuosi of the age, and from indignation at the impudent tricks of picture dealers, whom he saw continually recommending and vending vile copies to bubble collectors, and from having never studied, or indeed having seen, good pictures of the great Italian masters, he persuaded himself that the praises bestowed on those glorious works were nothing but the effects of prejudice. He talked this language till he believed it; and having heard it often asserted (as is true) that time gives a mellowness to colours, and improves them, he not only denied the proposition, but maintained that pictures only grew black and worse by age—not distinguishing between the degrees in which the proposition might be true or false. He went farther: he determined to rival the ancients, and unfortunately chose one of the finest pictures in England as the object of his competition. This was the celebrated Sigismonda of Sir Luke Schaub, said to be painted by Correggio, though probably by Furino. It is impossible to see the picture, or read Dryden's inimitable tale, and not feel that the same soul animated both. After many attempts, Hogarth at last produced *his* Sigismonda,—but no more like Sigismonda than I to Hercules."

Notwithstanding Hogarth professed to decry literature, he felt an inclination to communicate to the public his ideas on a topic connected with his art. His "Analysis of Beauty" made its appearance in one volume quarto, in the year 1753. Its leading principle is, that beauty fundamentally consists in that union of uniformity which is found in the curve or waving line, and that round swelling figures are most pleasing

to the eye. This principle he illustrates by many ingenious remarks and examples, and also by some plates characteristic of his genius.

In the year 1757, his brother-in-law, Mr. Thornhill, resigned his office of king's serjeant-painter in favour of Hogarth, who received this appointment on the 6th of June, and entered on his functions on the 16th of July, both in the same year. This place was re-granted to him by a warrant of George the Third, which bears date the 30th October, 1761, with a salary of ten pounds per annum, payable quarterly.

This connection with the court probably induced Hogarth to deviate from the strict line of party neutrality which he had hitherto observed, and to engage against Mr. Wilkes and his friends, in a print published in September, 1762, entitled "The Times." This publication provoked some severe strictures from Wilkes's pen, in a "North Briton" (No. 17). Hogarth replied by a caricature of the writer: a rejoinder was put in by Churchill, in an angry epistle to Hogarth (not the brightest of his works); and in which the severest strokes fell on a defect the painter had not caused, and could not amend—his age; which, however, was neither remarkable nor decrepit; much less had it impaired his talents: for, only six months before, he had produced one of his most capital works. In revenge for this epistle, Hogarth caricatured Churchill, under the form of a canonical bear, with a club and a pot of porter.

During this period of warfare (so virulent and disgraceful to all the parties), Hogarth's health visibly declined. In 1762, he complained of an internal pain. The continuance of this weakness produced a general decay of the system that proved incurable. On the 25th of October, 1764 (having been previously conveyed in a very weak and languid state from Chiswick to Leicester Fields), he died suddenly, of an aneurism in his chest, in the sixty-seventh or sixty-eighth year of his age. His remains were interred at Chiswick, beneath a plain but neat mausoleum, with the following elegant inscription by his friend Garrick:—

"Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art;
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.
If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear:
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here."

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OF

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

INTRODUCTION.

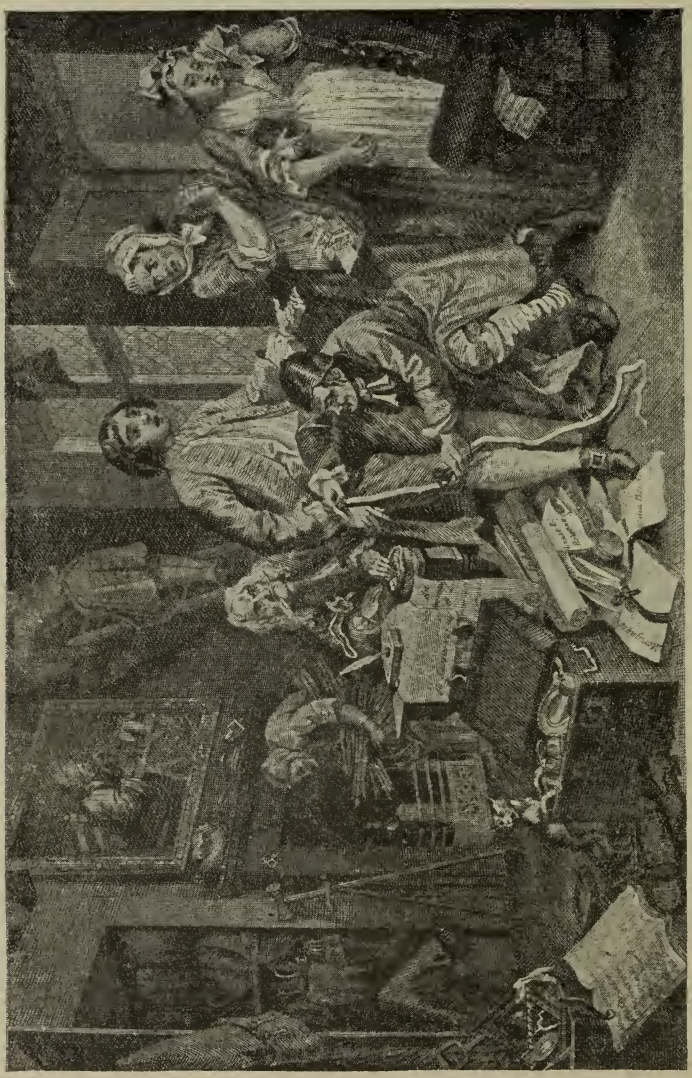
OF all the follies in human life, there is none greater than that of extravagance or profuseness; it being constant labour, without the least ease or relaxation. It bears, indeed, the appearance of that which is commendable, and would fain be thought to take its rise from laudable motives, searching indefatigably after true felicity. Now, as there can be no true felicity without content, it is this which every man is in constant pursuit of; the learned, for instance, in his industrious quest after knowledge; the merchant, in his uncertain enterprises; the ambitious, in his passionate pursuit of honour; the conqueror, in his earnest desire of victory; the politician, in his deep-laid designs; the wanton, in his pleasing charms of beauty; the covetous, in his unwearied heaping-up of treasure; and the prodigal, in his general and extravagant indulgence. Thus far it may be well; but so mistaken are we in our road as to run on in the very opposite track, which leads directly to our ruin. Whatever else we indulge ourselves in is attended with some small degree of relish, and has some trifling satisfaction in the enjoyment, but, in this, the farther we go the more we are lost; and when arrived at the mark proposed we are as far from the object we pursue as when we first set out.

Here, then, are we inexcusable in not attending to the secret dictates of reason, and in stopping our ears at the timely admonitions of friendship. Headstrong and ungovernable, we pursue our course without intermission; thoughtless and unwary, we see not the dangers that lie immediately before us; but hurry on, even without sight of

our object, till we bury ourselves in that gulf of woe where perishes at once health, wealth, and virtue, and whose dreadful labyrinths admit of no return.

Struck with the foresight of that misery attendant on a life of debauchery, which is, in fact, the offspring of prodigality, our author has, in the scenes before us, attempted the reformation of the worldling by stopping him, as it were, in his career, and opening to his view the many sad calamities awaiting the prosecution of his proposed scheme of life. He has, in hopes of reforming the prodigal, and at the same time deterring the rising generation, whom Providence may have blessed with earthly wealth, from entering into so iniquitous a course, exhibited the life of a young man, hurried on through a succession of profligate pursuits for the few years nature was able to support itself; and this from the instant he might be said to enter into the world till the time of his leaving it.

But as the vice of avarice is equal to that of prodigality, and the ruin of children is often owing to the indiscretion of their parents, he has opened the piece with a scene which at the same time exposes the folly of the youth and shows us the imprudence of the father, who is supposed to have hurt the principles of his son in depriving him of the necessary use of some portion of that gold he had, with penurious covetousness, been hoarding up for the sole purpose of lodging in his coffers.



THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE 1.—THE YOUNG HEIR TAKES POSSESSION.

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PLATE I.—THE YOUNG HEIR TAKING POSSESSION.

THE history opens representing a scene crowded with all the monuments of avarice, and laying before us a most beautiful contrast, such as is too general in the world to pass unobserved; nothing being more common than for a son to prodigally squander away that substance his father had, with anxious solicitude, his whole life been amassing.

Here we see the young heir, at the age of nineteen or twenty, raw from the University, just arrived at home upon the death of his father. To explain every little mark of usury and covetousness, such as the mortgages, bonds, indentures, &c., the piece of candle stuck on a save-all on the mantle-piece, the rotten furniture of the room, and the miserable contents of the dusty wardrobe, would be unnecessary; we shall only notice the more striking articles. From the vast quantity of papers falls an old written journal, where, among other memorandums, we find the following, viz., "May the 25th, 1721. Put off my bad shilling." On the floor lie a pair of old shoes, which this sordid wretch is supposed to have long preserved for the weight of iron in the nails, and has been soling with leather cut from the covers of an old Family Bible; an excellent piece of satire, intimating that such men would sacrifice even their God to the lust of money. From these and some other objects too striking to pass unnoticed, such as the gold falling from the breaking cornice; the jack and spit, those utensils of original hospitality, locked up through fear of being used; the clean and empty chimney, in which a fire is just now going to be made for the first time; and the emaciated figure of the cat, strongly mark the natural temper of the late miserly inhabitant, who could starve in the midst of plenty.

But see the mighty change! View the hero of our piece, left to himself upon the death of his father, possessed of a goodly inheritance. Mark how his mind is affected!—determined to partake of the mighty happiness he falsely imagines others of his age and fortune enjoy; see him running headlong into extravagance, withholding not his heart from any joy, but implicitly pursuing the dictates of his will. To commence this delusive swing of pleasure, his first application is to the tailor, whom we see here taking his measure in order to trick out his pretty person.

In the interim enters a poor girl (with her mother) whom our hero has seduced under professions of love and promises of marriage, in hopes of meeting with that kind welcome she had the greatest reason to expect; but he, corrupted with the wealth of which he is now the master, forgets every engagement he once made, finds himself too rich to keep his word, and, as if gold would atone for a breach of honour, is offering money to her mother as an equivalent for the non-fulfilling of his promise.

This unexpected visit, attended with abuse from the mother, so engages the attention of our youth as to give the old pettifogger behind him an opportunity of robbing him. Hence we see that one ill consequence is generally attended with another, and that misfortunes, according to the old proverb, seldom come alone.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE 2.—SURROUNDED BY ARTISTS AND PROFESSORS.

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WE are next to consider our hero as launched into the world, and having equipped himself with all the necessaries to constitute him a man of taste, he plunges at once into all the fashionable excesses, and enters with spirit into the character he assumes.

The avarice of the penurious father then, in this print, is contrasted by the giddy profusion of his prodigal son. We view him now at his levee, attended by masters of various professions, supposed to be here offering their interested services. The foremost figure is readily known to be a dancing-master; behind him are two men who, at the time when these prints were first published, were noted for teaching the arts of defence by different weapons, and who are here drawn from the life, one of whom is a Frenchman, teacher of the small-sword, making a thrust with his foil; the other an Englishman, master of the quarter-staff; the vivacity of the first, and the cold contempt visible in the face of the second, beautifully describe the natural disposition of the two nations.

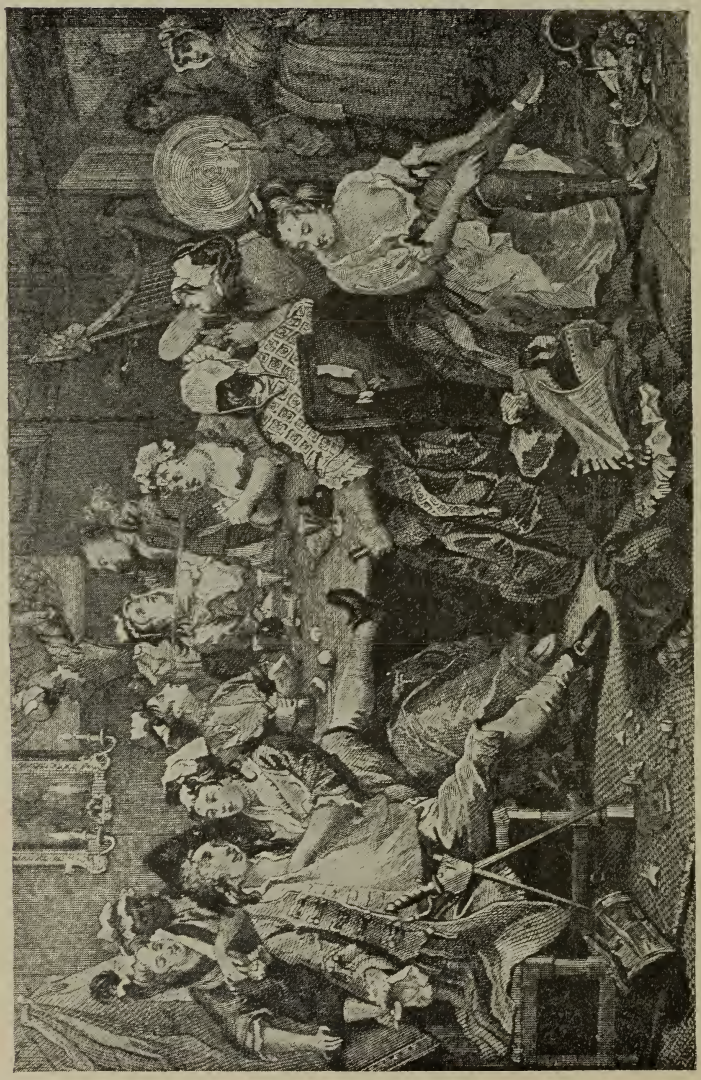
On the left of the latter stands an improver of gardens, drawn also from the life, offering a plan for that purpose. A taste for gardening, carried to excess, must be acknowledged to have been the ruin of numbers, it being a passion that is seldom, if ever, satisfied, and attended with the greatest expense. In the chair sits a professor of music at the harpsichord, running over the keys, waiting to give his pupil a lesson.

Near the principal figure in this plate is that of him, with one hand on his breast, the other on his sword, whom we may easily discover to be a bravo; he is represented as having brought a letter of recommendation, as one disposed to undertake all sorts of service. This character is rather Italian than English, but is here introduced to fill up the list of persons at that time too often engaged in the service of votaries of extravagance and fashion.

Our author would have it imagined in the interval between the first scene and this that the young man whose history he is painting had now given himself up to every fashionable extravagance, and among others he had imbibed a taste for cock-fighting and horse-racing, two amusements which, at that time, the man of fashion could not dispense with. This is evident from his rider bringing in a silver punch-bowl, which one of his horses is supposed to have won, and his saloon being ridiculously ornamented with the portraits of celebrated cocks.

The figures in the back part of this plate represent tailors, peruke-makers, milliners, and such other persons as generally fill the anti-chamber of a man of quality.

The general tenor of this scene is to teach us that the man of fashion is too often exposed to the rapacity of his fellow-creatures, and is commonly a dupe to the more knowing part of the world.



THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE 3.—THE TAVERN SCENE.

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THIS Plate exhibits our licentious prodigal engaged in one of his midnight festivities: forgetful of the past, and negligent of the future, he riots in the present.

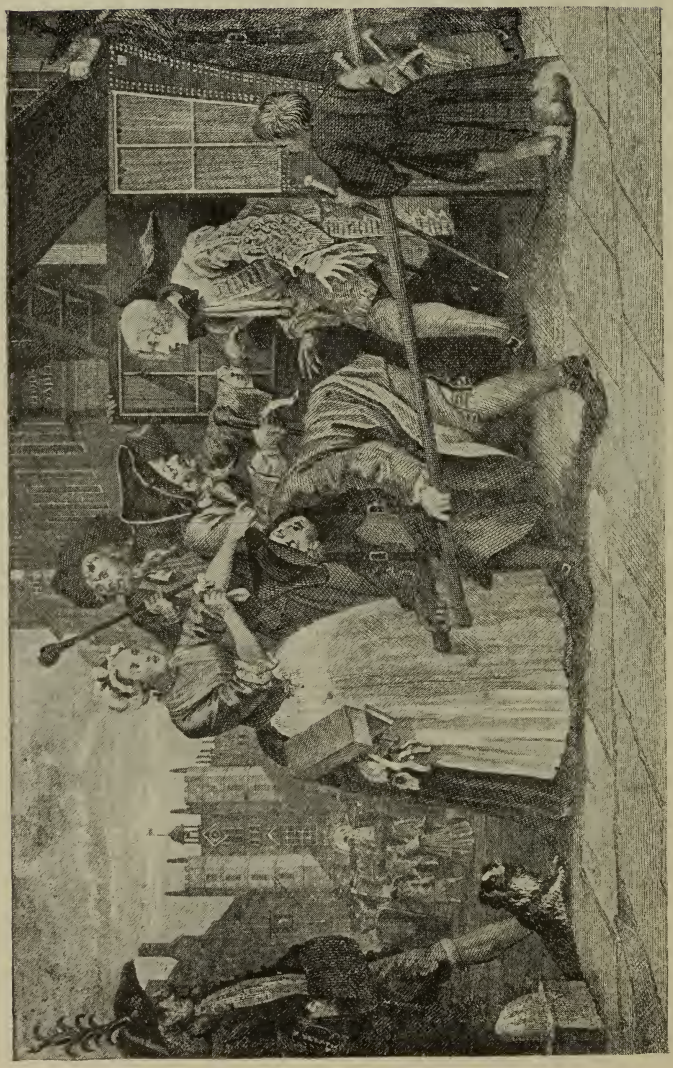
He may be supposed, in the phrase of the day, to have beat the rounds, overset a constable. and conquered a watchman, whose staff and lantern he has brought into the room as trophies of his prowess. In this situation he is robbed of his watch by the girl whose hand is in his bosom, and, with that adroitness peculiar to an old practitioner, she conveys her acquisition to an accomplice who stands behind the chair.

Two of the ladies are quarrelling; and one of them *delicately* spouts wine in the face of her opponent, who is preparing to revenge the affront with a knife, which, in a posture of threatening defiance, she grasps in her hand. A third, enraged at being neglected, holds a lighted candle to a map of the globe, determined to *set the world on fire, though she perish in the conflagration!* A fourth is undressing. The fellow bringing in a pewter dish, as part of the apparatus of this elegant and Attic Entertainment, a blind harper, a trumpeter, and a ragged ballad-singer, roaring out an obscene song, complete this motley group.

This design may be a very exact representation of what were then the nocturnal amusements of a brothel; so different are the manners of former and present times, that I much question whether a similar exhibition is now to be seen in any tavern in the metropolis. That we are less licentious than our predecessors I dare not affirm; but we are certainly more delicate in the pursuit of our pleasures.

The shattered mirror, broken wine-glasses, fractured chair and cane; the mangled fowl, with a fork stuck in its breast, thrown into a corner, and indeed every accompaniment, shews that this has been a night of riot without enjoyment, mischief without wit, and waste without gratification.

The hero of our tale displays all that careless jollity which copious draughts of maddening wine are calculated to inspire; he laughs the world away, and bids it pass. The poor dupe, without his periwig, in the background, forms a good contrast of character: he is maudlin drunk and sadly sick.



THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE 4.—ARRESTED FOR DEBT AS GOING TO COURT.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE 4 —ARRESTED FOR DEBT.

THE career of dissipation is here stopped. Dressed in the first style of the ton, and getting out of a sedan chair, with the hope of shining in the circle and perhaps forwarding a former application for a place or a pension, he is arrested! To intimate that being plundered is the certain consequence of such an event, and to show how closely one misfortune treads upon the heels of another, a boy is at the same moment stealing his cane.

The unfortunate girl whom he basely deserted is now a milliner, and naturally enough attends in the crowd to mark the fashions of the day. Seeing his distress, with all the eager tenderness of unabated love, she flies to his relief. Possessed of a small sum of money, the hard earnings of unremitted industry, she generously offers her purse for the liberation of her worthless favourite. This releases the captive beau, and displays a strong instance of female affection, which, being once planted in the bosom, is rarely eradicated by the coldest neglect or harshest cruelty,

The high-born, haughty Welshman, with an enormous leek, and a countenance keen and lofty as his native mountains, establishes the chronology, and fixes the day to be the first of March, which being sacred to the titular saint of Wales, was observed at court.

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PLATE 5.—MARRIES AN OLD MAID FOR MONEY.

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To be thus degraded by the rude enforcement of the law, and relieved from an exigence by one whom he had injured, would have wounded, humbled, I had almost said reclaimed, any man who had either feeling or elevation of mind; but, to mark the progession of vice, we here see this depraved, lost character, hypocritically violating every natural feeling of the soul to recruit his exhausted finances, and marrying an old and withered Sybil, at the sight of whom nature must recoil.

The ceremony passes in the old church, Mary-le-bone, which was then considered at such a distance from London as to become the usual resort of those who wished to be privately married; that such was the view of this prostituted young man may be fairly inferred from a glance at the object of his choice. Her charms are heightened by the affectation of an amorous leer, which she directs to her youthful husband, in grateful return for a similar compliment which she supposes paid to herself. This gives her face much meaning, but meaning of such a sort that an observer being asked, "*How dreadful must be this creature's hatred?*" would naturally reply, *How hateful must be her love!*"

In his demeanour we discover an attempt to appear at the altar with becoming decorum: but internal perturbation darts through assumed tranquillity, for though he is *plighting his troth* to the old woman, his eyes are fixed on the young girl who kneels behind her.

The parson and clerk seem made for each other; a sleepy, stupid solemnity marks every muscle of the divine, and the nasal droning of the *lay brother* is most happily expressed. Accompanied by her child and mother, the unfortunate victim of his seduction is here again introduced, endeavouring to enter the church and forbid the banns. The opposition made by an old pew-opener, with her bunch of keys, gave the artist a good opportunity for indulging his taste in the burlesque, and he has not neglected it.

A dog (Trump, Hogarth's favourite), paying his addresses to a one-eyed quadruped of his own species, is a happy parody of the unnatural union going on in the church.

The commandments are broken: a crack runs near the tenth, which says, *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife;* a prohibition in the present case hardly necessary. The creed is destroyed by the damps of the church, and so little attention has been paid to the poor's box that it is covered with a *cobweb!* These three high-wrought strokes of satirical humour were perhaps never equalled by any exertion of the pencil; excelled they cannot be.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE 6.—THE GAMING HOUSE SCENE.

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PLATE 6.—SCENE IN A GAMING HOUSE.

THOUGH now, from the infatuated folly of his antiquated wife, in possession of a fortune, he is still the slave of that baneful vice, which, while it enslaves the mind, poisons the enjoyments, and sweeps away the possessions of its deluded votaries.

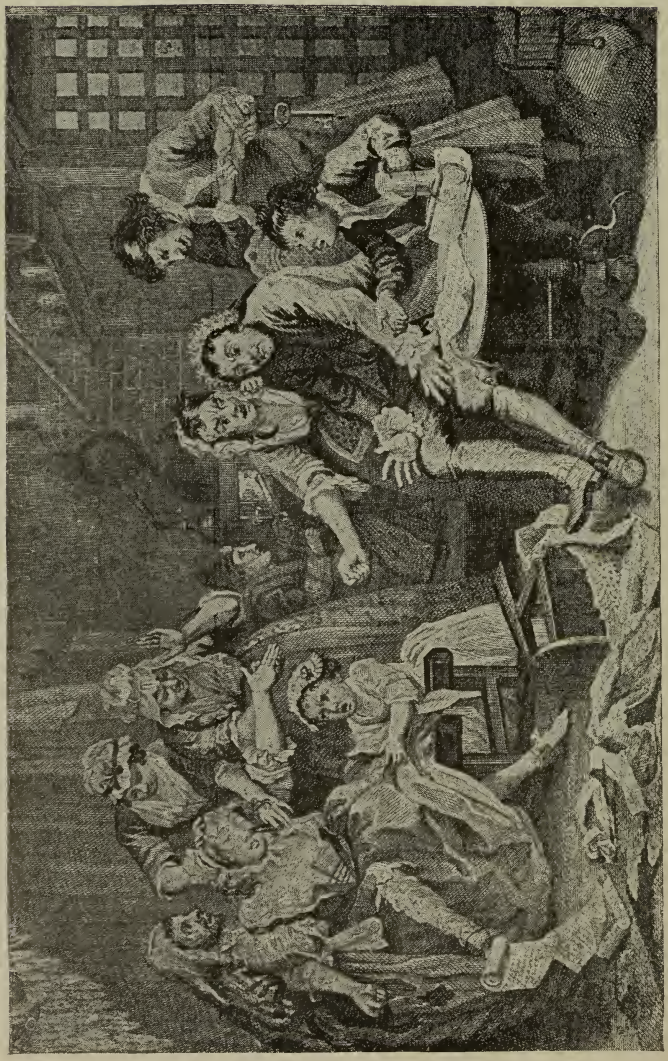
Newmarket and the cockpit were the scenes of his early amusements; to crown the whole, he is now exhibited at a gaming table, where all is lost! His countenance distorted with agony, and his soul agitated almost to madness, he imprecates vengeance upon his own head.

That he should be deprived of all he possessed in such a society as surround him is not to be wondered at. One of the most conspicuous characters appears, by the pistol in his pocket, to be a highwayman. Another of the party is marked for one of those well-dressed continental adventurers, who, being unable to live in their own country, annually pour into this, and with no other requisites than a quick eye, an adroit hand, and an undaunted forehead, are admitted into what is absurdly enough called *good* company.

At the table a person in mourning grasps his hat, and hides his face in the agony of repentance. not having, as we infer from his weepers, received that legacy of which he is now plundered more than "a little month." On the opposite side is another, on whom fortune has severely frowned, biting his nails in the anguish of his soul. The fifth completes the climax; he is frantic; and with a drawn sword endeavours to destroy a *pauvre miserable* whom he supposes to have cheated him, but is prevented by the interposition of one of those staggering votaries of Bacchus who are to be found in every company where there is good wine; and gaming, like the rod of Moses, so far swallows up every other passion. that the actors, engrossed by greater objects, willingly leave their wine to the audience.

In the back-ground are two collusive associates, eagerly dividing the profits of the evening.

A nobleman in the corner is giving his note to a usurer. The lean and hungry appearance of this cent. per cent. worshipper of the golden calf is well contrasted by the sleek, contented vacancy of so well-employed a legislator of this great empire. Seated at the table, a portly gentleman, of whom we see very little, is coolly sweeping off his winnings.



THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE 7.—THE PRISON SCENE.

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By a very natural transition Mr Hogarth has passed his hero from a gaming house into a prison—the inevitable consequence of extravagance. He is here represented in a most distressing situation, without a coat to his back, without money, without a friend to help him. Beggared by a course of ill-luck, the common attendant on the gamester, having first made away with every valuable he was master of, and having now no other resource left to retrieve his wretched circumstances, he at last, vainly promising himself success, commences author, and attempts, though inadequate to the task, to write a play, which is lying on the table, just returned with an answer from the manager of the theatre to whom he had offered it, that his piece would by no means do.

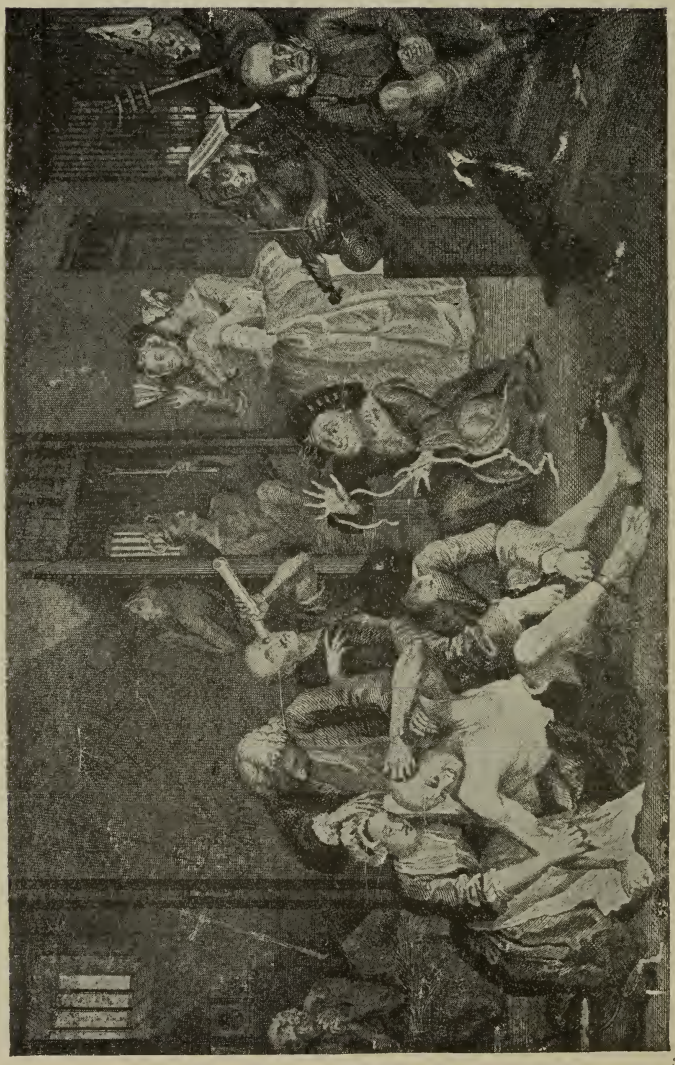
Struck speechless with this disastrous occurrence, all his hopes vanish, and his most sanguine expectations are changed into dejection of spirit. To heighten his distress, he is approached by his wife, and bitterly upbraided for his perfidy in concealing from her his former connexions with that unhappy girl, who is here present with her child.

To add to his misery, we see the under-turnkey pressing him for his prison fees, or garnish-money, and the boy refusing to leave the beer he ordered without being first paid for it.

Among those assisting the fainting mother is a man crusted over, as it were, with the rust of a gaol; we are told by the papers falling from his lap, one of which contains a scheme for paying the national debt, that his confinement is owing to that itch of politics some persons are troubled with, who will neglect their own affairs in order to busy themselves in that which noways concerns them.

In the back of the room is one who owes his ruin to an indefatigable search after the philosopher's stone. Strange and unaccountable! Hence we are taught by these characters, as well as by the pair of human wings on the tester of the bed, that scheming is the sure and certain road to beggary; and that more owe their misfortunes to wild and romantic notions, than to any accident they meet with in life.

In this upset of his life, and aggravation of distress, we are to suppose our prodigal almost driven to desperation. Now, for the first time, he feels the severe effects of pinching cold and griping hunger. At this melancholy season reflection finds a passage to his heart, and he now revolves in his mind the folly and sinfulness of his past life; considers within himself how idly he has wasted the substance he is at present in the utmost need of; looks back with shame on the iniquity of his actions, and forward with horror on the rueful scene of misery that awaits him, until his brain, torn with excruciating thought, loses at once its power of thinking, and falls a sacrifice to merciless despair.



THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE 8.—THE SCENE IN A MADHOUSE (BEDLAM).

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PLATE 8.—SCENE IN A MADHOUSE (BEDLAM).

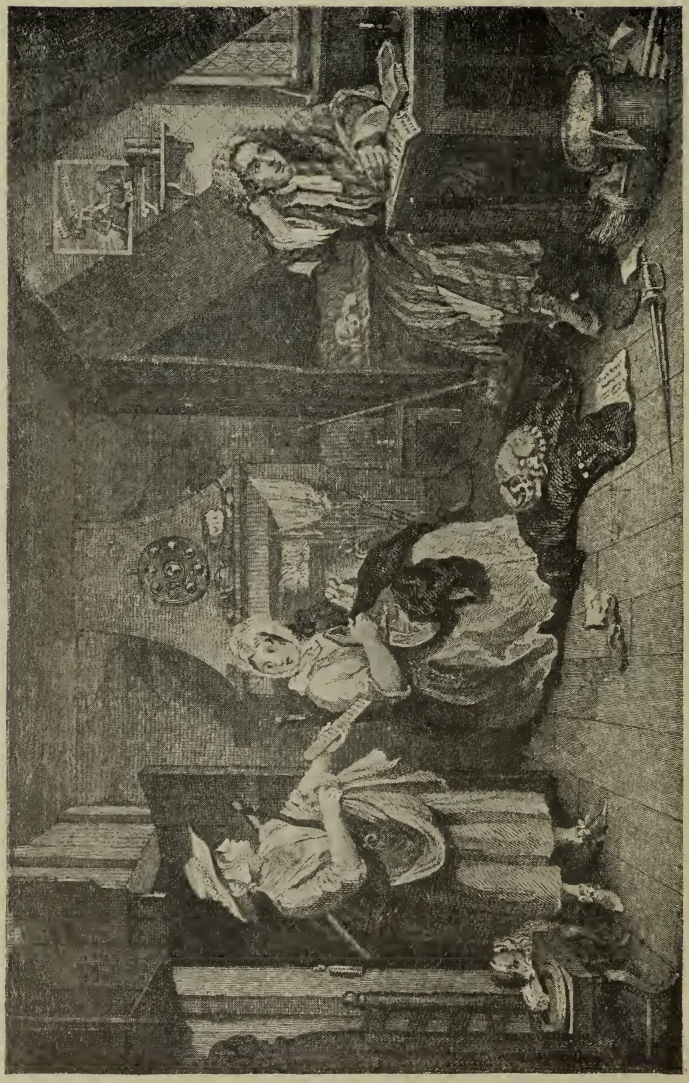
SEE our hero, then, in the scene before us, raving in all the dismal horrors of hopeless insanity; we behold him trampling on the first great law of nature, tearing himself to pieces with his own hands, and chained by the leg to prevent any further mischief he might either do to himself or others. But in this scene, dreary and horrid as are its accompaniments, he is attended by the faithful and kind-hearted female whom he so basely betrayed. In the first plate we see him refuse her his promised hand. In the fourth she releases him from the harpy fangs of a bailiff. She is present at his marriage. And in the hope of relieving his distress, she follows him to a prison.

In one of the inner rooms of this gallery is a despairing wretch imploring Heaven for mercy, whose brain is crazed with lip-labouring superstition, the most dreadful enemy of human kind, which, attended with ignorance, error, penance, and indulgence, too often deprives its unhappy votaries of their senses.

The next in view is one man drawing lines upon a wall, in order, if possible, to find out the longitude; and another, before him, looking through a paper by way of a telescope. This melancholy group is completed by the crazy tailor, who is staring at the mad astronomer with a sort of wild astonishment, wondering through excess of ignorance, what discoveries the heavens can possibly afford; proud of his profession, he has fixed a variety of patterns in his hat by way of ornament; has covered his poor head with shreds, and makes his measure the constant object of his attentions. Behind this man stands another, playing on the violin, with his book upon his head, intimating that too great a love for music has been the cause of his distraction. On the stairs sits another, crazed by love.

Behind him, and in the inner room, are two persons maddened with ambition. These men, though under the influence of the same passion, are actuated by different notions; one is for the papal dignity, the other for regal; one imagines himself the Pope, and saying mass; the other fancies himself a King, is encircled with the emblem of royalty, and is casting contempt on his imaginary subjects by an act of the greatest disdain.

Thus, imagining the hero of our piece to expire raving mad, the story is finished, and little else remains but to close it with a proper application. Reflect then, ye parents, on this tragic tale; consider with yourselves that the ruin of a child is too often owing to the imprudence of a father. Had the young man whose story we have related been taught the proper use of money, had his parent given him some insight into life, and graven, as it were, upon his heart the precepts of religion, with an abhorrence of vice, our youth would, in all probability, have taken a contrary course, lived a credit to his friends, and an honour to his country.



THE DISTRESSED POET.

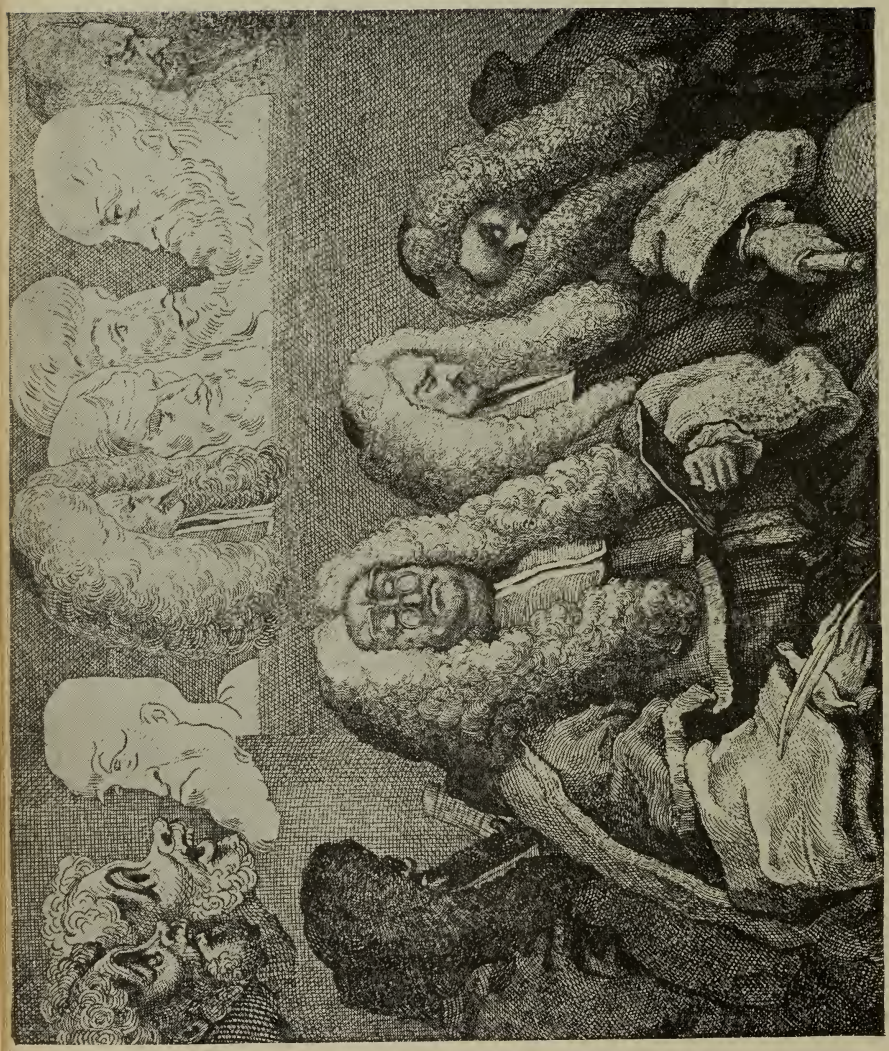
THE DISTRESSED POET.

THIS Plate describes in the strongest colours the distress of an author without friends to patronise him. Seated upon the side of his bed, without a shirt, but wrapped in an old night-gown, he is now spinning a poem upon "Riches"; of their *use* he probably knoweth little; and of their *abuse*—if judgment can be formed from externals—*certes*, he knoweth less. Enchanted, impressed, inspired with his subject, he is disturbed by a nymph of the *lactarium*. Her shrill-sounding voice awakes one of the *little loves*, whose *chorus* disturbs his meditations. A link of the golden chain is broken!—a thought is lost!—to recover it, his hand becomes a substitute for the barber's comb: enraged at the noise, he tortures his head for the fleeting idea; but, ah! no thought is there!

Proudly conscious that the lines already written are sterling, he possesses by anticipation the mines of Peru, a view of which hangs over his head. Upon the table we see "Byshe's Art of Poetry"; for, like the pack-horse who cannot travel without his *bells*, he cannot climb the hill of Parnassus without his *jingling-book*. On the floor lies the "Grub Street Journal," to which valuable repository of genius and taste he is probably a contributor To show that he is a master of the PROFOUND, and will envelope his subject in a cloud, his pipe and tobacco-box, those friends to cogitation deep, are close to him.

His wife, mending that part of his dress in the pockets of which the affluent keep their gold, is worthy of a better fate. Her figure is peculiarly interesting. Her face, softened by adversity and marked with domestic care, is at this moment agitated by the appearance of a boisterous woman, insolently demanding payment of the milk-tally. In the excuse she returns there is a mixture of concern, complacency, and mortification. As an addition to the distresses of this poor family, a dog is stealing the remnant of mutton incautiously left upon a chair.

The sloping roof and projecting chimney prove the throne of this inspired bard to be high above the crowd; it is a garret. The chimney is ornamented with a *dare for larks* and a book; a loaf, the tea-equipage, and a saucepan, decorate the shelf. Before the fire hangs half a shirt and a pair of ruffled sleeves. His sword lies on the floor, for though our professor of poetry waged no war, except with words; a sword was, in the year 1740, a necessary appendage to every thing which called itself "gentleman."



THE BENCH.

THE BENCH.

CHARACTER, CARICATURA AND OUTRÉ.

It having been universally acknowledged that Mr Hogarth was one of the most ingenious painters of his age, and a man possessed of a vast store of humour, which he has sufficiently shown and displayed in his numerous productions; the general approbation his works receive is not to be wondered at. But, as owing to the false notions of the public, not thoroughly acquainted with the true art of painting, he has been often called a *caricaturer;* when, in reality, *caricatura* was no part of his profession, he being a true copier of nature. To set this matter right, and give the world a just definition of the words *character*, *caricatura*, and *outré*, in which humorous painting principally consists, and to show their difference of meaning, he, in the year 1758, published this print. But as it did not quite answer his purpose, giving an illustration of the word *character* only, he added, in the year 1764, the group of heads above, which he never lived to finish, though he worked upon it the day before his death.

To prevent these distinctions being looked upon as dry and unentertaining, our author has, in this group of faces, ridiculed the want of capacity among some of our judges or dispensers of the law, whose shallow discernment, natural disposition, or wilful inattention is here perfectly described in their faces. One is amusing himself in the course of trial with other business; another, in all the pride of self-importance, is examining a former deposition, wholly inattentive to that before him; the next is busied in thoughts quite foreign to the subject; and the senses of the last are locked fast in sleep.

The four sages on the bench are intended for Lord Chief Justice Sir John Willes, the principal figure; on his right hand, Sir Edward Clive; and on his left, Mr Justice Bathurst and the Hon. William Noel.

THE LAUGHING AUDIENCE.

THE LAUGHING AUDIENCE.

"From the first print that Hogarth engraved to the last that he published, I do not think," says Mr Ireland, "there is one in which character is more displayed than in this very spirited little etching. It is much superior to the more delicate engravings from his designs by other artists, and I prefer it to those that were still higher finished by his own burin.

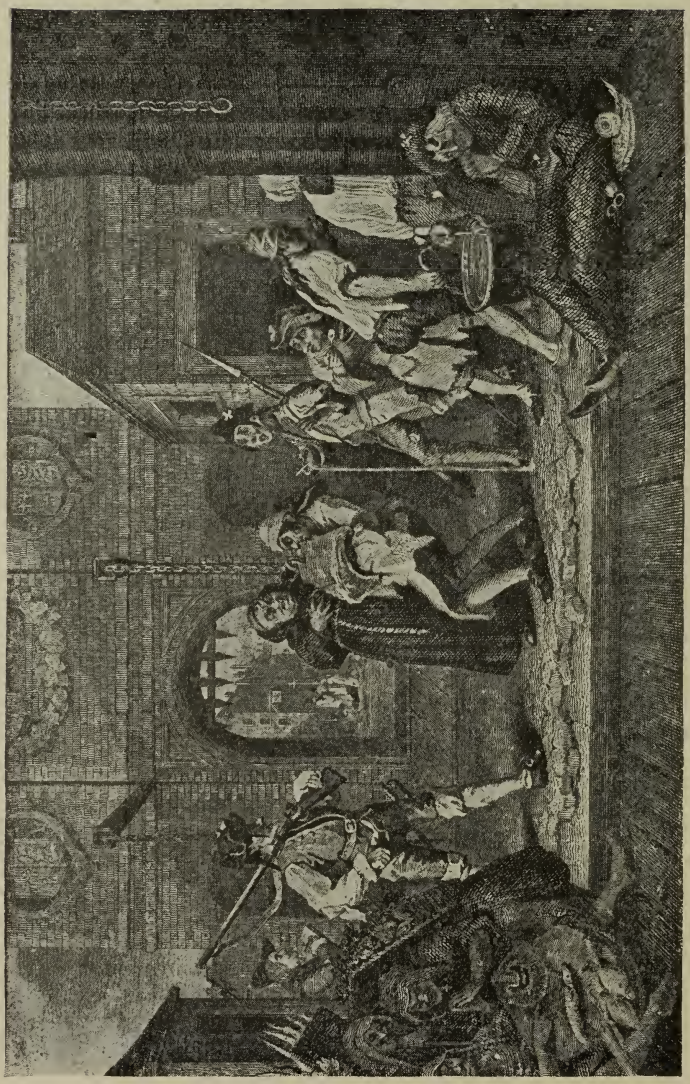
The prim coxcomb with an enormous bag, whose favours, like those of Hercules between Virtue and Vice, are contended for by two rival orange girls, gives an admirable idea of the dress of the day; when, if we may judge from this print, our grave forefathers, defying Nature and despising convenience, had a much higher rank in the temple of Folly than was then attained by their ladies. Our beau has a cuff that, for a modern fop, would furnish fronts for a waistcoat, and a family fire-screen might be made of his enormous bag. His bare and shrivelled neck has a close resemblance to that of a half-starved greyhound; and his face, figure, and air form a fine contrast to the easy and degagée assurance of the Grisette whom he addresses.

The opposite figure, nearly as grotesque, though not quite so formal as its companion, presses its left hand upon its breast, in the style of protestation; and, eagerly contemplating the superabundant charms of a beauty of Rubens's school, presents her with a pinch of comfort. Every muscle, every line of his countenance, is acted upon by affectation and grimace, and his queue bears some resemblance to an ear-trumpet.

The total inattention of these three polite persons to the business of the stage, which at this moment almost convulses the children of Nature who are seated in the pit, is highly descriptive of that refined apathy which characterises our people of fashion and raises them above those mean passions that agitate the groundlings.

One gentleman, indeed, is as affectedly unaffected as a man of the first world. By his saturnine cast of face and contracted brow he is evidently a profound critic, and much too wise to laugh. This it is to be so excellent a judge; this it is which gives a critic that exalted gratification which can never be attained by the illiterate—the supreme power of pointing out faults where others discern nothing but beauties, and preserving a rigid inflexibility of muscle while the sides of the vulgar herd are shaking with laughter.

The three sedate musicians in the orchestra, totally engrossed by minims and crochets, are an admirable contrast to the company in the pit."



THE GATE OF CALAIS.

THE GATE OF CALAIS.

THE thought on which this whimsical and highly-characteristic print is founded originated in Calais, to which place Mr Hogarth, accompanied by some of his friends, made an excursion in the year 1747.

Extreme partiality for his native country was the leading trait of his character. He seems to have begun his three hours' voyage with a firm determination to be displeased with everything he saw out of Old England. For a meagre, powdered figure, hung with tatters, *a-la-mode de Paris*, to affect the airs of a coxcomb and the importance of a sovereign is ridiculous enough; but if it makes a man happy, why should he be laughed at? It must blunt the edge of ridicule to see natural hilarity defy depression, and a whole nation laugh, sing, and dance under burthens that would nearly break the firm-knit sinews of a Briton. Such was the picture of France at that period, but it was a picture which our English satirist could not contemplate with common patience. The swarms of grotesque figures who paraded the streets excited his indignation, and drew forth a torrent of coarse abusive ridicule, not much to the honour of his liberality. He compared them to Callot's beggars—Lazarus on the painted cloth—the prodigal son—or any other object descriptive of extreme contempt.

Against giving way to these effusions of national spleen in the open street he was frequently cautioned, but advice had no effect; he treated admonition with scorn, and considered his monitor unworthy the name of Englishman. These satirical ebullitions were at length checked. Ignorant of the customs of France, and considering the gate of Calais merely as a piece of ancient architecture, he began to make a sketch. This was soon observed; he was seized as a spy, who intended to draw a plan of the fortification, and escorted by a file of musqueteers to M. la Commandant.

His sketch-book was examined, leaf by leaf, and found to contain drawings that had not the most distant relation to tactics. Notwithstanding this favourable circumstance, the governor, with great politeness, assured him that had not a treaty between the nations been actually signed, he should have been under the disagreeable necessity of hanging him upon the ramparts. Two sentinels were then ordered to escort him to his hotel, from whence they conducted him to the vessel, nor did they quit their prisoner until he was a league from shore. when, seizing him by the shoulders, and spinning him round upon the deck, they said he was now at liberty to pursue his voyage without further molestation.

THE POLITICIAN.

THE POLITICIAN.

"A politician should (as I have read)
Be furnished in the first place with a head."

ONE of our old writers gives it as his opinion that "there are onlie two subjects which are worthie the studie of a wise man," *i.e.*, religion and politics. For the first, it does not come under inquiry in this print—but certain it is, that too sedulously studying the second has frequently involved its votaries in many most tedious and unprofitable disputes, aud been the source of much evil to many well-meaning and honest men.

Under this class comes the Quidnunc here pourtrayed; it is said to be intended for a Mr Tibson, laceman, in the Strand, who paid more attention to the affairs of Europe than to those of his own shop. He is represented in a style somewhat similar to that in which Schalcken painted William the Third—holding a candle in his right hand and eagerly inspecting the Gazeteer of the day. Deeply interested in the intelligence it contains concerning the flames that rage on the Continent, he is totally insensible of domestic danger, and regardless of a flame which, ascending to his hat,

"Threatens destruction to his three-tail'd wig."

From the tie-wig, stockings, high quartered shoes, and sword, I should suppose it was painted about the year 1730, when street robberies were so frequent in the metropolis that it was customary for men in trade to wear swords, not to preserve their religion and liberty from foreign invasion, but to defend their own pockets from "domestic collectors."

The original sketch Hogarth presented to his friend Forrest; it was etched by Sherwin, and published in 1775.

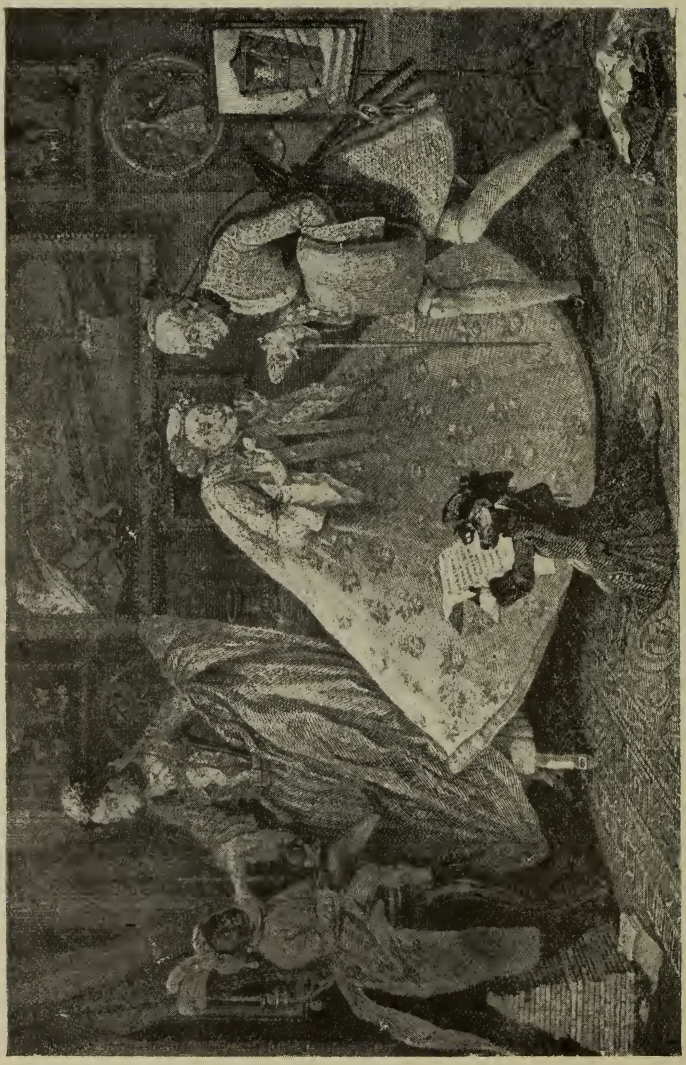
IMPRESSION FROM A TANKARD.

IMPRESSION FROM A TANKARD.

THIS print represents an impression from a tankard belonging to a club of artists who met weekly at the Bull's Head, in Clare Market. Of this society Hogarth was a member. A shepherd and his flock are here represented.

Mr Ireland, in speaking of this print, observes: "A few impressions from this tankard have been fortunately preserved. I say fortunately, for I esteem the whole of this production as worthy the refined taste of the present day; nor do we find in it any trace of the vulgarisms so often imputed to Hogarth. The allegorical figures of Painting and Sculpture are well drawn and as happily disposed. The landscape in the oval I judge to be the story of Laban and his sheep. It went also by the name of Jacob's Well, and is said to have been in allusion to the sign of the house where the club was held; but to this we give no credit, as it was certainly known by the sign of the Spiller's Head. The ornaments that are introduced are selected with taste, nor is it too much encumbered; and there is a simplicity and elegance in the *ensemble* that does great credit to the taste and talents of our artist.

From this specimen we have fair ground to infer that he was not deficient in those refinements in the art which so justly captivate and engage the nicer eye of the connoisseur. However alluring this style of design and execution may have been, he seems to have produced few works in this manner. These could not enchain the talent of Hogarth; he had a nobler pursuit, the study of human nature, and the hydra-headed monster of follies and vices that is too frequently attendant on her train These became the just objects of the talent he so happily possessed; and in that pursuit he stands unrivalled, and will, in all probability, hold his deserved pre-eminence. Study and observation may create a host of laborious and high-finishing artists; yet it is nature alone that can produce the mind of a Hogarth.



TASTE IN HIGH LIFE.

TASTE IN HIGH LIFE,

IN THE YEAR 1742.

THE picture from which this print was copied Hogarth painted by the order of Miss Edwards, a woman of large fortune, who, having been laughed at for some singularities in her manners, requested the artist to recriminate on her opponents, and paid him sixty guineas for his production.

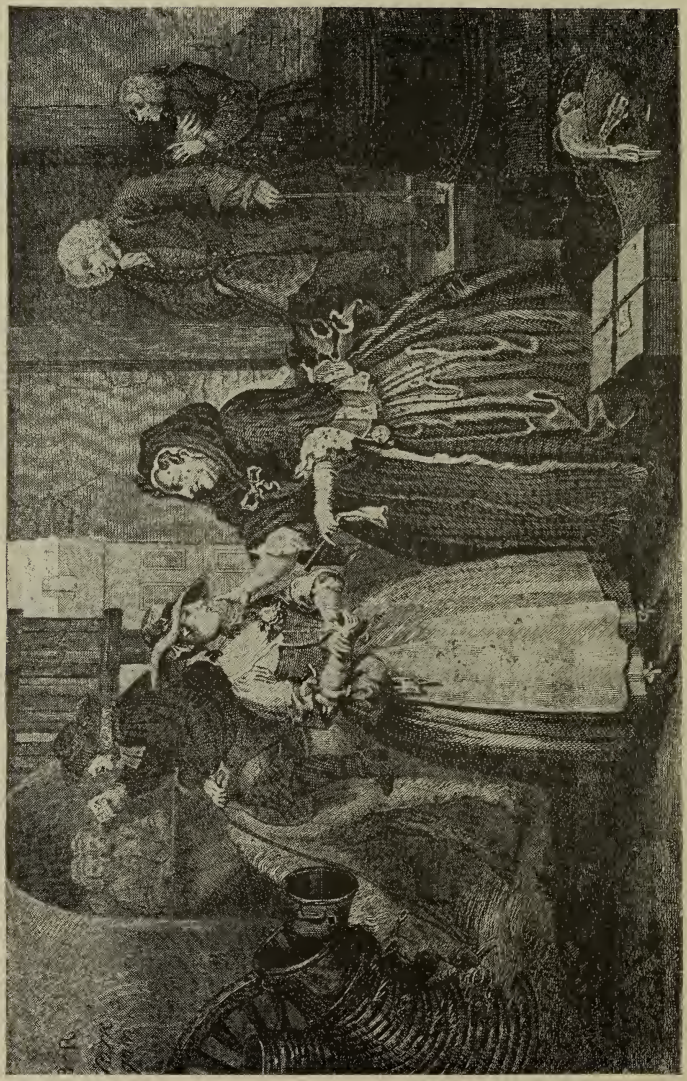
It is professedly intended to ridicule the reigning fashions of high life in the year 1742. To do this the painter has brought into one group an old beau and an old lady of the Chesterfield school, a fashionable young lady, a little black boy, and a full-dressed monkey. The old lady, with a most affected air, poises between her finger and thumb a small tea-cup, with the beauties of which she appears to be highly enamoured.

The gentleman, gazing with vacant wonder at that and the companion saucer which he holds in his hand, joins in admiration of its astonishing beauties! This gentleman is said to be intended for Lord Portmore in the habit he first appeared at Court on his return from France.

The old lady's habit, formed of stiff brocade, gives her the appearance of a squat pyramid, with a grotesque head at the top of it. The young one is fondling a little black boy, who, on his part, is playing with a petite pagoda. This miniature Othello has been said to be intended for the late Ignatius Sancho, whose talents and virtues were an honour to his colour. At the time the picture was painted he would have been rather older than the figure, but as he was then honoured with the partiality and protection of a noble family the painter might possibly mean to delineate what his figure had been a few years before.

The little monkey, with a magnifying glass, bag-wig, solitaire, laced hat, and ruffles, is eagerly inspecting a bill of fare, with the following articles *pour diner*: cocks' combs, ducks' tongues, rabbits' ears, fricasee of snails, *grande d'œuts buerre.*

In the centre of the room is a capacious china jar; in one corner a tremendous pyramid composed of packs of cards; and on the floor, close to them, a bill inscribed, "Lady Basto, D^{r} to John Pip, for cards—£300."



THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE 1. — ENSNARED BY A PROCURESS.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE 1.—ENSNARED BY A PROCURESS.

THIS series of prints gives the history of a Prostitute. The story commences with her arrival in London, where, initiated in the school of profligacy, she experiences the miseries consequent to her situation, and dies in the morning of life. Her variety of wretchedness forms such a picture of the way in which vice rewards her votaries as ought to warn the young and inexperienced from entering this path of infamy

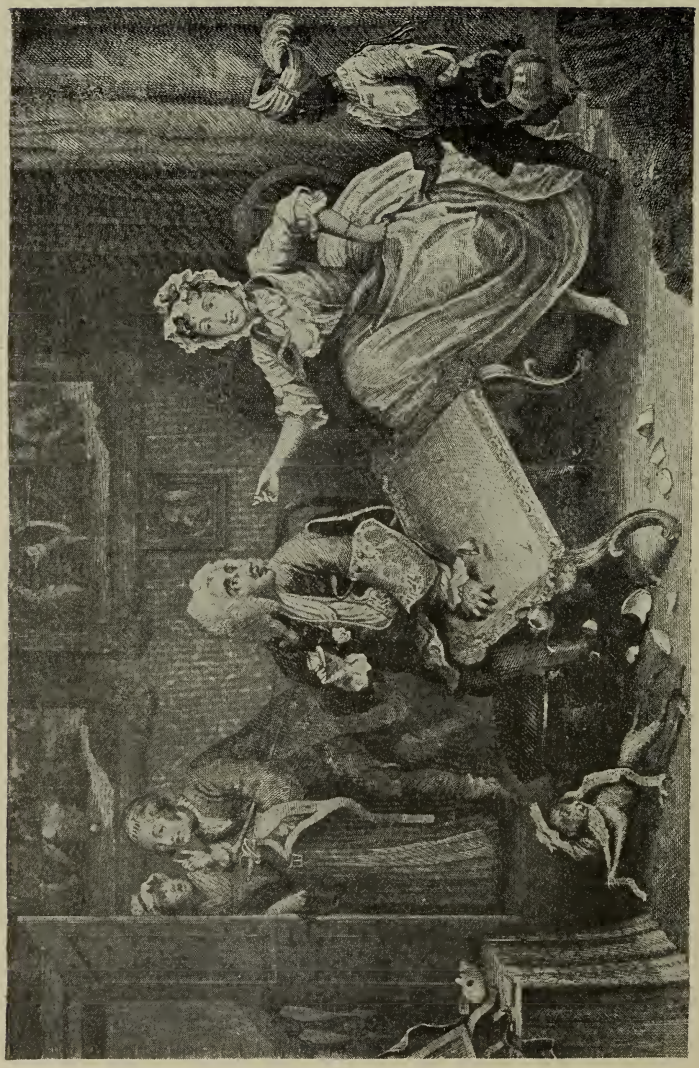
The first scene of this domestic tragedy is laid at the Bell Inn in Wood Street, and the heroine may possibly be daughter to the poor old clergyman who is reading the direction of a letter close to the York waggon, from which vehicle she has just alighted. In attire—neat, plain. unadorned; in demeanour—artless, modest, diffident: in the bloom of youth, and more distinguished by native innocence than elegant symmetry; her conscious blush and downcast eyes attract the attention of a female fiend, who panders to the vices of the opulent and libidinous. Coming out of the door of the inn we discover two men, one of whom is eagerly gloating on the devoted victim.

The old procuress, immediately after the girl's alighting from the waggon, addresses her with the familiarity of a friend, rather than the reserve of one who is to be her mistress.

Had her father been versed in even the first rudiments of physiognomy he would have prevented her engaging with one of so decided an aspect.

From the inn she is taken to the house of the procuress, divested of her home-spun garb, dressed in the gayest style of the day, and the tender native hue of her complexion incrusted with paint and disguised by patches. She is then introduced to Colonel Chartres, and by artful flattery and liberal promises becomes intoxicated with the dreams of imaginary greatness. A short time convinces her of how light a breath these promises were composed.

Deserted by her keeper, and terrified by threats of an immediate arrest for the pompous paraphernalia of prostitution, after being a short time protected by one of the tribe of Levi, she is reduced to the hard necessity of wandering the streets for that precarious subsistenee which flows from the drunken rake or profligate debauchee. Here her situation is truly pitiable! Chilled by nipping frost and midnight dew, the repentant tear trickling on her heaving bosom, she endeavours to drown reflection in draughts of destructive poison. This, added to the contagious company of women of her own description, vitiates her mind, eradicates the native seeds of virtue, destroys that elegant and fascinating simplicity which gives additional charms to beauty, and leaves in its place art, affectation, and impudence.



THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE 2.—QUARRELS WITH HER JEW PROTECTOR.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE 2.—QUARRELS WITH HER JEW PROTECTOR.

ENTERED into the path of infamy, the next scene exhibits our young heroine the mistress of a rich Jew, attended by a black boy, and surrounded with the pompous parade of tasteless profusion. Her mind being now as depraved as her person is decorated, she keeps up the spirit of her character by extravagance and inconstancy. An example of the first is exhibited in the monkey being suffered to drag her rich head-dress round the room and of the second in the retiring gallant. The Hebrew is represented at breakfast with his mistress; but, having come earlier than was expected, the favourite has not departed. To secure his retreat is an exercise for the invention of both mistress and maid. This is accomplished by the lady finding a pretence for quarrelling with the Jew, kicking down the tea-table, and scalding his legs, which, added to the noise of the china, so far engrosses his attention that the paramour, assisted by the servant, escapes discovery.

On the toilet table we discover a mask, which well enough intimates where she has passed part of the preceding night, and that masquerades, then a very fashionable amusement, were much frequented by women of this description; a sufficient reason for their being avoided by those of an opposite character.

Under the protection of this disciple of Moses she could not remain long. Riches were his only attraction, and though profusely lavished on this unworthy object, her attachment was not to be obtained nor could her constancy be secured; repeated acts of infidelity are punished by dismission; and her next situation shows that, like most of the sisterhood, she had lived without apprehension of the sunshine of life being darkened by the passing cloud, and made no provision for the hour of adversity.

In this print the characters are marked with a master's hand. The insolent air of the harlot, the astonishment of the Jew, eagerly grasping at the falling table, the start of the black boy, the cautious trip of the ungartered and barefooted retreating gallant, and sudden spring of the scalded monkey are admirably expressed. To represent an object in its descent has been said to be impossible; the attempt has seldom succeeded, but in this print the tea equipage really appears falling to the floor; and in Rembrandt's Abraham's Offering, in the Houghton collection, now at Petersburg, the knife dropping from the hand of the patriarch appears in a falling state.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE 3.—APPREHENDED BY A MAGISTRATE.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE 3.—APPREHENDED BY A MAGISTRATE.

We here see this child of misfortune fallen from her high estate. Her magnificent apartment is quitted for a dreary lodging in the purlieus of Drury Lane; she is at breakfast, and every object exhibits marks of the most wretched penury; her silver tea-kettle is changed for a tin pot, and her highly decorated toilet gives place to an old leaf table, strewed with the relics of the last night's revel. and ornamented with a broken looking-glass. Around the room are scattered tobacco-pipes, gin measures, and pewter pots, emblems of the habits of life into which she is initiated, and the company which she now keeps; this is farther intimated by the wig-box of James Dalton, a notorious street-robber, who was afterwards executed. In her hand she displays a watch, which might be either presented to her or stolen from her last night's gallant. By the nostrums which ornament the broken window we see that poverty is not her only evil.

The dreary and comfortless appearance of every object in this wretched receptacle, the bit of butter on a piece of paper. the candle in a bottle, the basin upon a chair, the punch-bowl and comb upon the table. and the tobacco-pipes, &c., strewed upon the unswept floor give an admirable picture of the style in which this pride of Drury Lane ate her matin meal.

When Theodore, the unfortunate King of Corsica, was so reduced as to lodge in a garret in Dean Street, Soho, a number of gentlemen made a collection for his relief. The chairman of their committee informed him, by letter, that on the following day at twelve o'clock two of the society would wait upon his Majesty with the money. To give his attic apartment an appearance of royalty the poor Monarch placed an arm-chair on his half-testered bed, and seating himself under the scanty canopy gave what he thought might serve as the representation of a throne. When his two visitors entered the room he graciously held out his right hand that they might have the honour of—kissing it!

A magistrate, cautiously entering the room with his attendant constables, commits her to a house of correction, where our legislators wisely suppose that, being confined to the improving conversation of her associates in vice, must have a powerful tendency towards the reformation of her manners. Sir John Gonson, a justice of peace, very active in the suppression of brothels, is the person represented.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE 4.—SCENE IN BRIDEWELL.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS

PLATE 4.—A SCENE IN BRIDEWELL.

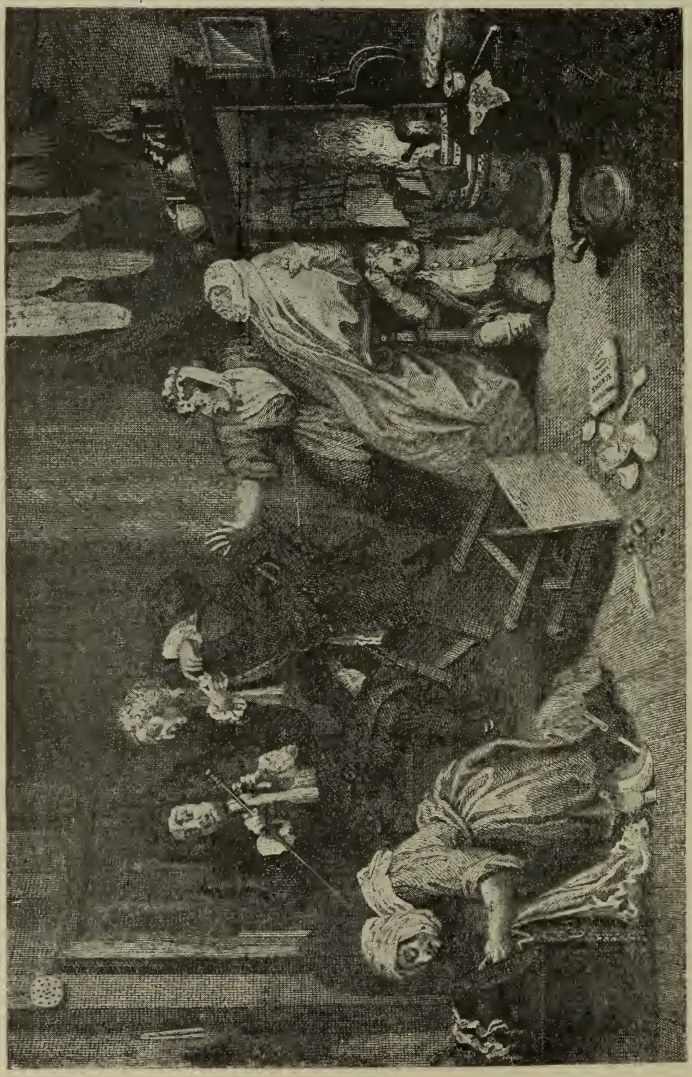
THE situation in which the last plate exhibited our wretched female was sufficiently degrading, but in this her misery is greatly aggravated. We now see her suffering the chastisement due to her follies; reduced to the wretched alternative of beating hemp or receiving the correction of a savage taskmaster. Exposed to the derision of all around, even her own servant, who is well acquainted with the rules of the place, appears little disposed to show any return of gratitude for recent obligations, though even her shoes, which she displays while tying up her garter, seem by their gaudy outside to have been a present from her mistress.

The civil discipline of the stern keeper has all the severity of the old school. With the true spirit of tyranny, he sentences those who will not labour to the whipping-post, to a kind of picketing suspension by the wrists, or having a heavy log fastened to their leg. With the last of these punishments he at this moment threatens the heroine of our story, nor is it likely that his obduracy can be softened except by a well applied fee. How dreadful, how mortifying the situation! These accumulated evils might perhaps produce a momentary remorse, but a return to the path of virtue is not so easy as a departure from it.

To show that neither the dread nor endurance of the severest punishment will deter from the perpetration of crimes, a one-eyed female close to the keeper is picking a pocket. The torn card may probably be dropped by the well-dressed gamester, who has exchanged the dice-box for the mallet, and whose laced hat is hung up as a companion trophy to the hoop petticoat.

The figure chalked as dangling upon the wall, with a pipe in his mouth, is intended as a caricatured portrait of Sir John Gonson, and probably the production of some would-be artist whom the magistrate had committed to Bridewell as a proper academy for the pursuit of his studies. The inscription upon the pillory, "Better to work than stand thus," and that on the whipping-post near the laced gambler, "The reward of idleness," are judiciously introduced.

In this print the composition is good; the figures in the back-ground, though properly subordinate, are sufficiently marked, the lassitude of the principal character well contrasted by the austerity of the rigid overseer. There is a fine climax of female debasement from the gaudy heroine of our drama to her maid, and from thence to the still object, who is represented as destroying one of the plagues of Egypt.



THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE 5.—EXPIRES WHILE THE DOCTORS ARE DISPUTING.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE 5.—EXPIRES WHILE THE DOCTORS ARE DISPUTING.

RELEASED from Bridewell, we now see this victim to her own indiscretion breathe her last sad sigh, and expire in all the extremity of penury and wretchedness. The two quacks, whose injudicious treatment has probably accelerated her death, are vociferously supporting the infallibility of their respective medicines, and each charging the other with having poisoned her. The meagre figure is a portrait of Dr. Misaubin, a foreigner, at that time in considerable practice.

While the maid servant is entreating them to cease quarrelling and assist her dying mistress, the nurse plunders her trunk of the few poor remains of former grandeur. Her little boy, turning a scanty remnant of meat hung to roast by a string; the linen hanging to dry; the coals deposited in a corner; the candles, bellows, and gridiron hung upon nails; the furniture of the room; and, indeed, every accompaniment, exhibit a dreary display of poverty and wretchedness.

A picture of general, and at this awful moment, indecent confusion is admirably represented. The noise of two enraged quacks disputing in bad English; the harsh, vulgar scream of the maid servant; the table falling, and the pot boiling over must produce a combination of sounds dreadful and dissonant to the ear.

In this pitiable situation, without a friend to close her dying eyes or soften her sufferings by a tributary tear; forlorn, destitute, and deserted, the heroine of this eventful history expires! her premature death brought on by a licentious life, seven years of which had been devoted to debauchery and dissipation, and attended by consequent infamy, misery, and disease. The whole story affords a valuable lesson to the young and inexperinced, and proves this great, this important truth, that A DEVIATION FROM VIRTUE IS A DEPARTURE FROM HAPPINESS.

The emaciated appearance of the dying figure, the boy's thoughtless inattention, and the rapacious, unfeeling eagerness of the old nurse are naturally and forcibly delineated.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE 6.—THE FUNERAL.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

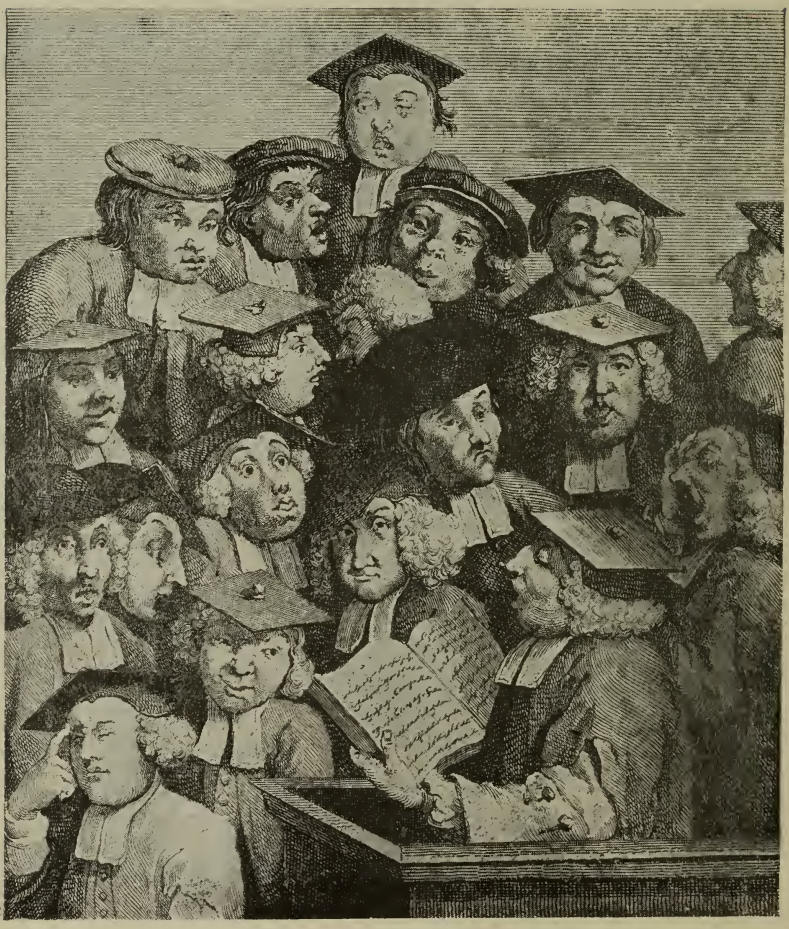
PLATE 6.—THE FUNERAL.

THE adventures of our heroine are now concluded. She is no longer an actor in her own tragedy, and there are those who have considered this print as a farce at the end of it; but surely such was not the author's intention.

A wish usually prevails, even among those who are most humbled by their own indiscretion, that some respect should be paid to their remains. The memory of this votary of prostitution meets with no such marks of social attention or pious respect. The preparations for her funeral are as licentious as the progress of her life, and the contagion of her example seems to reach all who surround her coffin. One of them is engaged in the double trade of seduction and thievery. A second is contemplating her own face in a mirror. The depraved priest does not seem likely to feel for the dead that hope expressed in our liturgy. The appearance and employment of almost every one present at this mockery of woe is such as must raise only disgust.

In this plate there are some local customs which mark the manners of the times when it was engraved, but are now generally disused except in some of the provinces very distant from the capital. Sprigs of rosemary were then given to each of the mourners; to appear at a funeral without one was as great an indecorum as to be without a white handkerchief. The figures have much characteristic discrimination; the woman looking into the coffin has more beauty than we generally see in the works of this artist. The undertaker's gloating stare, his companion's leer, the internal satisfaction of the parson and his next neighbour, are contrasted by the Irish howl of the woman at the opposite side, and evince Mr Hogarth's thorough knowledge of the operation of the passions upon the features. The composition forms a good shape, has a proper depth, and the light is well managed.

Sir James Thornhill's opinion of this series may be inferred from the following circumstance. Mr Hogarth had, without consent, married his daughter; Sir James, considering him as an obscure artist, was much displeased with the connexion. To give him a better opinion of his son-in-law, a common friend one morning privately conveyed the six pictures of the Harlot's Progress into his drawing-room. The veteran painter eagerly inquired who was the artist, and being told, cried out, "Very well! Very well, indeed! The man who can paint such pictures as these can maintain a wife without a portion." This was the remark of the moment; but he afterwards considered the union of his daughter with a man of such abilities an honour to his family, was reconciled, and generous.



THE LECTURE AT OXFORD

THE LECTURE AT OXFORD,

DATUR VACUUM.

It seems probable that when the artist engraved this print he had only a general reference to an university lecture; the words *datur vacuum* were an after-thought. Some prints are without the inscription, and in some of the early impressions it is written with a pen.

The scene is laid at Oxford, and the person reading, universally admitted to be a Mr Fisher, of Jesus College, *registrat* of the University, with whose consent this portrait was taken, and who lived until the 18th of March, 1761. That he should wish to have such a face handed down to posterity, in such company, is rather extraordinary, for all the band, except one man, have been steeped in the stream of stupidity. This gentleman has the profile of penetration—a projecting forehead, a Roman nose, thin lips, and a long pointed chin. His eye is bent on vacancy: it is evidently directed to the moon-faced idiot that crowns the pyramid, at whose round head, contrasted by a cornered cap, he with difficulty suppresses a laugh.

Three fellows on the right hand of this fat, contented "first-born transmitter of a foolish face," have most degraded characters, and are much fitter for the stable than the college. If they ever read, it must be in Bracken's Farriery, or the Country Gentleman's Recreation.

Two square-capped students a little beneath the top, one of whom is holding converse with an adjoining profile, and the other lifting up his eyebrows, and staring without sight, have the same misfortune that attended our first James—their tongues are rather too large.

A figure in the left-hand corner has shut his eyes to think; and having, in his attempt to separate a syllogism, placed the forefinger of his right hand upon his forehead, has fallen asleep.

The professor, a little above the book, endeavours by a projection of his under lip to assume importance; such characters are not uncommon: they are more solicitous to look wise than to be so. Of Mr Fisher it is not necessary to say much: he sat for his portrait for the express purpose of having it inserted in the Lecture!—We want no other testimony of his talents.

THE CHORUS.

THE CHORUS.

REHEARSAL OF THE ORATORIO OF JUDITH.

THE Oratorio of Judith, Mr Ireland observes, was written by Esquire William Huggins, honoured by the music of William de Fesch, aided by new painted scenery and *magnifique* decoration, and in the year 1733 brought upon the stage. As De Fesch was a German and a genius, we may fairly presume it was well set; and there was at that time, as at this, a sort of musical mania, that paid much greater attention to sounds than to sense; notwithstanding all these points in her favour, when the Jewish heroine had made her theatrical *début*, the audience compelled her to make her exit. To set aside this partial and unjust decree, Mr Huggins appealed to the public, and printed his oratorio. Though it was adorned by a frontispiece designed by Hogarth, and engraved by Vandergucht, the world could not be compelled to read, and the unhappy writer had no other resource than the consolatory reflection, that his work was superlatively excellent, but unluckily printed in a tasteless age; a comfortable and solacing self-consciousness, which hath, I verily believe, prevented many a great genius from becoming his own executioner.

To paint a sound is impossible; but as far as art can go towards it, Hogarth has gone in this print. The tenor, treble, and bass of these ear-piercing choristors are so decisively discriminated, that we all but hear them.

The principal figure, whose head, hands, and feet are in equal agitation, has very properly tied on his spectacles; it would have been prudent to have tied on his periwig also, for by the energy of his action he has shaken it from his head, and, absorbed in an eager attention to true time, is totally unconscious of his loss.

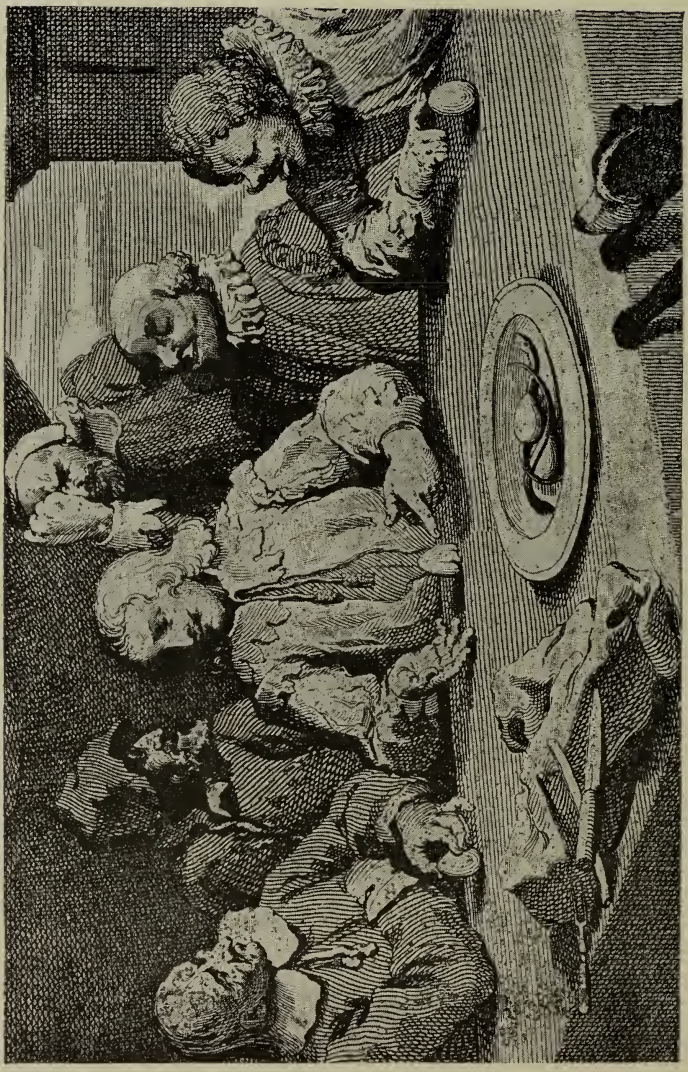
A gentleman—pardon me, I meant a singer—in a bag wig, immediately beneath his uplifted hand, I suspect to be of foreign growth. It has the engaging air of an importation from Italy.

The little figure in the sinister corner, is, it seems, intended for a Mr Tothall, a woollen-draper, who lived in Tavistock Court, and was Hogarth's intimate friend.

The name of the performer on his right hand,

> —"Whose growling bass
> Would drown the clarion of the braying ass,"

I cannot learn, nor do I think that this group were meant for particular portraits, but a general representation of the violent distortions into which these crotchet-mongers draw their features on such so'emn occasions.



COLUMBUS BREAKING THE EGG.

COLUMBUS BREAKING THE EGG

BY the success of Columbus's first voyage, doubt had been changed into admiration; from the honours with which he was rewarded, admiration degenerated into envy. To deny that his discovery carried in its train consequences infinitely more important than had resulted from any made since the creation, was impossible. His enemies had recourse to another expedient, and boldly asserted that there was neither wisdom in the plan, nor hazard in the enterprise.

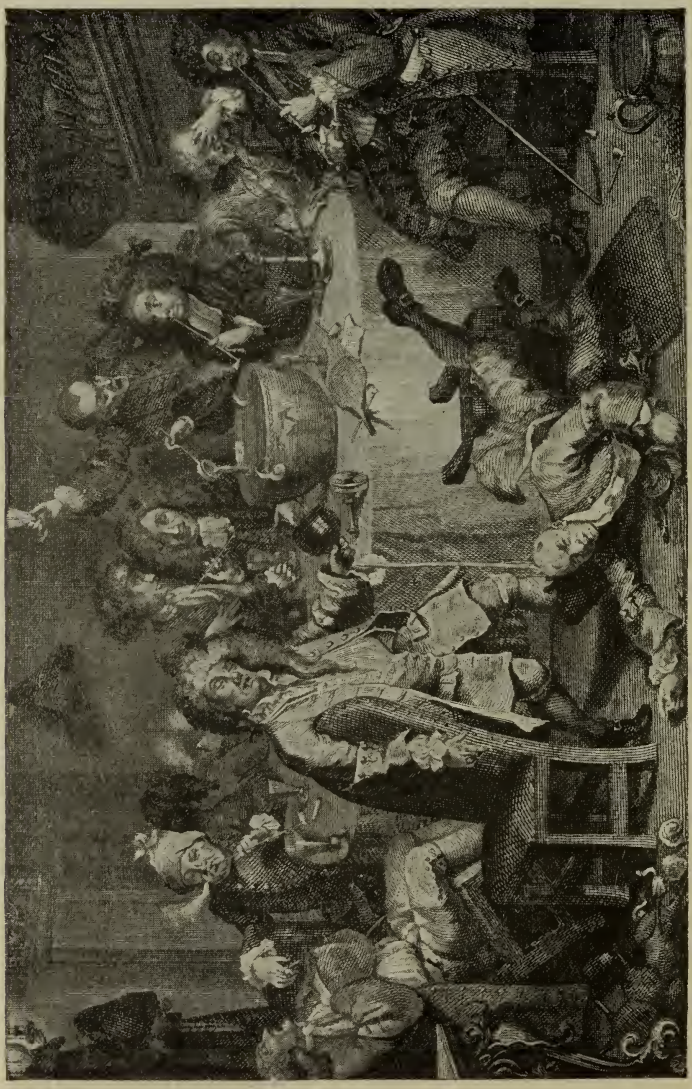
When he was once at a Spanish supper, the company took this ground, and being by his narrative furnished with the reflections which had induced him to undertake his voyage, and the course that he had pursued in its completion, sagaciously observed, that "it was impossible for any man, a degree above an idiot, to have failed of success. The whole process was so obvious, it must have been seen by a man who was half blind! Nothing could be so easy!"

"It is not difficult now I have pointed out the way," was the answer of Columbus: "but easy as it will appear, when you are possessed of my method, I do not believe that, without such instruction, any person present could place one of these eggs upright on the table."

The cloth, knives, and forks were thrown aside, and two of the party, placing their eggs as required, kept them steady with their fingers. One of them swore there could be no other way.

"We will try," said the navigator; and giving an egg, which he held in his hand, a smart stroke upon the table, it remained upright. The emotions which this excited in the company are expressed in their countenances. In the beruffed booby at his left hand it raises astonishment; he is a DEAR ME! man, of the same family with Sterne's Simple Traveller, and came from Amiens only yesterday. The fellow behind him, beating his head, curses his own stupidity; and the whiskered ruffian, with his forefinger on the egg, is in his heart cursing Columbus.

As to the two veterans on the other side, they have lived too long to be agitated with trifles: he who wears a cap exclaims, "Is this all!" and the other, with a bald head, "By St. Jago, I did not think of that!" In the face of Columbus there is not that violent and excessive triumph which is exhibited by little characters on little occasions; he is too elevated to be overbearing; and, pointing to the conical solution of his problematical conundrum, displays a calm superiority, and silent internal contempt.



A MIDNIGHT MODERN CONVERSATION,

A MIDNIGHT MODERN CONVERSATION.

It is very certain that most of these figures were intended for individual portraits; but Mr Hogarth, not wishing to be considered as a personal satirist, and fearful of making enemies among his contemporaries, would never acknowledge who were the characters.

Mrs Piozzi was of opinion that the divine with a cork-screw, occasionally used as a tobacco-stopper, hanging upon his little finger, was the portrait of Parson Ford, Dr Johnson's uncle.

The roaring bacchanalian who stands next him, waving his glass in the air, has pulled off his wig, and, in the zeal of his friendship, crowns the divine's head.

The lawyer, who sits near him, is a portrait of one Kettleby, a vociferous bar-orator, who, though an utter barrister, chose to distinguish himself by wearing an enormous full-bottom wig, in which he is here represented.

A poor maudlin miserable, who is addressing him, when sober, must be a fool; but, in this state, it would puzzle Lavater to assign him a proper class. He seems endeavouring to demonstrate to the lawyer, that, in a poi—poi—point of law, he has been most cruelly cheated, and lost a cau—cau—cause, that he ought to have got,—and all this was owing to his attorney being an infernal villain.

Next to him sits a gentleman in a black periwig. He politely turns his back to the company, that he may have the pleasure of smoking a sociable pipe.

The justice, "in fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,"—the justice, having hung up his hat, wig, and cloak, puts on his nightcap, and, with a goblet of superior capacity before him, sits in solemn cogitation.

With folded arms and open mouth, another leans back in his chair. His wig is dropped from his head, and he is asleep; but though speechless, he is sonorous; for you clearly perceive that, where nasal sounds are the music, he is qualified to be leader of the band.

The fallen hero, who with his chair and goblet has tumbled to the floor, by the cockade in his hat, we suppose to be an officer. His forehead is marked, perhaps with honourable scars. To wash his wounds, and cool his head, the staggering apothecary bathes it with brandy.

A gentleman in the corner, who, from having the "Craftsman" and "London Evening" in his pocket, we determine to be a politician, very unluckily mistakes his ruffle for the bowl of his pipe, and sets fire to it.

The person in a bag-wig and solitaire, with his hand upon his head, would not now pass for a fine gentleman, but in the year 1735 was a complete beau. Unaccustomed to such joyous company, he appears to have drank rather more than agrees with him.

CONSULTATION OF PHYSICIANS.

CONSULTATION OF PHYSICIANS—THE UNDERTAKERS' ARMS.

THIS plate is designed, with much humour. according to the rules of heraldry, and is called The Undertakers' Arms, to show us the connexion between death and the quack doctor, as are also those cross-bones on the outside of the escutcheon.

It has been said of the ancients, that they began by attempting to make physic a science, and failed ; of the moderns, that they began by attempting to make it a trade, and succeeded. This company are moderns to a man, and, if we may judge of their capacity by their countenances, are indeed a most sapient society. Their practice is very extensive, and they go about taking guineas. Many of them are unquestionably portraits, but as these sage and grave descendants of Galen are long since gone to that place where they before sent their patients, we are unable to ascertain any of them, except the three who are, for distinction, placed in the chief, or most honourable part of the escutcheon. Those who, from their exalted situation, we may naturally conclude the most distinguished and sagacious leeches of their day, have marks too obtrusive to be mistaken.

He towards the dexter side of the escutcheon, is determined by an eye in the head of his cane to be the all-accomplished Chevalier Taylor, in whose marvellous and surprising history, written by his own hand, and published in 1761, is recorded such events relative to himself and others, as have excited more astonishment than that incomparable romance, Don Belianis of Greece, the Arabian Nights, or Sir John Mandeville's Travels.

The centre figure, arrayed in a harlequin jacket, with a bone, or what the painter denominates a baton, in the right hand, is generally considered designed for Mrs Mapp, a masculine woman, daughter to one Wallin, a bone setter at Hindon, in Wiltshire. This female Thalestris, incompatible as it may seem with her sex, adopted her father's profession.

On the sinister side is Dr Ward, generally called Spot Ward, from his left cheek being marked with a claret colour. This gentleman was of a respectable family, and though not highly educated, had talents very superior to either of his coadjutors.

In the time of Lucian, a philosopher was distinguished by three things, —his avarice, his impudence, and his beard. In the time of Hogarth, medicine was a mystery, and there were three things which distinguished the physician,—his gravity, his cane-head, and his periwig. With these leading requisites, this venerable party are most amply gifted. To specify every character is not necessary; but the upper figure on the dexter side, with a wig like a weeping willow, should not be overlooked. His lemon-like aspect must curdle the blood of all his patients. In the countenances of his brethren there is no want of acids.

DANIEL LOCK, Esq., Architect.

DANIEL LOCK, ESQ. F.A.S., ARCHITECT.

DANIEL LOCK was an architect of some eminence. He retired from business with an ample fortune, lived in Surrey Street, and was buried in the Chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge. This portrait was originally engraved by J. M'Ardell, from a painting by Hogarth, and is classed among the productions of our artist that are of uncertain date.

THE ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

THE ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

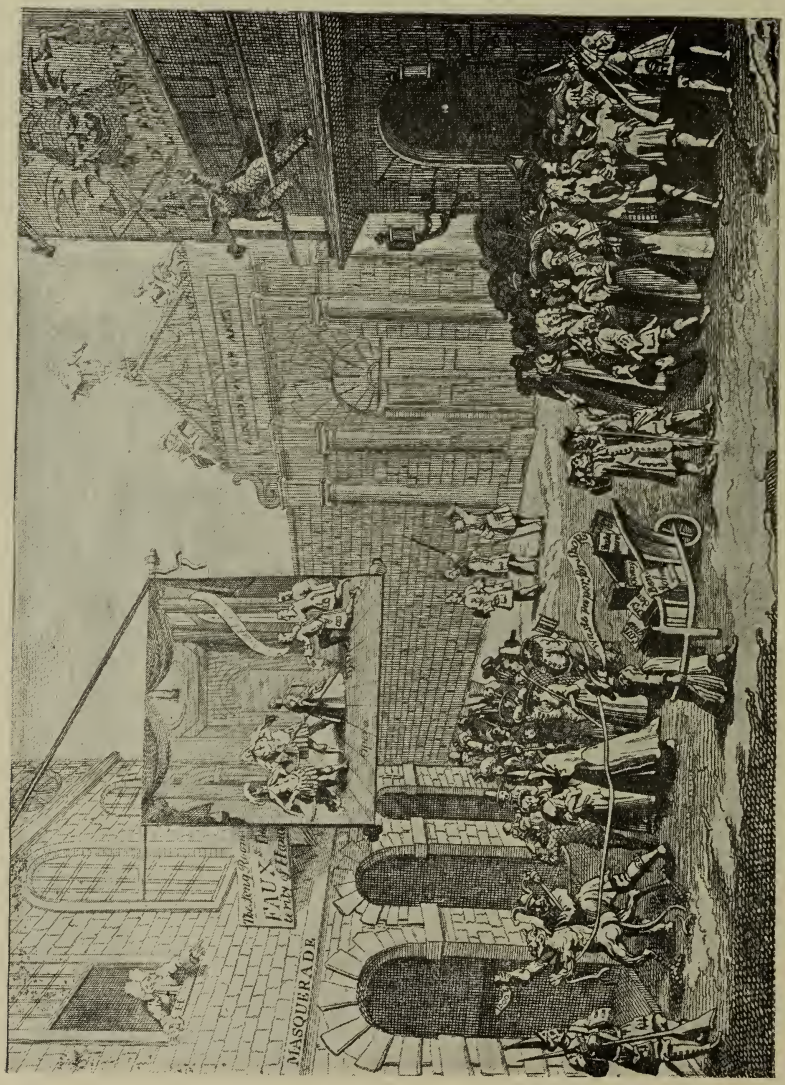
WE have seen displayed the distress of a poet in a previous plate; in this the artist has exhibited the rage of a musician. Our poor bard bore his misfortunes with patience, and, rich in his Muse, did not much repine at his poverty. Not so this master of harmony, of heavenly harmony! Waiting in the chamber of a man of fashion, whom he instructs in the divine science of music, having first tuned his instrument, he opens his crochet-book, shoulders his violin, flourishes his fiddle-stick, but, confounded with the din, and enraged by the interruption, our modern Terpander starts from his seat, and opens the window. This operates as air to a kindling fire; and such a combination of noises burst upon the auricular nerve, that he is compelled to stop his ears,—but to stop the torrent is impossible!

In this situation he is delineated; and those who for a moment contemplate the figures before him, cannot wonder at his rage.

Of the *dramatis personæ* who perform the vocal parts, the first is a fellow, in a tone that would rend hell's concave, bawling, "Dust, ho! dust, ho! dust!" Next to him, an amphibious animal, who nightly pillows his head on the sedgy bosom of old Thames, in a voice that emulates the rush of many waters, or the roaring of a cataract, is bellowing "Flounda,a,a,ars!" A daughter of May-day, who dispenses what in London is called milk, and is consequently a milk maid, in a note pitched at the very top of her voice, is crying "Be-louw!" While a ballad-singer dolefully drawls out "The Ladie's Fall," an infant in her arms joins its treble pipe in chorus with the screaming parrot, which is on a lamp-iron over her head. On the roof of an opposite house are two cats, performing what an amateur of music might perhaps call a bravura duet; near them appears a little French drummer, singing to his rub-a-dub, and the agreeable yell of a dog complete the vocal performers.

Of the instrumental, a fellow blowing a horn, with a violence that would have almost shaken down the walls of Jericho, claims the first notice; next to him the dustman rattles his bell with ceaseless clangour, until the air reverberates the sound.

The intervals are filled up by a paviour, who, to every stroke of his rammer, adds a loud, distinct, and echoing, Haugh! The pedestrian cutler is grinding a butcher's cleaver with such earnestness and force, that it elicits sparks of fire. This, added to the agonizing howls of his unfortunate dog, must afford a perfect specimen of the ancient chromatic. The poor animal, between a man and a monkey, piping harsh discords upon a hautboy, the girl whirling her *crepitaculum*, or rattle, and the boy beating his drum, conclude the catalogue of this harmonious band.



MASQUERADES AND OPERAS.—BURLINGTON GATE.

MASQUERADES AND OPERAS.

BURLINGTON GATE.

THIS print appeared in 1723. Of the three small figures in the centre the middle is Lord Burlington, a man of considerable taste in painting and architecture, but who ranked Mr Kent, an indifferent artist, above his merit. On one side of the peer is Mr Campbell, the architect; on the other, his lordship's postilion. On a show-cloth in this plate is also supposed to be the portrait of King George II., who gave £1000 towards the Masquerade; together with that of the Earl of Peterborough, who offers Cuzzoni, the Italian singer, £8000 and she spurns at him. Mr Heidegger, the regulator of the Masquerade, is also exhibited, looking out of a window, with the letter H under him. This satirical performance of Hogarth, however, was thought to be invented and drawn at the instigation of Sir James Thornhill. Dr Faustus was a pantomime performed to crowded houses throughout two seasons, to the utter neglect of plays, for which reason they are cried about in a wheel-barrow.

TIMES OF THE DAY

PLATE 1.—MORNING.

TIMES OF THE DAY.

PLATE 1.—MORNING.

THIS withered representative of Miss Bridget Alworthy, with a shivering foot boy carrying her prayer-book, never fails in her attendance at morning service. She looks with scowling eye, and all the conscious pride of severe stubborn virginity, on the poor girls who are suffering from the embraces of two drunken beaux that are just staggered out of Tom King's Coffee-house. One of them, from the basket on her arm, I conjecture to be an orange girl: she shows no displeasure at the boisterous salute of her Hibernian lover. That the hero in a laced hat is from the banks of the Shannon, is apparent in his countenance. The female whose face is partly concealed, and whose neck has a more easy turn than we always see in the works of this artist, is not formed of the most inflexible materials.

An old woman, seated upon a basket; the girl, warming her hands by a few withered sticks that are blazing on the ground, and a wretched mendicant, wrapped in a tattered and parti-coloured blanket, entreating charity from the rosy-fingered vestal who is going to church, complete the group. Behind them, at the door of Tom King's Coffee-house, are a party engaged in a fray, likely to create business for both surgeon and magistrate: we discover swords and cudgels in the combatants' hands.

On the opposite side of the print are two little schoolboys. That they have shining morning faces we cannot positively assert. but each has a satchel at his back, and according with the description given by the poet of nature, is

> Creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school.

The lantern appended to the woman who has a basket on her head, proves that these dispensers of the riches of Pomona rise before the sun, and do part of their business by an artificial light. Near her, that immediate descendant of Paracelsus, Dr Rock, is expatiating to an admiring audience, on the never-failing virtues of his wonder-working medicines. One hand holds a bottle of his remarkable panacea, and the other supports a board, on which is the king's arms, to indicate that his practice is sanctioned by royal letters patent. Two porringers and a spoon, placed on the bottom of an inverted basket, intimate that the woman seated near them is a vendor of rice-milk, which was at that time brought into the market every morning.

A fatigued porter leans on a rail; and a blind beggar is going towards the church: but whether he will become one of the congregation, or take his stand at the door, in the hope that religion may have warmed the hearts of its votaries to "Pity the sorrows of a poor blind man," is uncertain.

TIMES OF THE DAY.

PLATE 2.—NOON.

TIMES OF THE DAY.

PLATE 2.—NOON.

AMONG the figures who are coming out of church, an affected, flighty Frenchwoman, with her fluttering fop of a husband, and a boy, habited *à-la-mode de Paris*, claim our first attention. In dress, air, and manner, they have a national character

The whole congregation, whether male or female, old or young, carry the air of their country in countenance, dress, and deportment. Like the three principal figures, they are all marked with some affected peculiarity.

The old fellow, in a black periwig, has a most vinegar-like aspect, and looks with great contempt at the frippery gentlewoman immediately before him. The woman, with a demure countenance, seems very piously considering how she can contrive to pick the embroidered beau's pocket. Two old sybils joining their withered lips in a chaste salute, is nauseous enough, but, being a national custom, must be forgiven. The divine seems to have resided in this kingdom long enough to acquire a roast-beef countenance.

Under a sign of the Baptist's Head is written, Good Eating; and on each side of the inscription is a mutton chop. In opposition to this head without a body, unaccountably displayed as a sign at an eating-house, there is a body without a head hanging out as the sign of a distiller's. This, by common consent, has been quaintly denominated the good woman. At a window above, one of the softer sex proves her indisputable right to the title by her temperate conduct to her husband, with whom having had a little disagreement, she throws their Sunday's dinner into the street.

A girl, bringing a pie from the bakehouse, is stopped in her career by the rude embraces of a blackamoor, who eagerly rubs his sable visage against her blooming cheek.

Good eating is carried on to the lower part of the picture. A boy, placing a baked pudding upon a post, with rather too violent an action. the dish breaks, the fragments fall to the ground, and while he is loudly lamenting his misfortune, and with tears anticipating his punishment, the smoking remnants are eagerly snatched up by a poor girl. Not educated according to the system of Jean Jacques Rousseau, she feels no qualms of conscience about the original proprietor, and, destitute of that fastidious delicacy which destroys the relish of many a fine lady, eagerly swallows the hot and delicious morsels, with all the concomitants.

The scene is laid at the door of a French chapel in Hog Lane; a part of the town at that time almost wholly peopled by French refugees, or their descendants.

TIMES OF THE DAY.

PLATE 3. EVENING.

TIMES OF THE DAY.

PLATE 3.—EVENING

It is not easy to imagine fatigue better delineated than in the appearance of this amiable pair. In a few of the earliest impressions, Mr Hogarth printed the hands of the man in blue, to show that he was a dyer, and the face and neck of the woman in red, to intimate her extreme heat. The lady's aspect lets us at once into her character; we are certain that she was born to command. As to her husband, God made him, and he must pass for a man: what his wife has made him is indicated by the cow's horns; which are so placed as to become his own.

The hopes of the family, with a cockade in his hat, and riding upon papa's cane, seems much disgusted with female sway. A face with more of the shrew in embryo than that of the girl, it is scarce possible to conceive. Upon such a character the most casual observer pronounces with the decision of a Lavater.

Nothing can be better imagined than the group in the alehouse. They have taken a refreshing walk into the country, and, being determined to have a cooling pipe, seat themselves in a chair-lumbered closet, with a low ceiling; where every man, pulling off his wig, and throwing a pocket-handkerchief over his head, inhales the fumes of hot punch, the smoke of half a dozen pipes, and the dust from the road. If this is not rural felicity, what is? The old gentleman in a black bag-wig, and the two women near him, sensibly enough, take their seats in the open air.

From a woman milking a cow, we conjecture the hour to be about five in the afternoon: and, from the circumstance, I am inclined to think this agreeable party are going to their pastoral bower, rather than returning from it.

The cow and dog appear as much inconvenienced by heat as any of the party: the former is whisking off the flies; and the latter creeps unwillingly along, and casts a longing look at the crystal river, in which he sees his own shadow. A remarkably hot summer is intimated by the luxuriant state of a vine, creeping over an alehouse window.

On the side of the New River, where the scene is laid, lies one of the wooden pipes employed in the water-works.

TIMES OF THE DAY.

PLATE 4.—NIGHT.

TIMES OF THE DAY.

PLATE 4.—NIGHT.

THE wounded free-mason, who, in zeal of brotherly love, has drank his bumpers to the craft till he is unable to find his way home, is under the guidance of a waiter. This has been generally considered as intended for Sir Thomas de Veil.

The waiter who supports his worship, seems, from the patch upon his forehead, to have been in a recent affray; but what use he can have for a lantern, it is not easy to divine, unless he is conducting his charge to some place where there is neither moonlight nor illumination.

The Salisbury flying coach oversetting and broken, by passing through the bonfire, is said to be an intended burlesque upon a right honourable peer, who was accustomed to drive his own carriage over hedges, ditches, and rivers; and has been sometimes known to drive three or four of his maid servants into a deep water, and there leave them in the coach to shift for themselves.

The butcher, and little fellow, who are assisting the terrified passengers, are possibly free and accepted masons. One of them seems to have a mop in his hand;—the pail is out of sight.

To crown the joys of the populace, a man with a pipe in his mouth is filling a capacious hogshead with British Burgundy.

The poor wretches under the barber's bench display a prospect of penury and wretchedness, which it is to be hoped is not so common now as it was then.

In the distance is a cart laden with furniture, which some unfortunate tenant is removing out of the reach of his landlord's execution.

There is humour in the barber's sign and inscription: "Shaving, bleeding, and teeth drawn with a touch. ECCE SIGNUM!"

By the oaken boughs on the sign, and the oak leaves in the free-masons' hats, it seems that this rejoicing night is the twenty-ninth of May, the anniversary of our Second Charles's restoration; that happy day when, according to our old ballad, "The king enjoyed his own again" This might be one reason for the artist choosing a scene contiguous to the beautiful equestrian statue of Charles the First.

In the distance we see a house on fire, an accident very likely to happen on such a night as this.

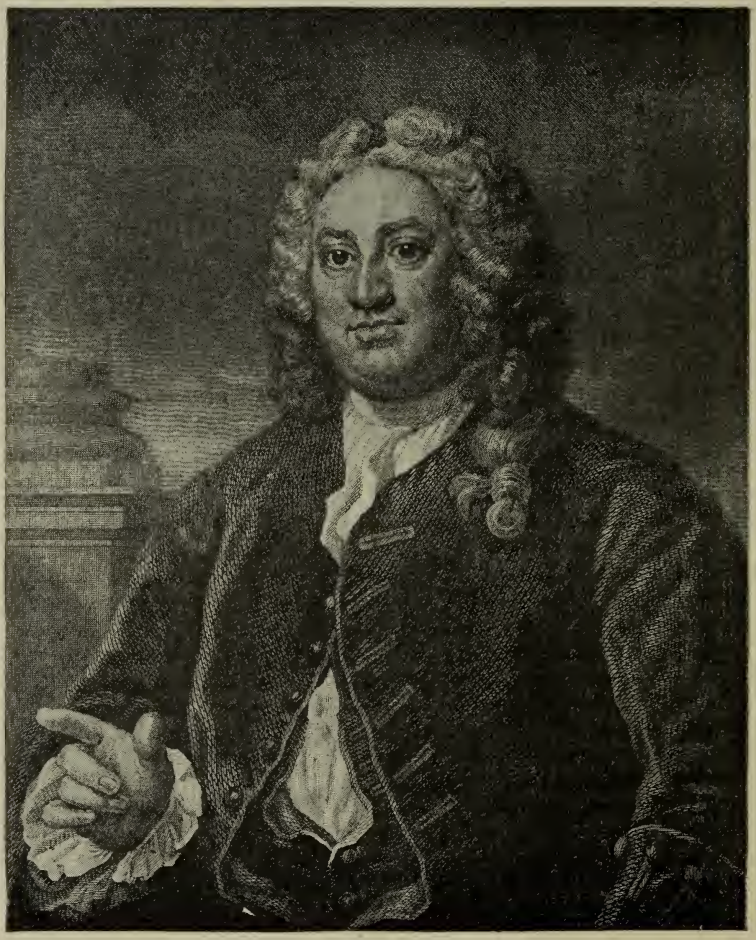
SIGISMONDA,
WITH THE HEART OF HER HUSBAND.

SIGISMONDA,

WITH THE HEART OF HER HUSBAND.

A COMPETITION with either Guido, or Furino, would to any modern painter be an enterprise of danger: to Hogarth it was more peculiarly so, from the public justly conceiving that the representation of elevated distress was not his *forte*. The bard has consecrated the character, and his heroine glitters with a brightness that cannot be transferred to the canvas, and Hogarth's attempt to delineate it has been a good deal criticised.

When, however, a favourite child is chastised by his preceptor, a partial mother redoubles her caresses. So Hogarth, estimating this picture by the labour he had bestowed upon it, was certain that the public were prejudiced, and requested, if his wife survived him, she would not sell it for less than five hundred pounds. Mrs Hogarth acted in conformity to his wishes, but after her death the painting was purchased by Messrs Boydell, and exhibited in the Shakespeare Gallery. The colouring, though not brilliant, is harmonious and natural: the attitude, drawing, etc., may be generally conceived by the print. I am much inclined to think, that if some of those who have been most severe in their censures, had consulted their own feelings, instead of depending upon connoisseurs, poor Sigismonda would have been in higher estimation. It has been said that the first sketch was made from Mrs Hogarth, at the time she was weeping over the corse of her mother.



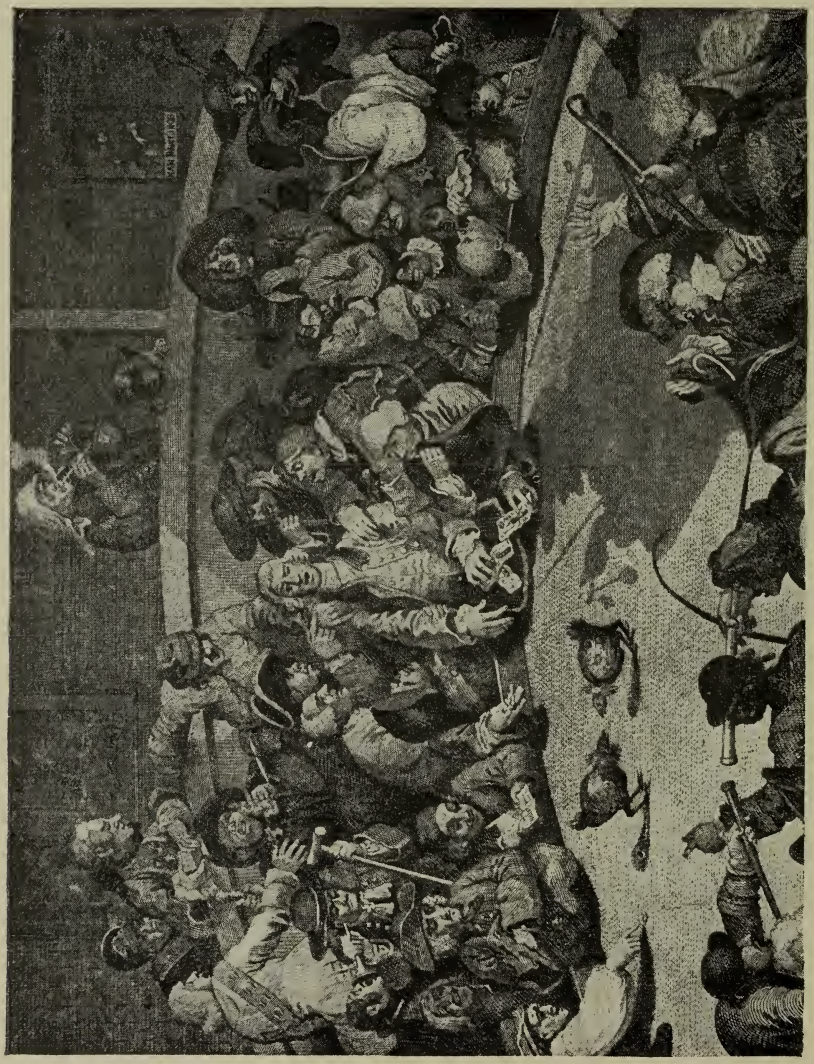
MARTIN FOLKES, Esq., Antiquary.

MARTIN FOLKES, ESQ.,

MATHEMATICIAN AND ANTIQUARY.

MARTIN FOLKES was a mathematician and antiquary of much celebrity in the philosophical annals of this country. He was at the early age of twenty-four admitted a member of the Royal Society, where he was greatly distinguished. Two years afterwards he was chosen one of the council, and was named by Sir Isaac Newton himself as vice-president: he was afterwards elected president, and held this high office till a short time before his death when he resigned it on account of ill-health.

In the Philosophical Transactions are numerous memoirs of this learned man: his knowledge in coins, ancient and modern, was very extensive: and the last work he produced was concerning the English Silver Coin from the Conquest to his own time. He was president of the Society of Antiquaries at the time of his death, which happened on the 28th of June, 1754, at the age of sixty-four. A few days before his death he was struck with a fit of the palsy, and never spoke after this attack.



THE COCKPIT.

THE COCKPIT.

THE scene is probably laid at Newmarket, and in this motley group of peers,—pick-pockets,—butchers,—jockeys,—rat-catchers,—gentlemen,—gamblers of every denomination, Lord Albemarle Bertie, being the principal figure, is entitled to precedence. What rendered his lordship's passion for amusements of this nature very singular, was his being totally blind. In this place he is beset by seven steady friends, five of whom at the same instant offer to bet with him on the event of the battle. One of them, a lineal descendant of Filch, taking advantage of his blindness and negligence, endeavours to convey a bank note, deposited in our dignified gambler's hat, to his own pocket. Of this ungentleman-like attempt his lordship is apprised by a ragged post-boy, and an honest butcher: but he is so much engaged in the pronunciation of those important words, Done! Done! Done! Done! and the arrangement of his bets, that he cannot attend to their hints; and it seems more than probable that the stock will be transferred, and the note negotiated in a few seconds.

A very curious group surround the old nobleman, who is adorned with a riband, a star, and a pair of spectacles. The whole weight of an overgrown carpenter being laid upon his shoulder, forces our illustrious personage upon a man beneath; who, being thus driven downward, falls upon a fourth, and the fourth, by the accumulated pressure of this ponderous trio, composed of the upper and lower house, loses his balance, and tumbling against the edge of the partition, his head is broke, and his wig, shook from the seat of reason, falls into the cockpit.

A man adjoining enters into the spirit of the battle,—his whole soul is engaged. From his distorted countenance, and clasped hands, we see that he feels every stroke given to his favourite bird in his heart's core,—ay, in his heart of hearts! A person at the old peer's left hand is likely to be a loser. Ill-humour, vexation, and disappointment are painted in his countenance. The chimney sweeper above is the very quintessence of affectation. He has all the airs and graces of a boarding-school miss. The sanctified quaker adjoining, and the fellow beneath, who, by the way, is a very similar figure to Captain Stab, in the Rake's Progress, are finely contrasted.

A French marquis on the other side, astonished at this being called amusement, is exclaiming "Sauvages! Sauvages! Sauvages!"

On the lower side, where there is only one tier of figures, a sort of an apothecary and a jockey are stretching out their arms, and striking together the handles of their whips, in token of a bet.

CAPTAIN THOMAS CORAM.
FOUNDER OF THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

CAPTAIN THOMAS CORAM,

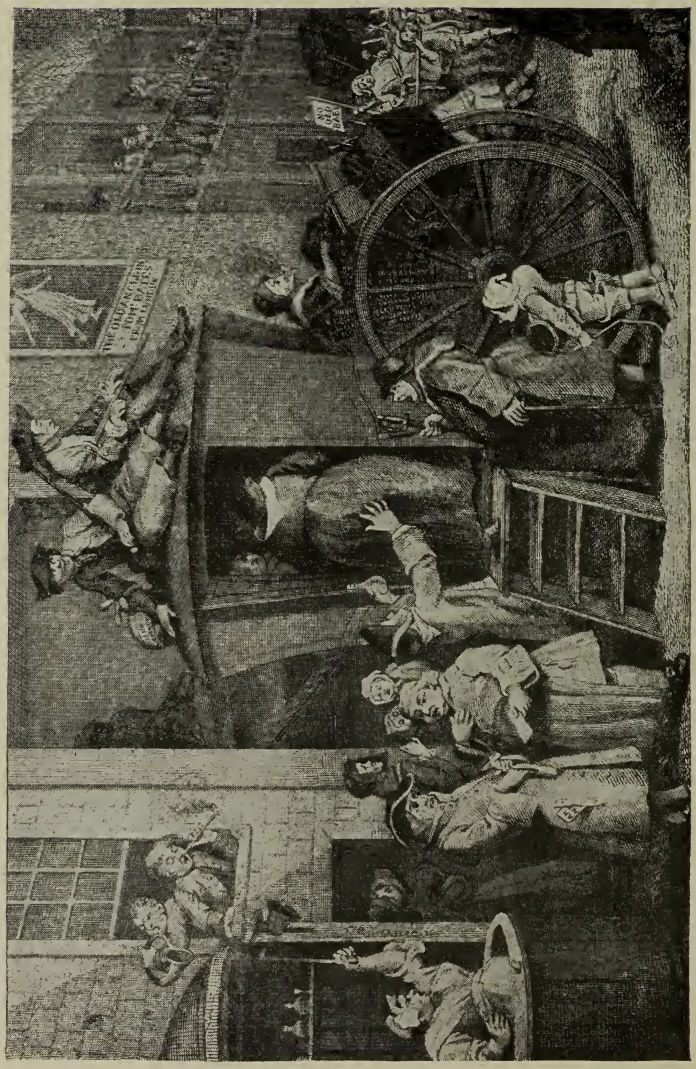
FOUNDER OF THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

CAPTAIN CORAM was born in the year 1668, bred to the sea, and passed the first part of his life as master of a vessel trading to the colonies. While he resided in the vicinity of Rotherhithe, his avocations obliging him to go early into the city and return late, he frequently saw deserted infants exposed to the inclemencies of the seasons, and through the indigence or cruelty of their parents left to casual relief or untimely death. This naturally excited his compassion, and led him to project the establishment of an hospital for the reception of exposed and deserted young children, in which humane design he laboured more than seventeen years, and at last, by his unwearied application, obtained the royal charter, bearing date the 17th of October, 1739, for its incorporation.

Another charitable plan which he lived to make some progress in, though not to complete, was a scheme for uniting the Indians in North America more closely with the British Government, by an establishment for the education of Indian girls. Indeed, he spent a great part of his life in serving the public, and with so total a disregard to his private interest that in his old age he was himself supported by a pension of somewhat more than a hundred pounds a year. On application being made to this venerable and good old man, to know whether a subscription being opened for his benefit would not offend him, he gave this noble answer: "I have not wasted the little wealth of which I was formerly possessed in self-indulgence or vain expenses, and am not ashamed to confess that, in this my old age, I am poor."

This singularly humane, persevering, and memorable man died at his lodgings, near Leicester Square, March 29, 1751, and was interred, pursuant to his own desire, in the vault under the chapel of the Foundling Hospital, where an historic epitaph records his virtues, as Hogarth's portrait has preserved his honest countenance.

"The portrait which I painted with most pleasure," says Hogarth, "and in which I particularly wished to excel, was that of Captain Coram for the Foundling Hospital; and if I am so wretched an artist as my enemies assert, it is somewhat strange that this, which was one of the first I painted the size of life, should stand the test of twenty years' competition, and be generally thought the best portrait in the place, notwithstanding the first painters in the kingdom exerted all their talents to vie with it."



COUNTRY INN YARD.

THE COUNTRY INN YARD;

OR,

THE STAGE COACH.

THE scene is a country inn yard at the time passengers are getting into a stage-coach, and an election procession passing in the background. Nothing can be better described; we become of the party. The vulgar roar of our landlady is no less apparent than the grave, insinuating, imposing countenance of mine host. Boniface solemnly protests that a bill he is presenting to an old gentleman in a laced hat is extremely moderate.

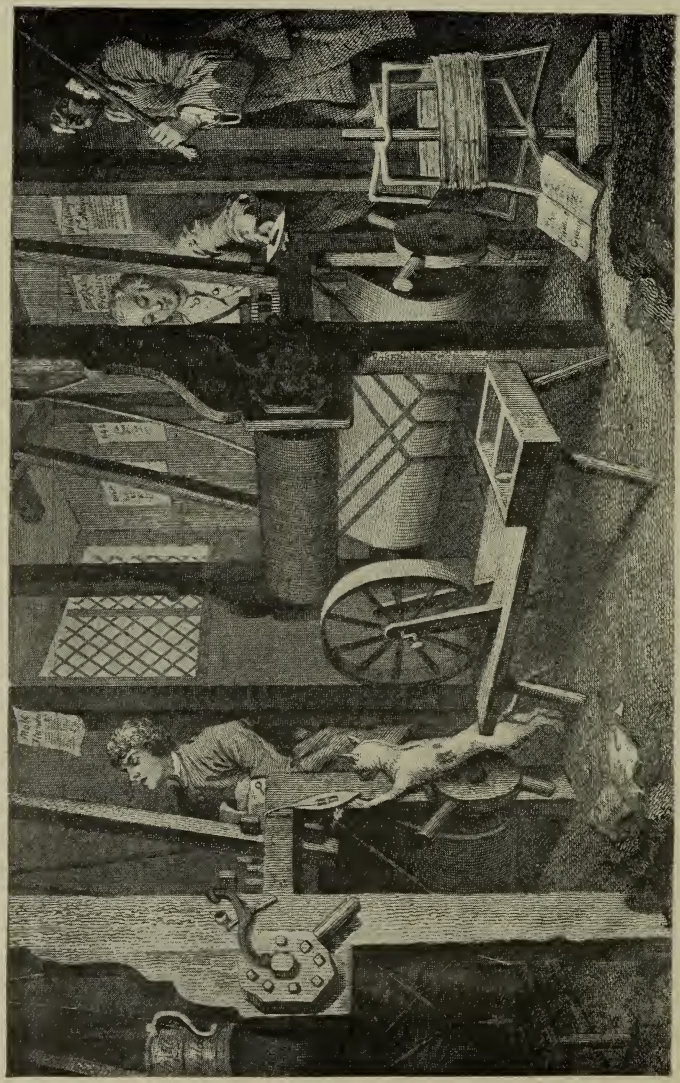
This does not satisfy the paymaster, whose countenance shows that he considers it as a palpable fraud, though the act against bribery, which he carries in his pocket, designates him to be of a profession not very liable to suffer imposition. They are in general less sinned against than sinning.

An ancient lady, getting into the coach, is from her breadth a very inconvenient companion in such a vehicle.

A portly gentleman, with a sword and cane in one hand, is deaf to the entreaties of a poor little deformed postilion, who solicits his customary fee. The old woman smoking her short pipe in the basket, pays very little attention to what is passing around her: cheered by the fumes of her tube, she lets the vanities of the world go their own way. Two passengers on the roof of the coach afford a good specimen of French and English manners. Ben Block, of the Centurion, surveys the subject of La Grande Monarque with ineffable contempt.

In the window are a very curious pair; one of them blowing a French horn, and the other endeavouring, but without effect, to smoke away a little sickness, which he feels from the fumes of his last night's punch. Beneath them is a traveller taking a tender farewell of the chambermaid, who is not to be moved by the clangour of the great bar bell, or the more thundering sound of her mistress's voice.

The background is crowded with a procession of active citizens; they have chaired a figure with a horn-book, a bib, and a rattle, intended to represent Child, Lord Castlemain, afterwards Lord Tylney, who, in a violent contest for the county of Essex, opposed Sir Robert Abdy and Mr Bramston. The horn-book, bib, and rattle are evidently displayed as punningly allusive to his name.



INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE 1.—THE FELLOW 'PRENTICES AT THEIR LOOMS,

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

As our future welfare depends, in a great measure, on our own conduct in the outset of life, and as we derive our best expectations of success from our own attention and exertion, it may, with propriety, be asserted that the good or ill-fortune of mankind is chiefly attributable to their own early diligence or sloth; either of which becomes, through habit in the early part of life, both familiar and natural. This Hogarth has made appear in the following history of the two Apprentices, by representing a series of such scenes as naturally result from a course of Industry and Idleness, and which he has illustrated with such texts of scripture as teach us their analogy with holy writ.

In the chamber of the city of London, where apprentices are bound and enrolled, the twelve prints of this series are introduced, and, with great propriety, ornament the room.

PLATE 1.—THE FELLOW-'PRENTICES AT THEIR LOOMS.

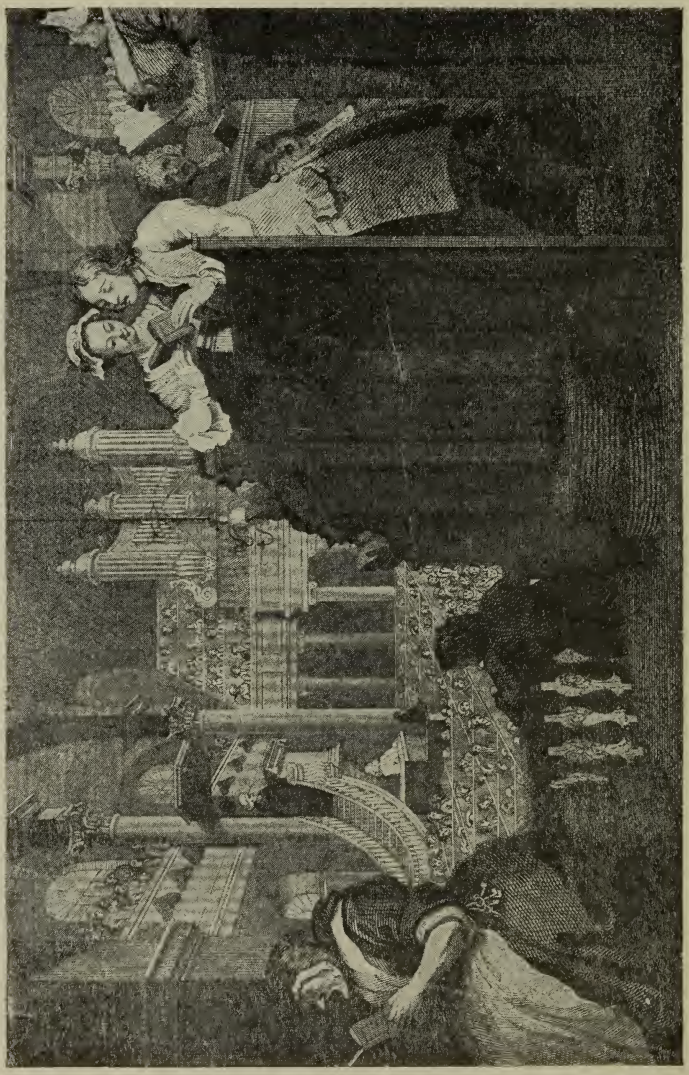
"The drunkard shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags,"—PROVERBS, chap. xxiii. verse 21.

"The hand of the diligent maketh rich."—PROVERBS, chap. x. verse 4.

The first print presents us with a noble and striking contrast in two apprentices at the looms of their master, a silk-weaver of Spittalfields. In the one we observe a serene and open countenance, the distinguishing mark of innocence; and in the other a sullen, down-cast look the index of a corrupt mind and vicious heart.

The industrious youth is diligently employed at his work, and his thoughts taken up with the business he is upon. His book, called the "'Prentice's Guide," supposed to be given him for instruction, lies open beside him, as if perused with care and attention. The employment of the day seems his constant study; and the interest of his master his continual regard. We are given to understand, also, by the ballads of the London 'Prentice, Whittingham the Mayor, &c., that hang behind him, that he lays out his pence on things that may improve his mind, and enlighten his understanding.

On the contrary, his fellow-'prentice, with worn-out coat and uncombed hair, overpowered with beer, indicated by the half-gallon pot before him, is fallen asleep; and from the shuttle becoming the plaything of the wanton kitten, we learn how he slumbers on, inattentive alike to his own and his master's interest. The ballad of Moll Flanders on the wall behind him shows that the bent of his mind is towards that which is bad; and his book of instructions lying torn and defaced upon the ground, manifests how regardless he is of anything tending to his future welfare.



INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE.—2 THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE PERFORMING THE DUTY OF A CHRISTIAN.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE 2.—THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE PERFORMING THE DUTY OF A CHRISTIAN.

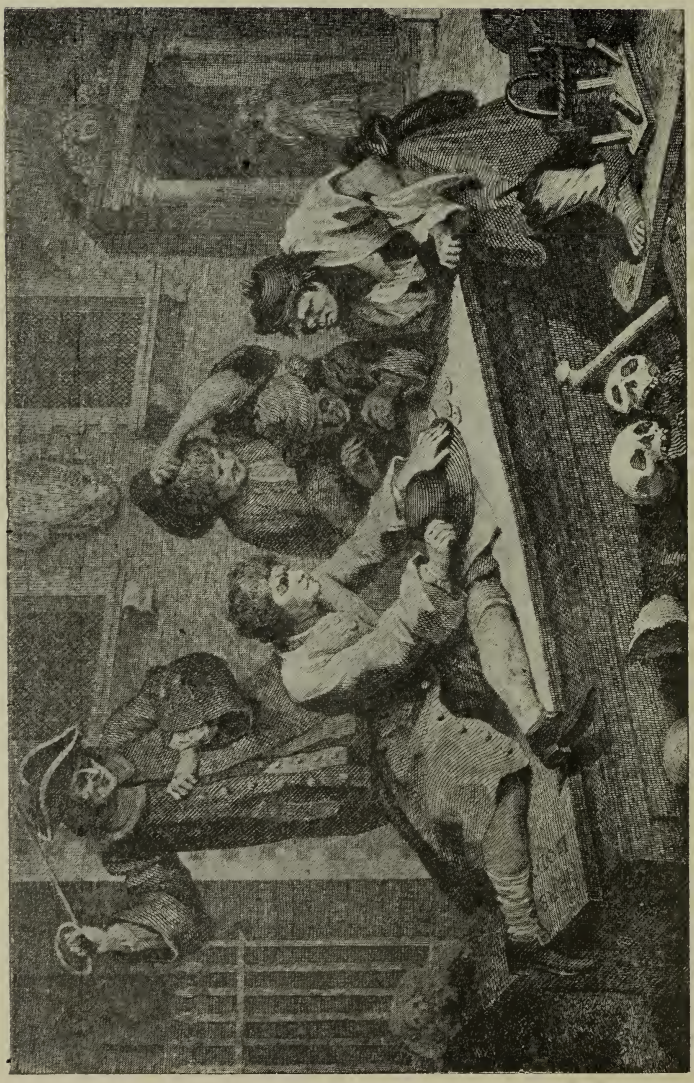
"O how I love thy law; it is my meditation all the day."—PSALM cxix. verse 97.

THIS plate displays our industrious young man attending divine service in the same pew with his master's daughter, where he shows every mark of decent and devout attention.

Mr Hogarth's strong bias to burlesque was not to be checked by time or place. It is not easy to imagine anything more whimsically grotesque than the female Falstaff. A fellow near her, emulating the deep-toned organ, and the man beneath, who, though asleep, joins his sonorous tones in melodious chorus with the admirers of those two pre-eminent poets, Hopkins and Sternhold. The pew-opener is a very prominent and principal figure: two old women adjoining Miss West's seat are so much in shadow that we are apt to overlook them: they are, however, all three making the dome ring with their exertions.

Ah! had it been King David's fate
To hear them sing———

The preacher, reader, and clerk, with many of the small figures in the gallery and beneath, are truly ludicrous, and we regret their being on so reduced a scale that they are scarce perceptible to the naked eye. It was necessary that the artist should exhibit a crowded congregation; but it must be acknowledged he has neglected the rules of perspective. The print wants depth. In the countenance of Miss West and her lover there is a resemblance. Their faces have not much expression; but this is atoned for by a natural and pleasing simplicity. Character was not necessary.



INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE 3.—THE IDLE 'PRENTICE AT PLAY IN THE CHURCHYARD DURING DIVINE SERVICE.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

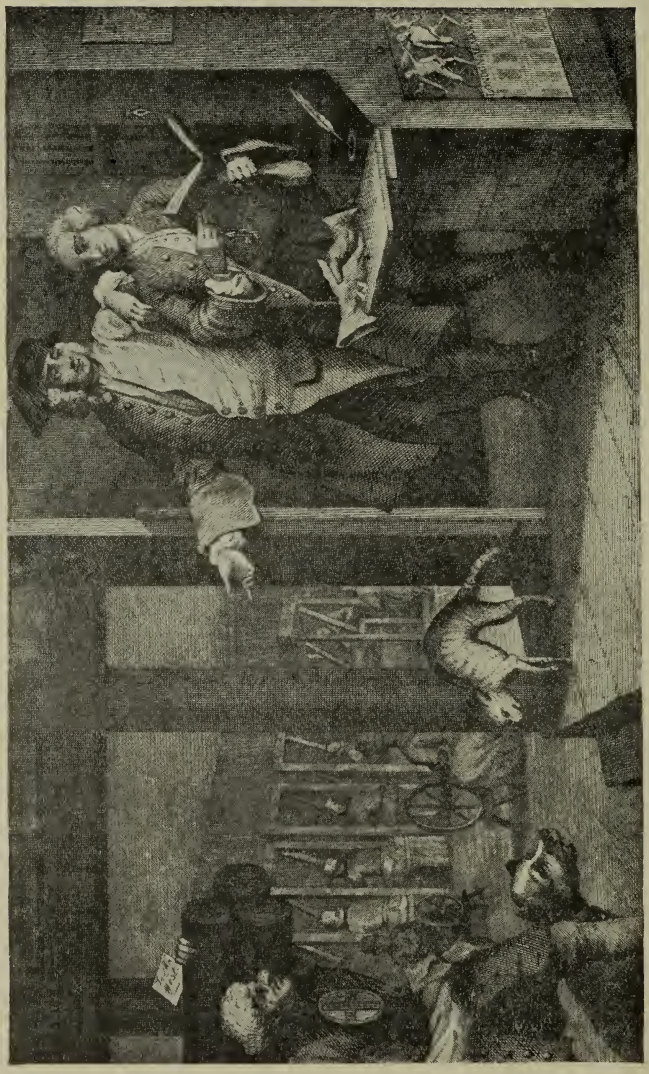
PLATE 3.—THE IDLE 'PRENTICE AT PLAY IN THE CHURCHYARD DURING DIVINE SERVICE.

"Judgments are prepared for scorners, and stripes for the back of fools."
PROVERBS, chap. xix. verse 29.

AS a contrast to the preceding plate, of the industrious young man performing the duties of a Christian, is this, representing the idle 'prentice at play in the churchyard during divine service. As an observance of religion is allowed to be the foundation of virtue, so a neglect of religious duties has ever been acknowledged the forerunner of every wickedness; the confession of malefactors at the place of execution being a melancholy confirmation of this truth. Here we see him, while others are intent on the holy service, transgressing the laws both of God and man, gambling on a tombstone with the off-scourings of the people.

Their amusement seems to be the favourite old English game of hustle-cap, and our idle and unprincipled youth is endeavouring to cheat, by concealing some of the halfpence under the broad brim of his hat. This is perceived by the shoeblack, and warmly resented by the fellow with the black patch over his eye, who loudly insists on the hat's being fairly removed. The eager anxiety which marks these two gamblers is equal to that of two peers playing for an estate. The latter could not have more solicitude for the turn of a die which was to determine who was the proprietor of ten thousand acres than is displayed in the countenance of young Idle. Indeed, so callous is his heart, so wilfully blind is he to everything tending to his future welfare, that the tombs, those standing monuments of mortality, cannot move him: even the new-dug grave, the sculls and bones, those lively and awakening monitors, cannot rouse him from his sinful lethargy, open his eyes, or pierce his heart with the least reflection, so hardened is he with vice, and so intent on the pursuit of his evil course.

The hand of the boy, employed upon his head, and that of the shoeblack, in his bosom, are expressive of filth and vermin; and show that our hero is within a step of being overspread with the beggarly contagion. His obstinate continuance in his course, until awakened by the blows of the watchful beadle, point out to us that "stripes are prepared for the backs of fools;" that disgrace and infamy are the natural attendants of the slothful and the scorner; and that there are but little hopes of his alteration until he is overtaken in his iniquity by the avenging hand of Omnipotence, and feels with horror and amazement the unexpected and inevitable approach of death.



INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE 4.—THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE A FAVOURITE AND ENTRUSTED BY HIS MASTER.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE 4.—THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE A FAVOURITE AND ENTRUSTED BY HIS MASTER.

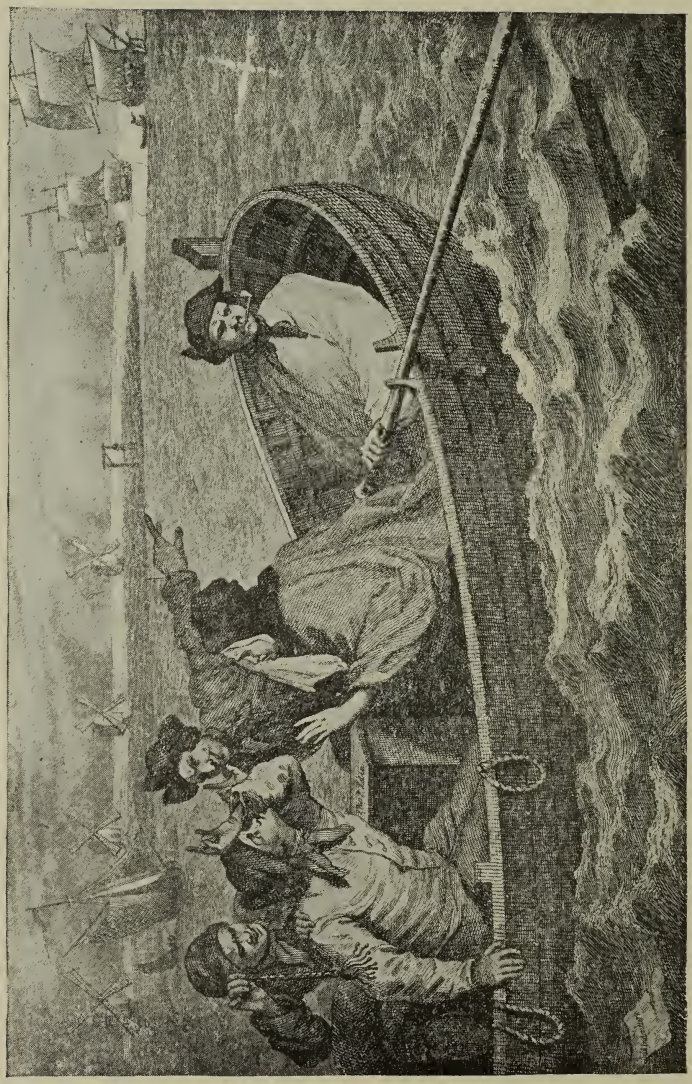
"Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." MATTHEW, chap. xxv. verse 21.

THE industrious apprentice, by a discreet and steady conduct, attracts the notice of his master, and becomes a favourite: accordingly, we behold him here (exquisitely continued from the first and second prints) in the counting-house (with a distant view of the looms, and of the quilsters, winding quills, for the shuttles, from whence he was removed) entrusted with the books, receiving and giving orders, (the general reward of honesty, care, and diligence,) as appears from the delivery of some stuffs by a city porter, from Blackwell-hall.

By the keys in one hand and the bag in the other, we are shown that he has behaved himself with so much prudence and discretion, and given such proofs of fidelity, as to become the keeper of untold gold; the greatest mark of confidence he could be favoured with. The integrity of his heart is visible in his face. The modesty and tranquillity of his countenance tell us, that though the great trust reposed in him is an addition to his happiness, yet, that he discharges his duty with such becoming diffidence and care, as not to betray any of that pride which attends so great a promotion.

The familiar position of his master, leaning on his shoulder, is a further proof of his esteem, declaring that he dwells, as it were, in his bosom, and possesses the utmost share of his affection; circumstances that must sweeten even a state of servitude, and make a pleasant and lasting impression on the mind. The head-piece to the London Almanack, representing Industry taking Time by the fore-lock, is not the least of the beauties in this plate, as it intimates the danger of delay, and advises us to make the best use of time, whilst we have it in our power; nor will the position of the gloves, on the flap of the escritoire, be unobserved by a curious examiner, being expressive of that union that subsists between an indulgent master and an industrious apprentice.

The strong-beer nose and pimpled face of the porter, though they have no connection with the moral of the piece, are a fine caricatura, and show that our author let slip no opportunity of ridiculing the vices and follies of the age, and particularly here, in laying before us the strange infatuation of this class of people, who, because a good deal of labour requires some extraordinary refreshment, will even drink to the deprivation of their reason and the destruction of their health.



INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE 5.—THE IDLE 'PRENTICE TURNED AWAY AND SENT TO SEA.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE 5.—THE IDLE 'PRENTICE TURNED AWAY AND SENT TO SEA.

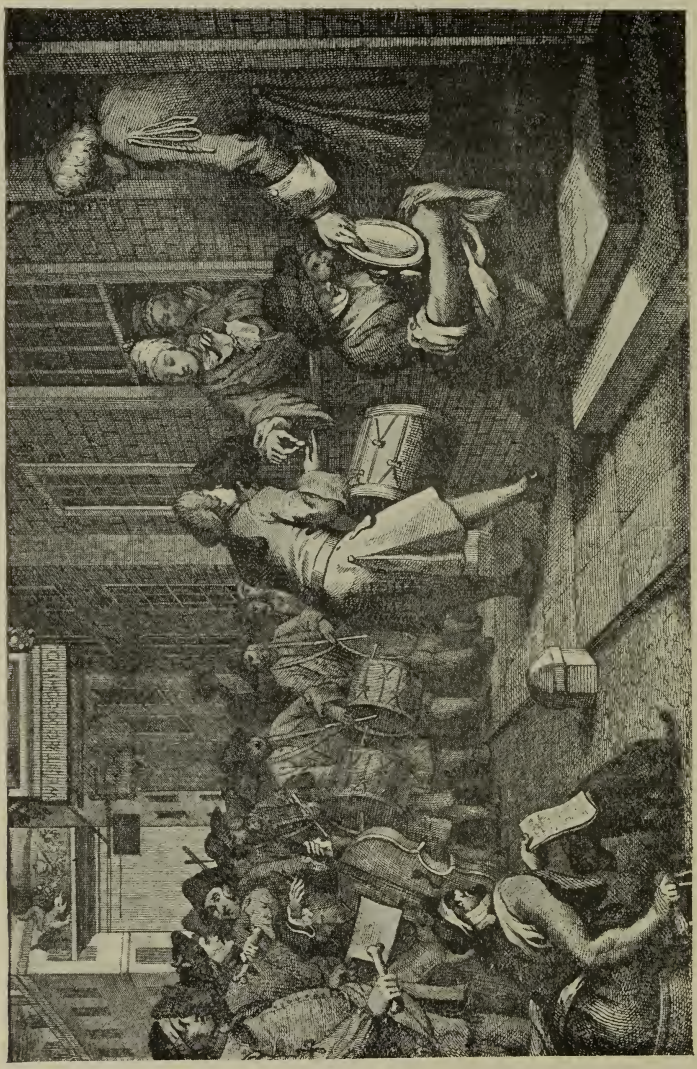
"A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."
PROVERBS, chap. x. verse 1.

CORRUPTED by sloth and contaminated by evil company, the idle apprentice, having tired the patience of his master, is sent to sea, in the hope that the being removed from the vices of the town, and the influence of his wicked companions, joined with the hardships and perils of a seafaring life, might effect that reformation of which his friends despaired while he continued on shore. See him then in the ship's boat, accompanied by his afflicted mother, making towards the vessel in which he is to embark. The waterman significantly directs his attention to a figure on a gibbet, as emblematical of his future fate, should he not turn from the evil of his ways; and the boy shows him a cat-o'-nine-tails, expressive of the discipline that awaits him on board of ship.

These admonitions, however, he notices only by the application of his fingers to his forehead, in the form of horns, jestingly telling them to look at Cuckold's Point, which they have just passed; he then throws his indentures into the water with an air of contempt, that proves how little he is affected by his present condition, and how little he regards the persuasions and tears of a fond mother, whose heart seems ready to burst with grief at the fate of her darling son, and perhaps her only stay; for her dress seems to intimate that she is a widow. Well then might Solomon say, that "a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother;" for we here behold her who had often rejoiced in the prospect of her child being a prop to her in the decline of life, lamenting his depravity, and anticipating with horror the termination of his evil course.

One would naturally imagine, from the common course of things that this scene would have awakened his reflection, and been the means of softening the ruggedness of his disposition,—that some tender ideas would have crossed his mind and melted the obduracy of his heart; but he continues hardened and callous to every admonition.

The group of figures composing this print has been copied by the ingenious Lavater; with whose appropriate remarks we conclude our present description. "Observe," says this great analyst of the human countenance, "in the annexed group, that unnatural wretch, with the infernal visage, insulting his supplicating mother; the predominant character on the three other villain-faces, though all disfigured by effrontery, is cunning and ironical malignity. Every face is a seal with this truth engraved on it: "Nothing makes a man so ugly as vice; nothing renders the countenance so hideous as villainy."



INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE 6.—THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE OUT OF HIS TIME AND MARRIED TO HIS MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE 6.—THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE OUT OF HIS TIME, AND MARRIED TO HIS MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

"The virtuous woman is a crown to her husband."
PROVERBS, chap. xiii. verse 4.

THE reward of industry is success. Our prudent and attentive youth is now become partner with his master, and married to his daughter. The sign, by which this circumstance is intimated, was at first inscribed GOODCHILD and WEST. Some of Mr. Hogarth's city friends informing him that it was usual for the senior partner's name to precede, it was altered.

To show that plenty reigns in this mansion, a servant distributes the remains of the table to a poor woman, and the bridegroom pays one of the drummers, who, according to ancient custom, attend with their thundering gratulations the day after a wedding. A performer on the bass viol, and a herd of butchers armed with marrow-bones and cleavers, form an English concert.

A cripple with the ballad of Jesse, or the Happy Pair, represents a man known by the name of Philip in the Tub, who had visited Ireland and the United Provinces; and, in the memory of some persons now living, was a general attendant at weddings. From those votaries of Hymen who were honoured with his epithalamiums, he received a small reward.

To show that Messrs. West and Goodchild's habitation is near the monument, the base of that stately column appears in the back-ground

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE 7.—THE IDLE 'PRENTICE RETURNED FROM SEA AND IN A GARRET WITH A PROSTITUTE.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE 7.—THE IDLE 'PRENTICE RETURNED FROM SEA, AND IN A GARRET WITH A COMMON PROSTITUTE.

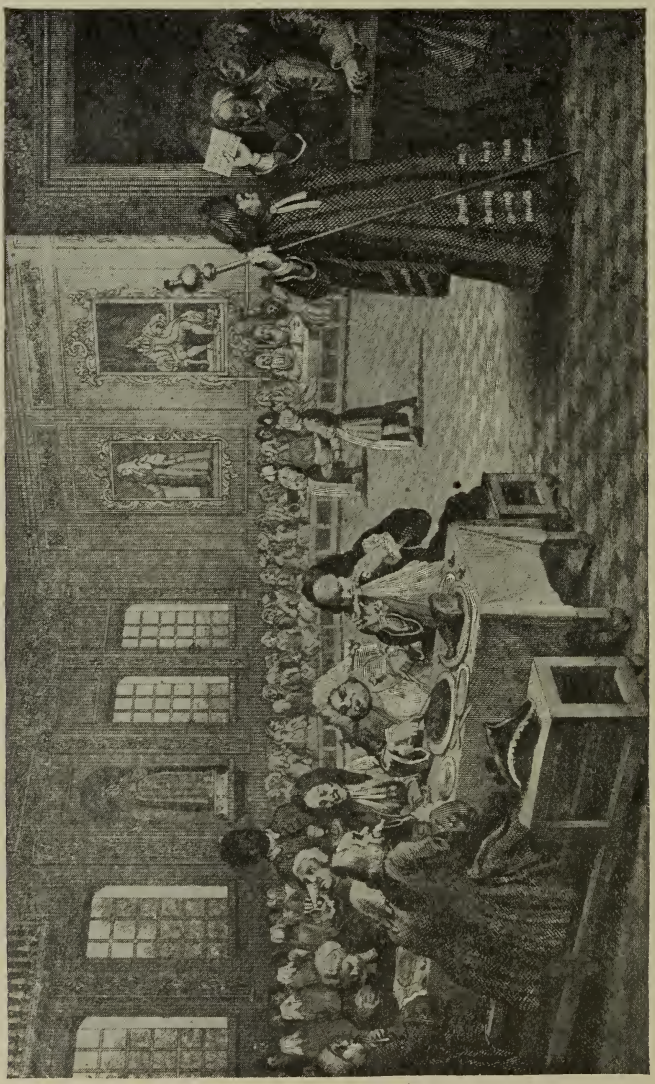
"The sound of a shaken leaf shall chase him."
LEVITICUS, chap. xxvi. verse 6.

THE idle apprentice, as appears by this print, is advancing with rapid strides towards his fate. We are to suppose him returned from sea after a long voyage; and to be pursuing some other way of life; and what he entered on is here but too evident (from the pistols by the bedside, and the trinkets his companion is examining), to be that of the highway. He is represented in a garret, with a common prostitute, the partaker of his infamy, awaking, after a night spent in robbery and plunder, from one of those broken slumbers which are ever the consequences of a life of dishonesty and debauchery.

In this scene we have one of the finest pictures imaginable of the horrors of a guilty conscience. Though the door is fastened in the strongest manner with a lock and two bolts, and with the addition of some planks from the flooring, so as to make his retreat as secure as possible. Though he has attempted to drive away thought by the powerful effects of spirituous liquors, plain from the glass and bottle upon the floor, still he is not able to brave out his guilt, or steel his breast against reflection.

Behold him roused by the accidental circumstance of a cat's coming down the chimney, and the falling of a few bricks, which he believes to be the noise of his pursuers! Observe his starting up in bed, and all the tortures of his mind imprinted in his face! He first stiffens into stone, then all his nerves and muscles relax, a cold sweat seizes him, his hair stands on end, his teeth chatter, and dismay and horror stalk before his eyes.

How different is the countenance of his wretched bed-fellow! in whom unconcern and indifference to every thing but the plunder are plainly apparent. She is looking at an ear-ring, which, with two watches, an etwee, and a couple of rings, are spread upon the bed, as part of last night's plunder.



INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE 8.—THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE GROWN RICH, AND SHERIFF OF LONDON.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE 8.—THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE GROWN RICH, AND SHERIFF OF LONDON.

"With all thy gettings get understanding. Exalt her and she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to honour, when thou dost embrace her."
PROVERBS, chap. iv. verse 7, 8.

FROM industry become opulent, from integrity and punctuality respectable, our young merchant is now sheriff of London, and dining with the different companies in Guildhall. A group on the left side are admirably characteristic; their whole souls seem absorbed in the pleasures of the table. A divine, true to his cloth, swallows his soup with the highest *goût*. Not less gratified is the gentleman palating a glass of wine. The man in a black wig is a positive representative of famine; and the portly and oily citizen, with a napkin tucked in his button-hole, has evidently burnt his mouth by extreme eagerness.

The backs of those in the distance, behung with bags, major perukes, pinners, &c. are most laughably ludicrous. Every person present is so attentive to business, that one may fairly conclude they live to eat, rather than eat to live.

But though this must be admitted to be the case with this party, the following instance of city temperance proves that there are some exceptions. When the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, Chamberlain, &c. of the city of London were once seated round the table at a public and splendid dinner at Guildhall, Mr. Chamberlain Wilkes lisped out, "Mr. Alderman B——, shall I help you to a plate of turtle, or a slice of the haunch,—I am within reach of both, sir?"

"Neither one nor t'other, I thank you, sir," replied the Alderman, "I think I shall dine on the beans and bacon which are at this end of the table.

"Mr. Alderman A——," continued the Chamberlain, "which would you choose, sir?"

"Sir, I will not trouble you for either, for I believe I shall follow the example of my brother B——, and dine on beans and bacon," was the reply.

On this second refusal the old Chamberlain rose from his seat, and, with every mark of astonishment in his countenance, curled up the corners of his mouth, cast his eyes round the table, and in a voice as loud and articulate as he was able, called "Silence!" which being obtained, he thus addressed the pretorian Magistrate, who sat in the Chair: "My Lord Mayor, the wicked have accused us of intemperance, and branded us with the imputation of gluttony; that they may be put to open shame, and their profane tongues be from this day utterly silenced, I humbly move, that your Lordship command the proper officer to record in our annals, that two aldermen in the city of London prefer beans and bacon to either turtle soup or venison."

To return to the print;—a self-sufficient and consequential beadle reading the direction of a letter to Francis Goodchild, Esq., Sheriff of London, has all the insolence of office The important and overbearing air of this dignified personage, is well contrasted by the humble simplicity of the straight-haired messenger behind the bar.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE 9.—THE IDLE 'PRENTICE BETRAYED BY A PROSTITUTE.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE 9.—THE IDLE 'PRENTICE BETRAYED BY AN ABANDONED WOMAN, AND TAKEN IN A NIGHT CELLAR WITH HIS ACCOMPLICE.

"The adulteress will hunt for precious life." PROVERBS, chap. vi. verse 26.

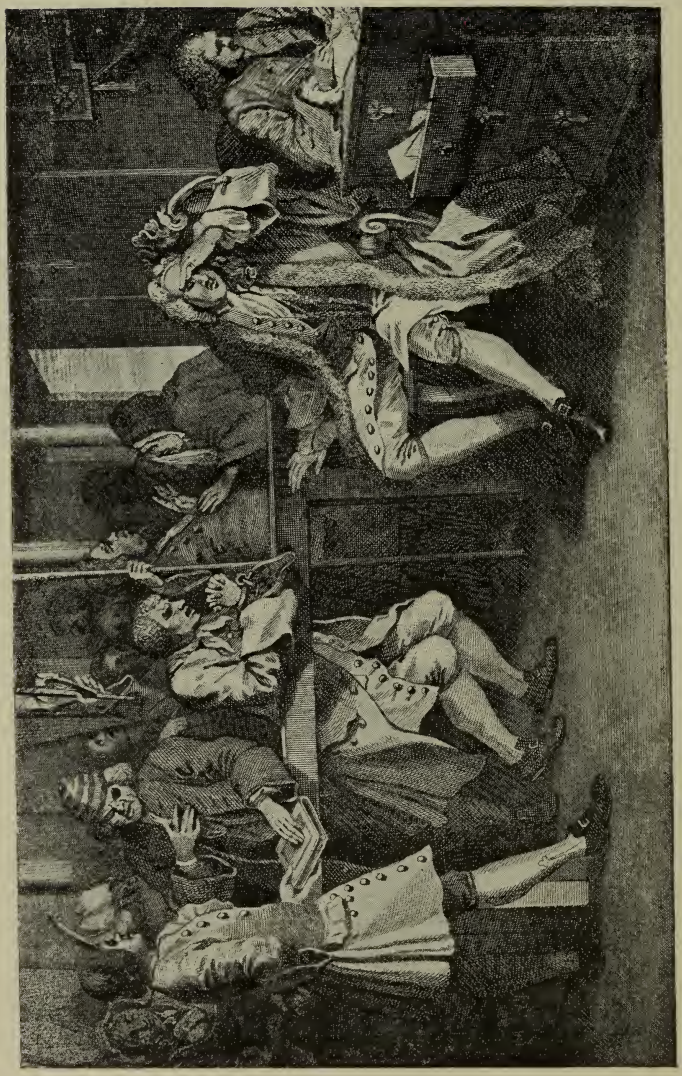
FROM the picture of the reward of diligence, we return to take a further view of the progress of sloth and infamy; by following the idle 'prentice a step nearer to the approach of his unhappy end. We see him in the third plate herding with the worst of the human species, the very dregs of the people. To break this vile connexion he was sent to sea; but no sooner did he return, than his wicked disposition took its natural course, and every day he lived served only to habituate him to acts of greater criminality.

About the time when these plates were first published, which was in the year 1747, there was a noted house in Chick Lane, Smithfield, that went by the name of the Blood-Bowl House, so called from the numerous scenes of blood that were almost daily carried on there; it being a receptacle for prostitutes and thieves; where every species of delinquency was practised; and where, indeed, there seldom passed a month without the commission of some act of murder.

To this subterraneous abode of iniquity (it being a cellar) was our hero soon introduced; where he is now represented in company with his accomplice, and others of the same stamp, having just committed a most horrid act of barbarity (that of killing a passer by, and conveying him into a place under ground contrived for this purpose), dividing among them the ill-gotten booty, which consists of two watches, a snuff-box, and some other trinkets.

In the midst of this wickedness, he is betrayed by his strumpet into the hands of the high constable and his attendants, who had, with better success than heretofore, traced him to this wretched haunt.

By the skirmish behind, the woman without a nose, the scattered cards upon the floor, &c., we are shown that drunkenness and riot, disease, prostitution, and ruin, are the dreadful attendants of sloth, and the general fore-runners of crimes of the deepest die; and by the halter suspended from the ceiling, over the head of the sleeper, we are to learn two things—the indifference of mankind, even in a state of danger, and the insecurity of guilt in every situation.



INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE 10.—THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE ALDERMAN OF LONDON, THE IDLE ONE IMPEACHED BEFORE HIM BY HIS ACCOMPLICE.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE 10.—THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE ALDERMAN OF LONDON; THE IDLE ONE BROUGHT BEFORE HIM, AND IMPEACHED BY HIS ACCOMPLICE

"Thou shalt do no unrighteousness in judgment." Lev. chap. xix. verse 15.
"The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands." PSALMS, chap. ix. verse 16.

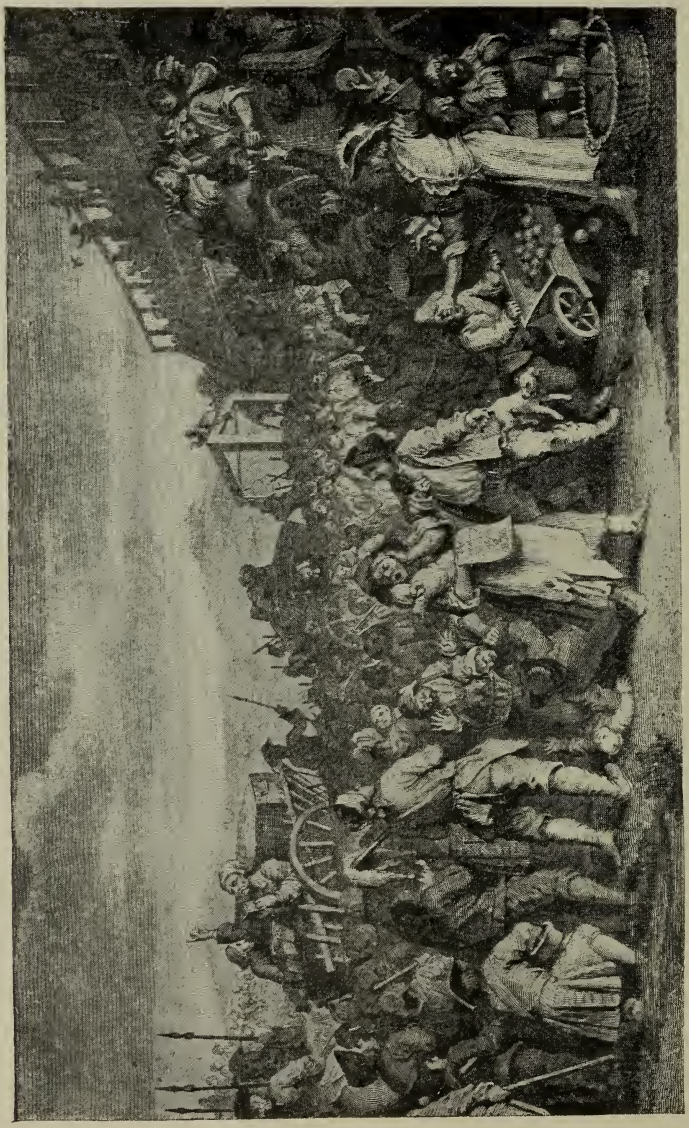
IMAGINE now this depraved and atrocious man hand-cuffed, and dragged from his wicked haunt, through the streets to a place of security, amidst the scorn and contempt of a jeering populace; and thence brought before the sitting magistrate (who is his former fellow-'prentice, now chosen an alderman). See him then at last having run his course of iniquity, fallen into the hands of justice, being betrayed by his accomplice.

He is now at the bar, with all the marks of guilt imprinted on his face. How, if his fear will permit him to reflect, must he think on the happiness and exaltation of his fellow-'prentice on the one hand, and of his own misery and degradation on the other! At one instant, he condemns the persuasions of his wicked companions; at another, his own idleness and obstinacy: however, deeply smitten with his crime, he sues the magistrate, upon his knees, for mercy, and pleads in his cause the former acquaintance that subsisted between them, when they both dwelt beneath the same roof, and served the same common master.

But here was no room for lenity, murder was his crime, and death must be his punishment; the proofs are incontestable, and his mittimus is ordered, which the clerk is drawing out.

Let us next turn our thoughts upon the alderman, in whose breast a struggle between mercy and justice is beautifully displayed. Who can behold the magistrate, here, without praising the man? How fine is the painter's thoughts of reclining the head on one hand, while the other is extended to express the pity and shame he feels that human nature should be so depraved! It is not the golden chain or scarlet robe that constitutes the character, but the feelings of the heart.

From Newgate (the prison to which he was committed; where, during his continuance he lay chained in a dismal cell, deprived of the cheerfulness of light, fed upon bread and water, and left without a bed to rest on) the prisoner was removed to the bar of judgment, and condemned to die by the laws of his country.



INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE 11.—THE IDLE PRENTICE EXECUTED AT TYBURN.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE 11.—THE IDLE 'PRENTICE EXECUTED AT TYBURN.

"When fear cometh as desolation, and their destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress cometh upon them, then shall they call upon God, but He will not answer."—PROVERBS, chapter i., verse 7, 8.

THUS, after a life of sloth, wretchedness, and vice, does our delinquent terminate his career. Behold him, on the dreadful morn of execution, drawn in a cart (attended by the sheriff's officers on horseback, with his coffin behind him) through the public streets to Tyburn, there to receive the just reward of his crimes—a shameful, ignominious death. The ghastly appearance of his face, and the horror painted on his countenance, plainly show the dreadful situation of his mind; which we must imagine to be agitated with shame, remorse, confusion, and terror.

The careless position of the Ordinary at the coach window is intended to show how inattentive those appointed to that office are of their duty, leaving it to others, which is excellently expressed by the itinerant preacher in the cart, instructing from a book of Wesley's.

Hogarth has in this print, digressing from the history and moral of the piece, taken an opportunity of giving us a humorous representation of an execution, or a Tyburn Fair: such days being made holidays, produce scenes of the greatest riot, disorder, and uproar; being generally attended by hardened wretches, who go there, not so much to reflect upon their own vices, as to commit those crimes which must in time inevitably bring them to the same shameful end. In confirmation of this, see how earnestly one boy watches the motions of the man selling his cakes, while he is picking his pocket; and another waiting to receive the booty!

We have here interspersed before us a deal of low humour, but such as is common on occasions like this. In one place we observe an old bawd turning up her eyes and drinking a glass of gin, the very picture of hypocrisy; and a man indecently helping up a girl into the same cart; in another, a soldier sunk up to his knees in a bog, and two boys laughing at him, are well imagined. Here we see one almost squeezed to death among the horses; there, another trampled on by the mob. In one part is a girl tearing the face of a boy for oversetting her barrow; in another, a woman beating a fellow for throwing down her child. Here we see a man flinging a dog among the crowd by the tail; there a woman crying the dying speech of Thomas Idle, printed the day before his execution; and many other things too minute to be pointed out.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE 12.—THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON,

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE 12.—THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

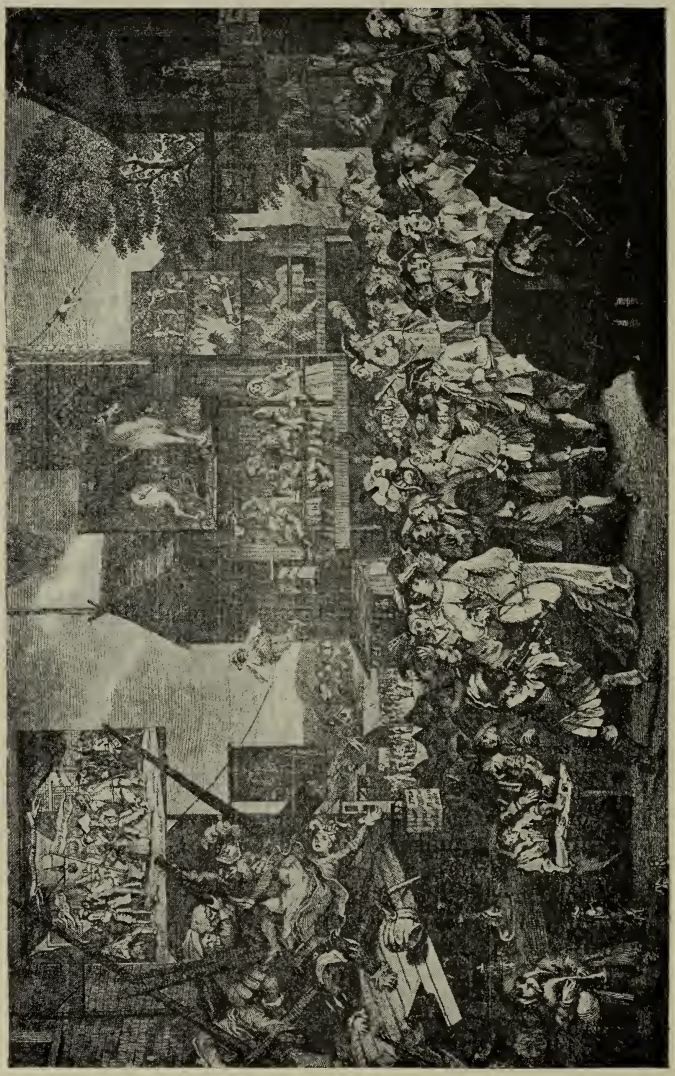
"The Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour." PROVERBS, chap. iii. verse 16.

HAVING seen the ignominious end of the idle apprentice, nothing remains but to represent the completion of the other's happiness; who is now exalted to the highest honour, that of Lord Mayor of London; the greatest reward that ancient and noble city can bestow on diligence and integrity. The variety of comic characters in this print serves to show what generally passes on such public processions as these, when the people collect to gratify their childish curiosity, and indulge their wanton disposition, or natural love of riot.

The front of this plate exhibits the oversetting of a board, on which some girls had stood, and represents them sprawling upon the ground; on the left, at the back of the scaffold, is a fellow saluting a fair nymph, and another enjoying the joke: near him is a blind man straggled in among the crowd, and joining in the general halloo: before him is a militia-man, so completely intoxicated as not to know what he is doing; a figure of infinite humour.

Though Hogarth has here marked out two or three particular things, yet his chief intention was to ridicule the city militia, which was at this period composed of undisciplined men, of all ages, sizes, and height; some fat, some lean, some tall, some short, some crooked, some lame, and in general so unused to muskets, that they knew not how to carry them. One, we observe, is firing his piece and turning his head another way, at whom the man above is laughing, and at which the child is frightened. The boy on the right, crying, "A full and true account of the ghost of Thomas Idle," which is supposed to have appeared to the Mayor, preserves the connexion of the whole work. The most obtrusive figure in his Lordship's coach is Mr Swordbearer, in a cap like a reversed saucepan, which this great officer wears on these grand occasions: The company of journeymen butchers, with their marrow-bones and cleavers, appear to be the most active, and are by far the most noisy of any who grace this solemnity.

Thus we have seen, by a series of events, the prosperity of the one, and the downfall of the other; the riches and honour that crown the head of industry, and the ignominy and destruction that await the slothful. After this it would be unnecessary to say which is the most eligible path to tread. Lay the roads but open to the view, and the traveller will take the right of course; give but the boy this history to peruse, and his future welfare is almost certain.



SOUTHWARK FAIR,

SOUTHWARK FAIR.

THE subject of the plate under consideration is that of the Borough Fair; a fair held some time since in the Borough of Southwark, though now suppressed. This fair was attended, generally, by the inhabitants of town and country, and, therefore, was one that afforded great variety; especially as, before its suppression, it was devoted to everything loose and irregular. A view of the scene, of which the following print is a faithful representation, will affirm this truth.

The principal view upon the left represents the fall of a scaffold, on which was assembled a strolling company. Here we see merry-andrews, monkeys, queens and emperors, sinking in one general confusion; and, that the crash may appear the greater, the stand beneath is humorously supposed to consist of earthenware and china. Notwithstanding this fatal overthrow, few below are seen to notice it; witness the boys and woman gambling at the box and dice, the upright monkey, and the little bag-piper dancing his wooden figures.

Above this scaffold hangs a painting, the subject of which is the stage mutiny; whose figures are as follow;—On one side is Pistol (strutting and crying out, "Pistol's alive"), Falstaff, Justice, Shallow, and many other characters of Shakespeare. On the other, the manager, bearing in his hand a paper, on which is written, "It cost £6000" a scene-painter, who has laid his brushes aside, and taken up a cudgel; and a woman holding an ensign, bearing the words, "We'll starve 'em out."

Above, on one side, is an equilibrist swinging on a slack rope; and on the other, a man flying from the tower to the ground, by means of a groove fastened to his breast, slipping over a line strained from one place to the other. At the back of this plate is Lee and Harper's great booth, where, by the picture of the wooden horse, we are told, is represented "The Siege of Troy." The next paintings consist of the fall of Adam and Eve, and a scene in Punch's opera. Beneath is a mountebank, exalted on a stage, eating fire to attract the public attention; while his merry-andrew behind is distributing his medicines. To the right is a Savoyard exhibiting her farthing show; and behind, a player at back sword riding a blind horse round the fair triumphantly.

Indeed it would be endless to enter into an enumeration of the various matter of this plate; it is sufficient to remark that it presents us with an endless collection of spirited and laughable characters, in which is strikingly portrayed the character of the times.

GARRICK.
IN THE CHARACTER OF RICHARD THE THIRD

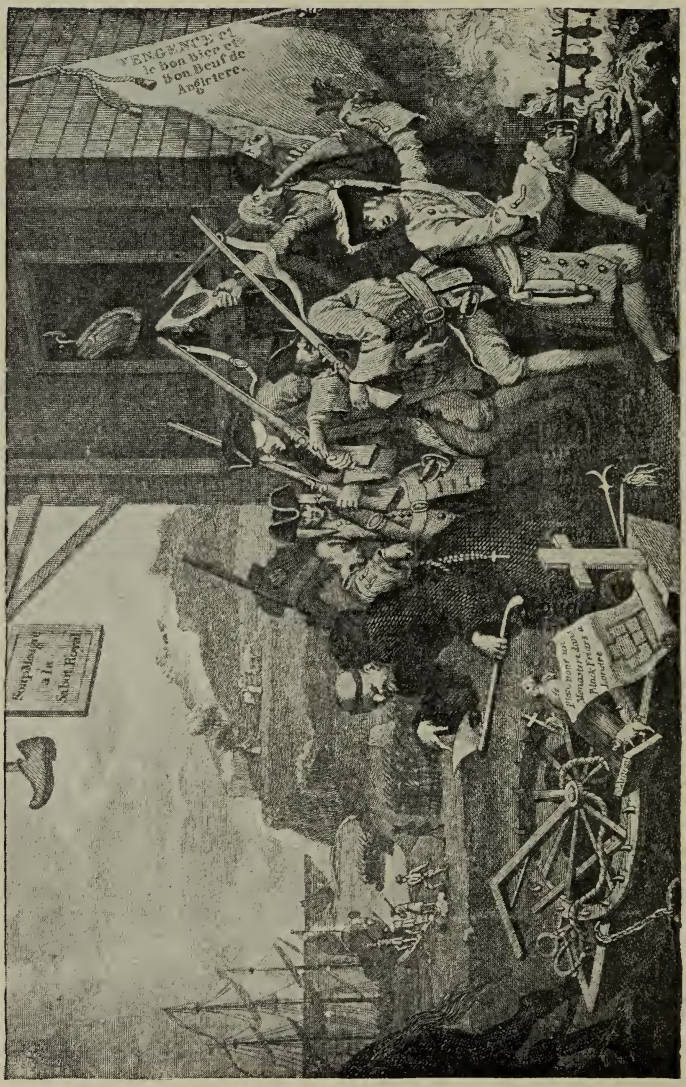
GARRICK IN THE CHARACTER OF RICHARD III.

Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jesu!—soft; I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me —
The lights burn blue!—Is it not dead midnight?
Cold, fearful drops hang on my trembling flesh.—

SUCH is the exclamation of Richard, and such is the disposition of his mind at the moment of this delineation. The lamp, diffusing a dim religious light through the tent, the crucifix placed at his head, the crown, and unsheathed sword at his hand, and the armour lying on the ground, are judicious and appropriate accompaniments.

Those who are acquainted with the prince's history, need not be told that he was naturally bold, courageous, and enterprising; that when business called him to the field, he shook off every degree of indulgence, and applied his mind to the management of his affairs This may account for his being stripped no otherwise than of his armour, having retired to his tent in order to repose himself upon his bed, and lessen the fatigues of the preceding day.

See him then hastily rising, at dead of night, in the utmost horror from his own thoughts, being terrified in his sleep by the dreadful phantom of an affrighted imagination, seizing on his sword, by way of defence against the foe his disordered fancy presents to him. So great is his agitation, that every nerve and muscle is in action, and even the ring is forced from his finger. When the heart is affected, how great is its influence on the human frame!—it communicates its sensibility to the extreme parts of the body, from the centre to the circumference; as distant water is put in motion by circles, spreading from the place of its disturbance. And indeed we cannot wonder, when we reflect on the many murders he was guilty of, deserving the severest punishment; for Providence has wisely ordained that sin should be its own tormentor, otherwise, in many cases, the offender would, in this life, escape unpunished, and the design of heaven be frustrated. But Richard, though he reached a throne, and by that means was exempt from the sufferings of the subject, yet could not divest himself of his nature, but was forced to give way to the workings of the heart, and bear the tortures of a distracted mind. The expression in his face is a master-piece of execution, and was a great compliment paid by Hogarth to his friend Garrick.



THE INVASION.

PLATE 1. — FRANCE.

THE INVASION.

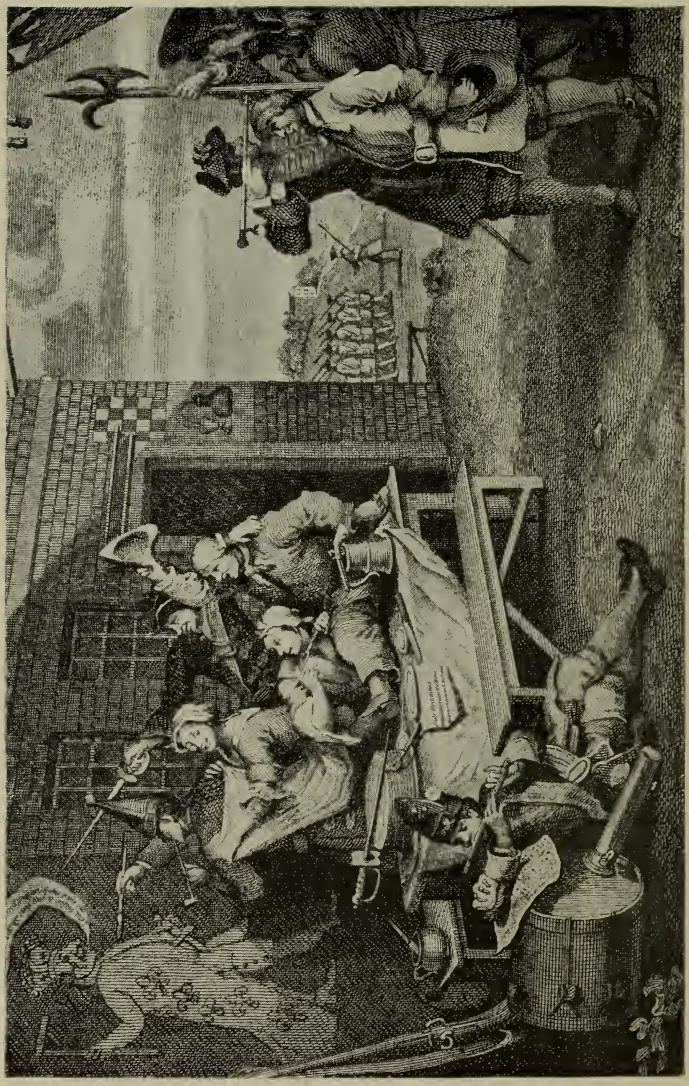
In the two following designs, Mr Hogarth has displayed that partiality for his own country and contempt for France, which formed a strong trait in his character. He neither forgot nor forgave the insults he suffered at Calais, though he did not recollect that this treatment originated in his own ill humour, which threw a sombre shade over every object that presented itself.

PLATE 1.—FRANCE.

The scenes of all Mr Hogarth's prints, except The Gate of Calais, and that now under consideration, are laid in England. In this, having quitted his own country, he seems to think himself out of the reach of the critics, and, in delineating a Frenchman, at liberty to depart from nature, and sport in the fairy regions of caricature.

To see this miserable woe-begone refuse of the army, who look like a group detached from the main body and put on the sick list, embarking to conquer a neighbouring kingdom, is ridiculous enough, and at the time of publication must have had great effect. The artist seemed sensible that it was necessary to account for the unsubstantial appearance of these shadows of men, and has hinted at their want of solid food, in the bare bones of beef hung up in the window, the inscription on the alehouse sign, "*Soup maigre au Sabot Royal*," and the spider-like officer roasting four frogs which he has impaled upon his sword. However meagre the military, the church militant is in no danger of starving. The portly friar is neither emaciated by fasting nor weakened by penance. Anticipating the glory of extirpating heresy, he is feeling the sharp edge of an axe, to be employed in the decollation of the enemies to the true faith. A sledge is laden with whips, wheels, ropes, chains, gibbets, and other inquisitorial engines of torture, which are admirably calculated for the propagation of a religion that was established in meekness and mercy, and inculcates universal charity and forbearance. On the same sledge is an image of St Anthony, accompanied by his pig, and the plan of a monastery to be built at Black Friars.

In the background are a troop of soldiers so averse to this English expedition, that their sergeant is obliged to goad them forward with his halberd. To intimate that agriculture suffers by the invasion having engaged the masculine inhabitants, two women, ploughing a sterile promontory in the distance, complete this catalogue of wretchedness, misery, and famine.



THE INVASION.

PLATE 2.—ENGLAND.

THE INVASION.

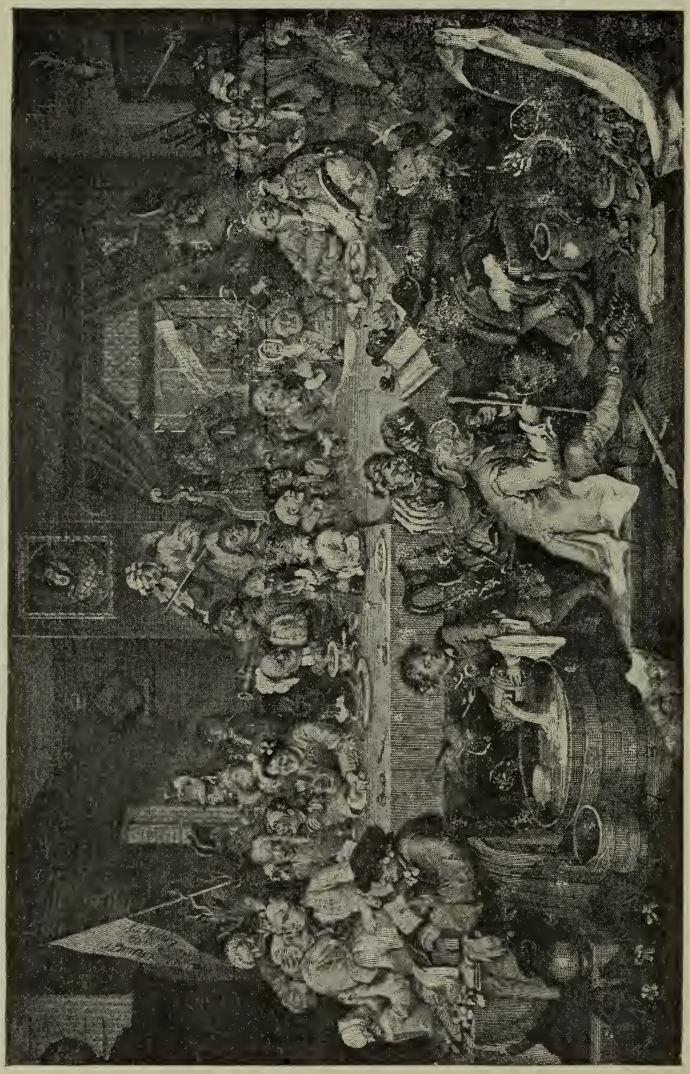
PLATE 2.—ENGLAND.

From the unpropitious regions of France our scene changes to the fertile fields of England. Instead of the forlorn and famished party who were represented in the last plate, we here see a company of well-fed and high-spirited Britons, marked with all the hardihood of ancient times, and eager to defend their country.

In the first group a young peasant, who aspires to a niche in the Temple of Fame, preferring the service of Mars to that of Ceres, and the dignified appellation of soldier to the plebian name of farmer, offers to enlist. Standing with his back against the halberd to ascertain his height, and, finding he is rather under the mark, he endeavours to reach it by rising on tiptoe. The artifice, to which he is impelled by towering ambition, the serjeant seems disposed to connive at—and the serjeant is a hero, and a great man in his way; "your hero always must be tall, you know."

An amateur artist is making a caricature of *le grand monarque*, with a label from his mouth worthy the speaker and worthy observation. "You take a my fine ships; you be de pirate; you be de teef: me send my grand armies, and hang you all." The action is suited to the word, for with his left hand this most Christian potentate grasps his sword, and in his right poises a gibbet. The figure and motto united produce a roar of approbation from the soldier and sailor, who are criticising the work. The little fifer, playing that animated and inspiring tune "God save the King," is an old acquaintance: we recollect him in the March to Finchley. In the background is a serjeant, teaching a company of young recruits their manual exercise.

Underneath is inscribed "Roast and Boiled every day," which, with the beef and beverage upon the table, forms a fine contrast to the *soup maigre*, bare bones, and roasted frogs, in the last print. The bottle painted on the wall, foaming with liquor, which, impatient of imprisonment, has burst its cerements, must be an irresistible invitation to a thirsty traveller. The soldier's sword laid upon the round of beef, and the sailor's pistol on the vessel containing the ale, intimate that these great bulwarks of our island are as tenacious of their beef and beer, as of their religion and liberty.



THE ELECTION

PLATE 1.—HUMOURS OF AN ELECTION ENTERTAINMENT.

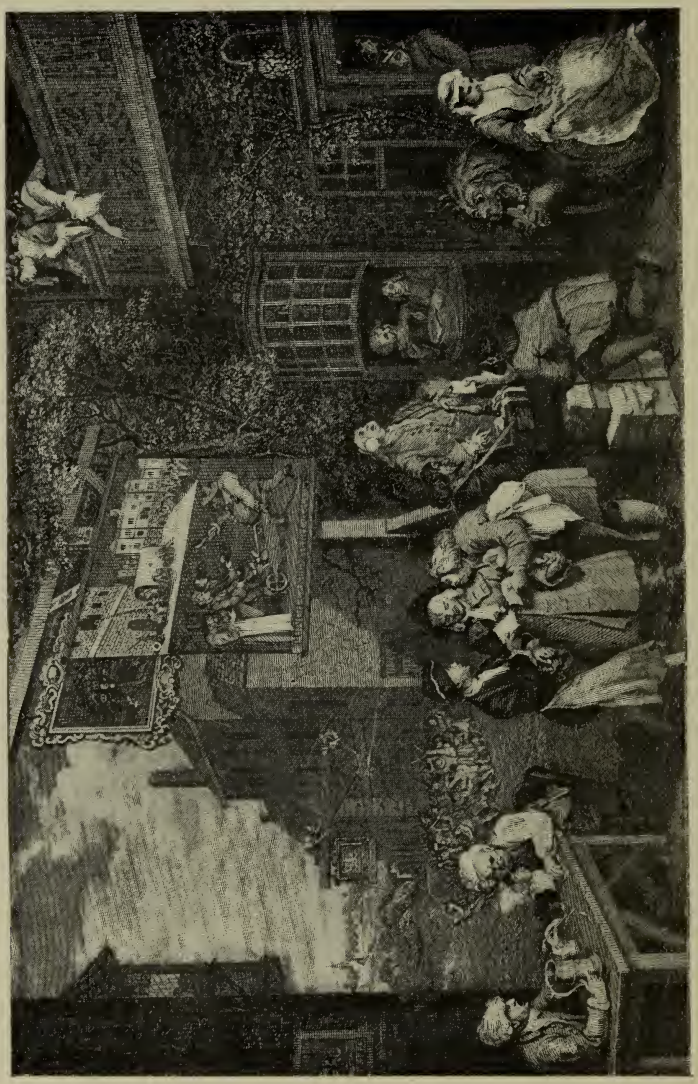
THE ELECTION.

PLATE 1.—HUMOURS OF AN ELECTION ENTERTAINMENT.

FEW scenes in life are more full of humour than those of a county election of the olden times. The variety of characters to be met with there frequently draw a smile from the most grave and rigid.

Our artist commences this humorous series with an entertainment at an inn in the county town, opened by one of the candidates for the reception of his friends, some time before the poll, in order to secure his interest; without which he would have had little chance of success. We see the opposite party throwing bricks and stones at the window, one of which has knocked down an attorney from his seat, who was employed in casting up the votes. Without is a flag carried by the mob, bearing these words, "Marry and multiply in spite of the devil and the court," and the effigy of a Jew, on whose breast is written "No Jews," alluding to two unpopular acts that passed about the same time. To revenge this riotous proceeding without, observe a man throwing a stool out in return. At the middle of the table, on the further side, sits a crooked object, ridiculing one of the fiddlers for his enormous length of chin, not considering his own deformity, even in that very part. In front is a boy making punch in a mashing tub, of which one of the corporation behind the young woman near the window, seems to have got his fill. But this entertainment does not consist in drinking only, eating to excess is also part of it, as is shown by a parson and an alderman, voraciously cramming themselves, to the destruction of their health. Though the dishes are removed from the table, we see this guttling divine feasting luxuriously on the remains of a haunch of venison, even when all the rest have done, indulging his palate by heating it in a chaffing dish of coals, though he is almost fainting with the task.

With respect to the alderman, behold him after dinner, gorged with oysters, dying with one upon his fork, and a barber-surgeon vainly attempting to recover him by bleeding. Behind this man's chair is a puritan tailor with uplifted hands, refusing to take a bribe, and his wife abusing him for so doing; "Curse your squeamish conscience," says she, "are not your wife and children starving? have they clothes to their backs, or stockings to their feet? take it, or, by all that's just, you rue the consequence." In this room we may imagine a variety of noises, loud and boisterous, which is increased by the addition of a few catgut-scrapers, and a north country bag-piper.



THE ELECTION.

PLATE 2.—CANVASING FOR VOTES.

THE ELECTION.

PLATE 2.—CANVASSING FOR VOTES.

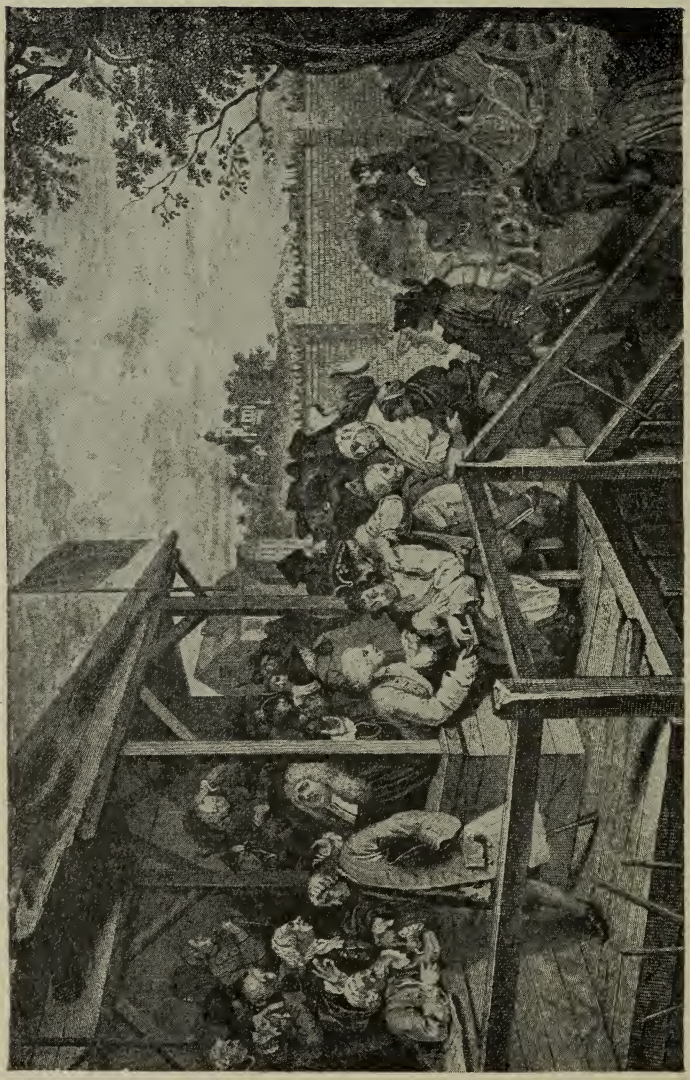
In this print we are introduced to the opposite party, in an active canvass in a country village, prodigally scattering money among the inhabitants; for at these times nothing paves the way like gold, which, as a celebrated writer observed, is the strongest argument, and a most wonderful clearer of the understanding, dissipating every doubt and scruple in an instant.

In the front of this piece stands a country freeholder, beset on both sides by emissaries of different parties, presenting cards of invitation to dinner, in order to curry favour; one of whom, viz. he in the cap, is supposed to be an attendant at the Crown, the other master of the Royal Oak; both are offering bribes, but one a much larger than the other; and the determination of the farmer is sufficiently known by the cast of his eye, which expressly declares that, though his necessity obliges him to take a fee from both, his conscience bids him vote for him that gives the most.

The woman counting her money, which the grenadier eyes with so much wishfulness, is the mistress of the inn; and is introduced to show us that the general attention of all ranks of people is fixed upon that saint-seducing object, money; she sits upon the head of an old ship, fixed at the door, as is commonly seen at public-houses, which represents a lion ready to swallow a flower-de-luce, (the French arms;) emblematical of the animosity subsisting between England and France.

As this scene would be imperfect without some eating and drinking, which is the very life of electioneering, our author has given us two men hard at it, in the larder; one tearing a fowl to pieces with his teeth, and the other playing away upon a buttock of beef. On the opposite side of this plate are two ale-house politicians, a barber and a cobbler, who, with a total ignorance of men and measures, are settling the affairs of state, and planning sieges with halfpence and pieces of tobacco-pipe. As in the first plate the persons present wore only the cloak of reality, in this they show themselves absolutely in earnest.

In this state of tumult and dissipation the time is spent till the day of election, when every agent is supposed to head his party, and march into town with a formal procession, the bells ringing, music playing, streamers flying, and people shouting. It is almost impossible to conceive the noise, the hurry, the bustle, and joyous confusion of the populace, each party striving to be the loudest, and endeavouring by all the acts of opposition to suppress the other.



THE ELECTION.

PLATE 3. — THE POLLING.

THE ELECTION.

PLATE 3.—THE POLLING.

WITH the glorious ambition of serving their country, added to an eagerness of displaying their own importance, the maimed, the lame, the blind, the deaf, and the sick, hasten to the hustings to give their *independent* votes. The contending candidates, seated at the back of the booth, anticipate the event. One of them, coolly resting upon his cane in a state of stupid satisfaction, appears to be as happy as his nature will admit, in the certainty of success. Very different are the feelings of his opponent, who, rubbing his head with every mark of apprehensive agitation, contemplates the state of the poll, and shudders at the heavy expense of a contest, in which he is likely to be the loser. Such are the cares of a candidate.

The first person that tenders his oath to the swearing clerk is an old soldier, and probably a brave one, for he has lost a leg, an arm, and a hand, in the service of his country. They were severed by the sword of an enemy, but the trunk and heart remain entire, and are entitled to more respect than is paid them by the brawling advocate, who, with that loud and overbearing loquacity for which Billingsgate and the bar are so deservedly eminent, puts in a protest against his vote on the score that he cannot hold up his right hand on taking the oath.

Next let us attend to the son of Solomon, who is fastened in his chair, and brought to give his voice for a fit person to represent him in parliament. This is evidently a deaf idiot, but he is attended by a man in fetters, very capable of prompting him, who is at this moment roaring in his ear the name of the gentleman for whom he is to vote.

Behind him are two fellows, carrying a man wrapped in a blanket, apparently in so languid a state that he cannot be supposed to feel much interest in the concerns of a world he is on the point of leaving.

The catalogue of this motley group of electors is concluded by a blind man and a cripple, who are slowly and cautiously ascending the steps that lead to the hustings. In the group an artist is drawing a profile of one of the candidates, and, in both air and character, this Sayers of his day has given a very striking resemblance of his original. The constable, fatigued by double duty, is at peace with all mankind,—a deep sleep is upon him.

THE ELECTION.

PLATE 4.—CHAIRING THE MEMBER.

THE ELECTION.

PLATE 4.—CHAIRING THE MEMBER.

THE polling being concluded, the books cast up, and the returning officer having declared our candidate duly elected, he is now exhibited in triumph. Seated in an arm-chair, and exalted upon the shoulders of four tried supporters of the constitution, he is borne through the principal streets, which are promiscuously crowded with enemies as well as friends.

In this aerostatic voyage there seems to be some danger of a wreck, for a thresher, having received an insult from a sailor, in the act of revenging it, flourishes his flail in as extensive an orbit as if he were in his own barn. The end of this destructive instrument coming in contact with the skull of a bearer of our new-made member, the fellow's head rings with the blow, his eyes swim, his limbs refuse their office, and, at this inauspicious moment, the effects of the stroke, like an electric shock, extend to the exalted senator. Terrified at his impending danger, a nervous lady, who with her attendants is in the churchyard, falls back in a swoon. Regardless of her distress, two little chimney-sweepers upon the gate-post are placing a pair of gingerbread spectacles on a death's head.

At an opposite corner, a naked soldier is taking a few refreshing grains of best Virginia, and preparing to dress himself after the performance of a pugilistic duet. On the other side of the rails, a half-starved French cook, a half-bred English cook, and a half-roasted woman cook, are carrying three covers for the lawyer's table. Near them is a cooper inspecting a vessel that had been reported leaky, and must speedily be filled with home-brewed ale for the gratification of the populace. Two fellows are forcing their way through the crowd in the back-ground with a barrel of the same liquor. Coming out of a street behind them, a procession of triumphant electors hail the other successful candidate, whose shadow appears on the wall of the court-house.

Previous to the publication of this series, Mr Hogarth's satire was generally aimed at the follies and vices of individuals. He has here ventured to dip his pencil in the ocean of politics, and delineated the corrupt and venal conduct of our electors in the choice of their representatives. That these four plates display a picture in any degree applicable to the present times cannot be expected, but they are fine satires on times gone by, when the people of Great Britain were so far from being influenced by a reverence for public virtue, that they began to suspect it had no existence.

STROLLING PLAYERS
DRESSING IN A BARN.

THE STROLLING PLAYERS.

DRESSING IN A BARN.

IN this picture we see confusion mixed with uniformity, and inconsistency united with propriety; royalty let down by the ensigns of beggary, and beggary set off by the regalia of royalty. Most people are, indeed, acquainted with stage exhibitions, but few have any idea of their apparatus.

The place from whence this scene is taken is supposed to be a barn, belonging to an inn in some country town. The time is evening, the *company from the theatres at London* dressing and preparing to perform a farce, which, we are told by the play-bill on the bed, is called "The Devil to pay in Heaven," with entertainments of tumbling and rope dancing.

Such, we are to conceive, is their poverty, that they have but one room for all purposes; witness the bed, the gridiron, the food, and all the stage apparatus; *viz.* scenes, flags, paint-pots, pageants, brushes, clouds, waves, ropes, besoms, drums, trumpets, salt-boxes, and other musical instruments. crowns, mitres, helmets, targets, dark-lanterns, cushions, perriwigs, feathers, hampers of jewels, and contrivances for conjuring, thunder, lightning, dragons, daggers, poison, candles, and clay.

The characters they are dressing for in this farce, are Jupiter, Juno, Diana, Flora, Night, Syren, Aurora, Eagle, and Cupid; with devils, ghosts, and attendants. Jupiter, we see, is holding Cupid's bow, directing the little fellow to reach his stockings, which were hung to dry upon the clouds. Queen Juno is rehearsing her part, while the sable goddess Night, represented by a Negro girl in a starry robe, is mending a hole in her majesty's hose. Diana, though stripped, is raving in all the high swoln rant of tragedy; while Flora, at her feet, is attentively pomatuming her hair with a tallow candle, ready to powder it with flour from a dredging box heedless of her wicker toilet's taking fire from a neighbouring flame.

At the back of this plate are two young devils (their horns just budded) contending for a draught of beer. Behind them is a female tumbler and the ghost, employed in extracting blood from the tail of a cat, in order to assist them in some sanguinary representation.

THE BOY MOSES AND PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER.

THE BOY MOSES AND PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER.

And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son, and she called his name Moses.—EXODUS, chap. ii. ver. 10.

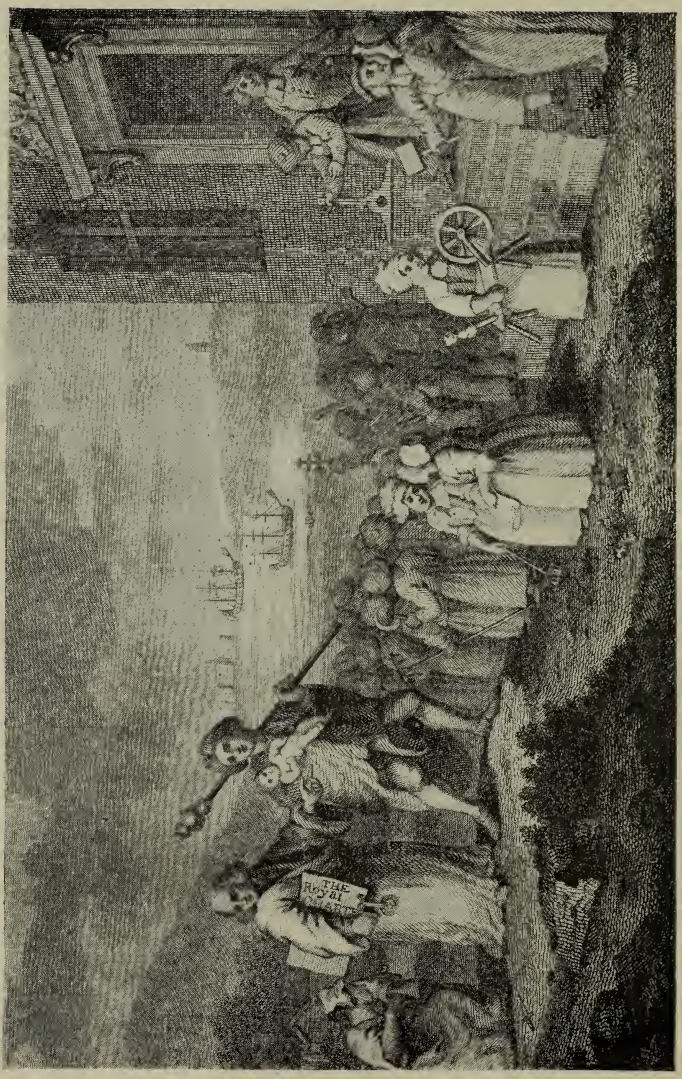
AMONG the many benevolent institutions which do honour to this nation, the hospital for maintaining exposed and deserted infants may be ranked as one of the most humane and political. Let the austere enthusiast censure it as an encouragement to vice, and the rigid moralist declaim against giving sanction to profligacy, it is still a useful and benevolent foundation.

To protect the helpless, give refuge to the innocent, and render that unoffending being a useful member of society, whose parents may be too indigent to give it proper sustenance, or wicked enough to destroy it, is fulfilling one great precept of religion, and must afford a pure and exalted gratification to every philanthropic mind.

That it is found necessary to restrict the plan, and confine the charity in such narrow limits, is much to be lamented. Compassion and policy demand that the doors should be open to every proper object.

To this asylum for deserted infancy Hogarth was one of the earliest benefactors; and to their institution presented the picture from which this print is engraved; there is not, perhaps, in holy writ another story so exactly suitable to the avowed purpose of the foundation.

The history of Moses being deserted by his mother, exposed among the bulrushes, and discovered and protected by the daughter of Pharaoh, is known to every one who has read the Bible; those who have not may find it there recorded, with many other things well worthy their attention. At the point of time here taken, the child's mother, who the princess considers as merely its nurse, has brought him to his patroness, and is receiving from the treasurer the wages of her services. The little foundling naturally clings to his nurse, though invited to leave her by the daughter of a monarch. The eyes of an attendant, and a whispering Ethiopian, convey an oblique suspicion that the child has a nearer affinity to their mistress than she chooses to acknowledge.



THE FOUNDLINGS.

THE FOUNDLINGS.

Mr Ireland observes that in the print before us we have a scene which may properly be designated as illustrative of religious work; for, surely, rescuing deserted, unoffending, and helpless innocence from destruction, providing an asylum for childhood, initiating youth in habits of industry, and rendering those whose parents were unable to protect them useful members of society, is a religious as well as a benevolent institution.

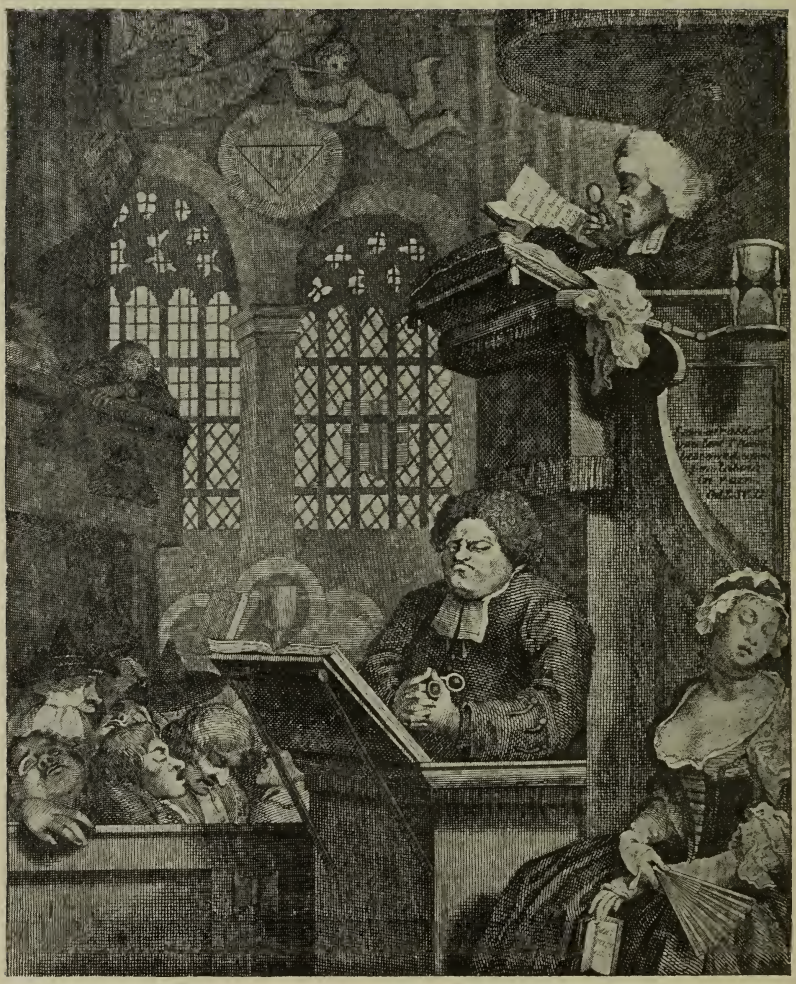
Hogarth, by presenting some of his works to the Foundling Hospital, was, in fact, an early benefactor to the charity; he made the annexed design for the use of this institution. It was engraved by F. Morellon la Cave, as the head-piece to a power of attorney from the trustees of the charity to those gentlemen who were appointed to receive subscriptions towards the building, &c.

The artist has made his old friend, Captain Coram, a principal figure, and as this excellent and venerable man was, in fact, the founder of the charity, it is with great propriety he is introduced. Before him the beadle of the hospital carries an infant, whose mother, having dropped a dagger, with which she might have been momentarily tempted to destroy her child, kneels at his feet, while he, with that benevolence with which his countenance was so eminently marked, bids her be comforted, for her babe will be nursed and protected.

On the dexter side of the print is a new-born infant, left close to a stream of water, which runs under the arch of a bridge. Near a gate, on a little eminence in the pathway above, a woman leaves another child to the casual care of the next person who passes by. In the distance is a village with a church.

In the other corner are three boys, coming out of a door, with the king's arms over it; as emblems of their future employments, one of them poises a plummet, a second holds a trowel, and a third, whose mother is fondly pressing him to her bosom, has in his hand a card for combing wool. The next group, headed by a lad elevating a mathematical instrument, are in sailors' jackets and trousers; those on their right hand, one of whom has a rake, are in the uniform of the school.

The attributes of the three little girls in the fore-ground, a spinning-wheel, sampler, and broom, indicate female industry and ingenuity.



THE SLEEPING CONGREGATION.

THE SLEEPING CONGREGATION.

WERE we to form our opinion of the preacher from his countenance and attitude, we are convinced that he would lull to soft repose the most lively assembly that ever congregated in the capital. How, then, must his manner operate here? As an opiate more powerful than poppies. It is as composing as are the very descriptive lines that conclude the second book of Pope's Dunciad; which are so perfectly an echo to the sense, that they ought to be inscribed on the front of the first temple which is dedicated to Somnus. He

> ——————In one lazy tone,
> Through the long, heavy, painful page, drawls on,
> Soft creeping words on words the sense compose;
> At every line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
> As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
> Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow,
> Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
> As breathe or pause by fits the airs divine;
> And now to this side, now to that they nod, &c.

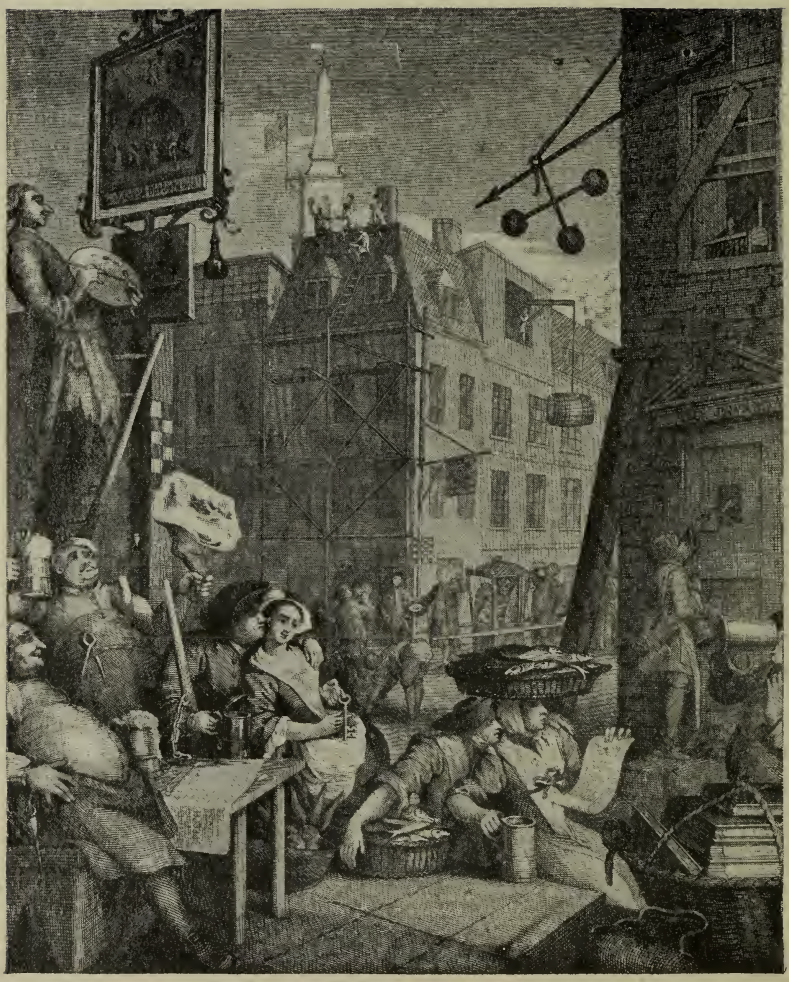
The clerk, infinitely more important than the divine, is kept awake by contemplating the charms of a voluptuously blooming damsel, who, in studying the service of matrimony, has sighed her soul to rest. The eyes of this pronouncer of amen, are visibly directed to her.

In the pew opposite are five swains of the village;

> Each mouth distended, and each head reclin'd,
> They soundly sleep.

To render this rural scene more pastoral, they are accompanied by two women, who have once been shepherdesses, and perhaps celebrated by some neighbouring Theocritus as the Chloe and Daphne of their day. Being now in the wane of their charms, poetical justice will not allow us to give them any other appellation than old women. They, however, are awake.

In the gallery are two men joining in chorus with the band below. One of them has the decency to hide his face; but the other is evidently in full song.



BEER STREET AND GIN LANE

PLATE 1.—BEER STREET.

BEER STREET AND GIN LANE.

In designing the two following prints, Hogarth did so to illustrate his conviction that beer is the liquor natural to an English constitution; and at the same time to show that villainous distillation, gin, as pernicious and poisonous. While that noble beverage, properly termed British Burgundy, refreshes the weary, exhilarates the faint, and cheers the depressed, an infernal compound of juniper and fiery spirits debases the mind, destroys the constitution, and brings its thirsty votaries to an untimely grave.

PLATE 1.—BEER STREET.

This admirable delineation is a picture of John Bull in his most happy moments. In the left corner a butcher and a blacksmith are each of them grasping a foaming tankard of porter. By the king's speech and the Daily Advertiser upon the table before them, they appear to have been studying politics, and settling the state of the nation. The blacksmith, having just purchased a shoulder of mutton, is triumphantly waving it in the air. Next to him a drayman is whispering soft sentences of love to a servant-maid, round whose neck is one of his arms; in the other hand, a pot of porter. Two fishwomen, furnished with a flagon of the same liquor, are chanting a song of Mr Lockman's on the British Herring Fishery. A porter, having put a load of waste paper on the ground, is eagerly quaffing this best of barley wine.

On the front of a house in ruins is inscribed Pinch, Pawnbroker, and, through a hole in the door, a boy delivers a full half pint. In the back-ground are two chairmen. They have joined for three-pennyworth to recruit their spirits, and repair the fatigue they have undergone in trotting between two poles, with a ponderous load of female frailty.

Two paviours are washing away their cares with a heart-cheering cup. In a garret window, a trio of tailors are employed in the same way; and on a house-top are four bricklayers equally joyous. Each of these groups seem hale, happy, and well clothed; but the artist who is painting a glass bottle, from an original which hangs before him, is in a truly deplorable plight; at the same time that he carries in his countenance a perfect consciousness of his talents in this creative art.

BEER STREET AND GIN LANE.

PLATE 2.—GIN LANE.

BEER STREET AND GIN LANE.

PLATE 2.—GIN LANE.

FROM contemplating the health, happiness, and mirth flowing from a moderate use of a wholesome and natural beverage, we turn to this nauseous contrast, which displays human nature in its most degraded and disgusting state.

The retailer of gin and ballads, who sits upon the steps, with a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other, is horribly fine. Having bartered away his waistcoat, shirt, and stockings, and drank until he is in a state of total insensibility; pale, wan, and emaciated, he is a perfect skeleton. A few steps higher is a debased counterpart of Lazarus, taking snuff; thoroughly intoxicated, and negligent of the infant at her breast, it falls over the rail into an area, and dies, an innocent victim to the baneful vice of its depraved parent.

Another of the fair sex has drank herself to sleep. As an emblem of her disposition being slothful, a snail is crawling from the wall to her arm. Close to her we discover one of the lords of the creation gnawing a bare bone, which a bull-dog, equally ravenous, endeavours to snatch from his mouth. A working carpenter is depositing his coat and saw with a pawnbroker. A tattered female offers her culinary utensils at the same shrine: among them we discover a tea-kettle, pawned to procure money to purchase gin.

An old woman, having drank until she is unable to walk, is put into a wheel-barrow, and in that situation a lad solaces her with another glass. With the same poisonous and destructive compound, a mother in the corner drenches her child. Near her are two charity-girls of St. Giles's, pledging each other in the same corroding compound. The scene is completed by a quarrel between two drunken mendicants, both of whom appear in the character of cripples. While one of them uses his crutch as a quarter-staff, the other with great good will aims a stool, on which he usually sat, at the head of his adversary.

Of the dead there are two; besides an unfortunate child, whom a drunken madman has impaled upon a spit. One, a barber, who having probably drank gin until he has lost his reason, has suspended himself by a rope in his own ruinous garret: the other, a beautiful woman, who, by the direction of the parish beadle, two men are depositing in a shell. On the side of her coffin is a child lamenting the loss of its parent.

The large pewter measure hung over a cellar, on which is engraved "Gin Royal," was once a common sign; the inscription on this cave of despair, "Drunk for a penny, dead drunk for two-pence, clean straw for nothing," is worthy observation; it exhibits the state of our metropolis at that period.

PAUL BEFORE FELIX.

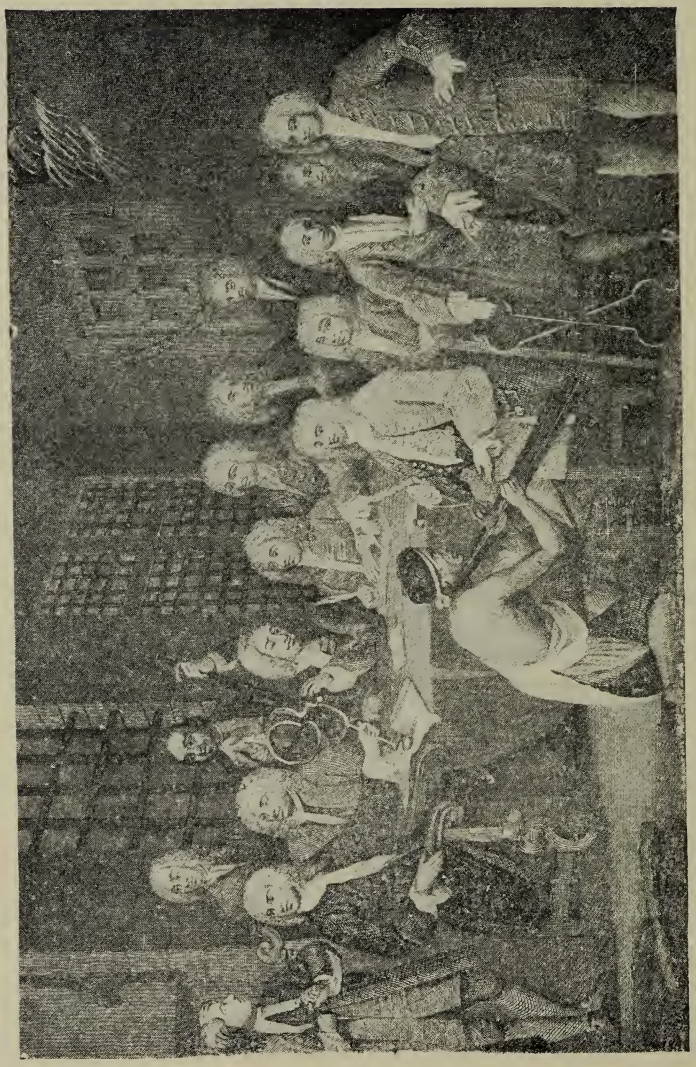
PAUL BEFORE FELIX.

"And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled." ACTS xxiv. 25.

THE subject of this plate is that of the preaching of St. Paul before Felix, the Governor of Judea. This Felix was a favourite, a creature of Claudius Cæsar, then Emperor of Rome. He was sensual and avaricious, and exercised in Judea, where he was appointed Governor, a royal power, with a mercenary soul. When this is considered, the subjects on which the Apostle spoke appear to be chosen with great judgment.

He treated of righteousness (that is, justice), temperance, and of judgment to come. The Christian religion being favourable to all men, St. Paul might have discoursed upon one of the points that would have flattered his ennobled hearer. But all this art was unknown to our Apostle; he pierces the stubborn heart of Felix, penetrates the centre of his passions, finds a way to that conscience that had long been buried, and shakes the sinner in his greatest security. He preaches of righteousness; here he supported the rights of the widow and the orphan: made it appear that kings and magistrates are established to uphold the interests of the people, and not to follow their own caprices. He preaches of temperance; here he set forth the disorders of luxury, and its inconsistency with Christianity. In short, he preaches of judgment to come; and it was this that gave weight to his ministry: he proved the truth of it, described its preparation, displayed its dreadful pomp, and made its awful sounds resound in the ears of Felix, who at that time knew no other god than an incestuous Jupiter, or a voluptuous Venus. At this his mind is alarmed, his heart quakes, the roll drops from his trembling hand, his teeth chatter, his knees beat one against another, and his whole frame shudders. What a surprising sight is here! The governor trembles, while the prisoner speaks with firmness! The prisoner, though in chains, makes his judge tremble! Behold the miraculous force of conscience!

Take notice of the united attention of the whole Court; and remark the effect in their faces! One is enraptured at his doctrine; a second receives the dreadful truths with salutary fear; a third is inwardly convicted; a fourth attends with eagerness to catch the heavenly accents from his tongue; and Tertullus ceases his accusation with disappointed amazement. With respect to Ananias the High Priest, his eyes and position manifestly declare his abhorrence of the man, give us to understand that the Apostle's words rankle in his heart, and that, though he secretly feels the power of conviction, still he cannot smother his professed hatred of the Christians.



BAMBRIDGE ON TRIAL FOR MURDER.

BEFORE A COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BAMBRIDGE ON TRIAL FOR MURDER

BEFORE A COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THIS occurrence is thus described in Smollett's History:

Mr Oglethorpe, having been informed of shocking cruelties and oppressions exercised by gaolers upon their prisoners, moved for an examination into these practices, and was chosen chairman of a committee appointed to inquire into the state of the gaols of the kingdom.

They began with the Fleet prison, which they visited in a body: there they found Sir William Rich, Bart., loaded with irons, by order of Bambridge the warden, to whom he had given some slight cause of offence. They made a discovery of many inhuman barbarities, which had been committed by that ruffian, and detected the most iniquitous scenes of fraud, villany, and extortion. When the Report was made by the committee, the House unanimously resolved, that Thomas Bambridge, acting warden of the Fleet, had wilfully permitted several debtors to escape; had been guilty of the most notorious breaches of trust, great extortions, and the highest crimes and misdemeanours in the execution of his office; that he had arbitrarily and unlawfully loaded with irons, put into dungeons, and destroyed prisoners for debt, under his charge, treating them in the most barbarous and cruel manner, in high violation and contempt of the laws of the kingdom.

John Huggins, who had been warden of the Fleet prison, was subjected to a resolution of the same nature. The House presented an Address to the King, desiring he would direct his Attorney-General forthwith to prosecute these persons and their accomplices, who were committed to Newgate. A bill was brought in, disabling Bambridge to execute the office of warden; another for the better regulating the prison of the Fleet: and for more effectually preventing and punishing arbitrary and illegal practices of the warden of the said prison."

THE BRUISER, CHARLES CHURCHILL
(ONCE THE REVEREND).

THE BRUISER, CHARLES CHURCHILL
(ONCE THE REVEREND),
IN THE CHARACTER OF A RUSSIAN HERCULES,
REGALING HIMSELF AFTER HAVING KILLED THE
MONSTER CARICATURA, THAT SO SORELY GALLED HIS
VIRTUOUS FRIEND, THE HEAVEN-BORN WILKES.

ENRAGED by the publication of Mr Wilkes's portrait, Mr Charles Churchill wrote a most virulent and vindictive satire, which he entitled, "An Epistle to William Hogarth." The painter was not blest with that meek forbearance which induces those who are smote on one cheek to turn the other also. He was an old man, but did not wish to be considered as that feeble, superannuated, helpless animal, which the poet had described.

Apprehensive that the public might construe his delaying a reply to proceed from inability, he did not wait the tedious process of a new plate, but took a piece of copper on which he had, in the year 1749, engraven a portrait of himself and dog, erased his own head, and in the place of it introduced the divine, with a tattered band and torn ruffles—"No Lord's anointed, but a Russian bear."

In this we must acknowledge there was more ill-nature than wit. For this rough retort he might, however, plead the poet's precedent. His opponent had brandished a tomahawk, and Hogarth, old as he was, wielded a battle-axe in his own defence. A more aggravated provocation cannot well be conceived. The attack was unmerciful, unmanly, unjust.

He must be a very weak artist, indeed, who would bury the talents which Nature gave, to gratify the whims of another man; but, admitting a painter had been found who suffered blank concealment to obscure those rays which jealousy could not endure, we cannot comprehend how it concerned Hogarth. His walk was all his own: even now he need not dread a rival there. Mr Churchill acknowledges that in walks of humour

> Hogarth unrivall'd stands, and shall engage
> Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age.

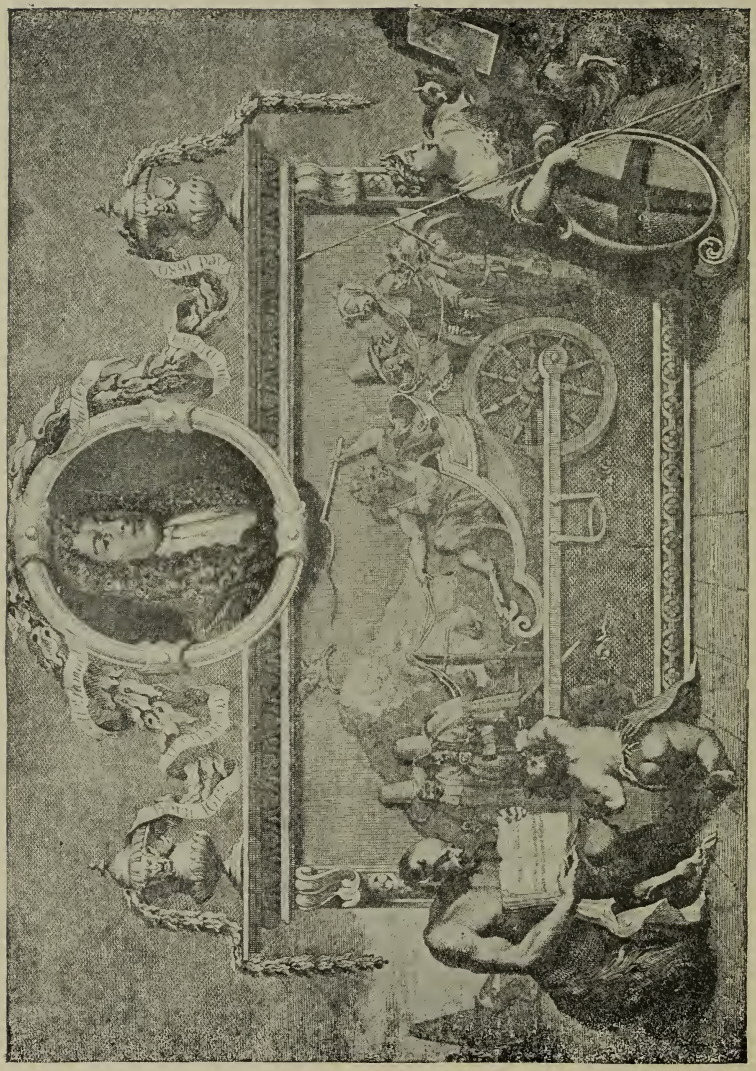
Being unrivalled, we do not see why he should dread a rival, nor can we conceive he could be jealous of talents which he must be conscious were inferior to his own.

To enumerate further examples would be painful as well as tedious: the graven image must be attended to. It represents Mr Churchill in the character of a bear, hugging a foaming tankard of porter, the poet's favourite beverage, and, like another Hercules, armed with a knotted club, to attack hydras, destroy dragons, and discomfit giants!

HYMEN AND CUPID.

HYMEN AND CUPID.

THIS plate, representing Hymen and Cupid, with a view of a magnificent villa at a distance, was intended as a ticket for Sigismunda, which Hogarth proposed to be raffled for. It is often marked with ink £2 2s. The number of each ticket was to have been inserted on the scroll hanging down from the knee of the principal figure. Perhaps none of them were ever disposed of. This plate, however, must have been engraved about 1762 or 1763. Mr Nichols observes of this plate, that had he not seen many copies marked by the hand of Hogarth, he should have supposed it to be only a ticket for a concert or music meeting.



HUDIBRAS.

PLATE 1.—REBELLION, HYPOCRISY, AND IGNORANCE.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE 1.—REBELLION, HYPOCRISY, AND IGNORANCE.

THE basso-relievo on the pedestal represents the general design of Mr Butler in his incomparable poem of Hudibras, viz.—Butler's Genius, in a car, lashing around Mount Parnassus, in the persons of Hudibras and Ralpho, Rebellion, Hypocrisy, and Ignorance, the reigning vices of his time.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE 2.—THE MANNER HOW HE SALLIES FORTH.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE 2.—THE MANNER HOW HE SALLIES FORTH.

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When Gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded;
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.
A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him mirror of Knighthood,
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To any thing but chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Knight worshipful on shoulder blade;
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle;
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl'd of war, as well as peace;
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water);
But here our authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise or stout:
Some hold the one, and some the other,
But, howsoe'er they make a pother,
That difference was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain:
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.
A squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half,
An equal stock of wit and valour
He had laid in, by birth a tailor.
His knowledge was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by 't:
Some call it gifts, and some new light;
A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wit was sent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken.
He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE 3.—THE FIRST ADVENTURE.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE 3.—THE FIRST ADVENTURE.

MEANWHILE he stopp'd his willing steed,
To fit himself for martial deed:
Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
Either to give blows or to ward;
Courage and steel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better or for worse.
His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preserving vittle,
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free's sword from retentive scabbard;
And, after many a painful pluck,
From rusty durance he bail'd tuck:
Then shook himself, to see that prowess
In scabbard of his arms sat loose;
And, rais'd upon his desp'rate foot,
On stirrup-side he gaz'd about,
Portending blood, like blazing star,
The beacon of approaching war.
I' th' head of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero march'd, expert and able.
Instead of trumpet and of drum,
That makes the warrior's stomach come
A squeaking engine he applied
Unto his neck, on north-east side.
His grisly beard was long and thick,
With which he strung his fiddle-stick
For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe
For what on his own chin did grow.
He bravely vent'ring at a crown,
By chance of war was beaten down,
And wounded sore: his leg, then broke,
Had got a deputy of oak.

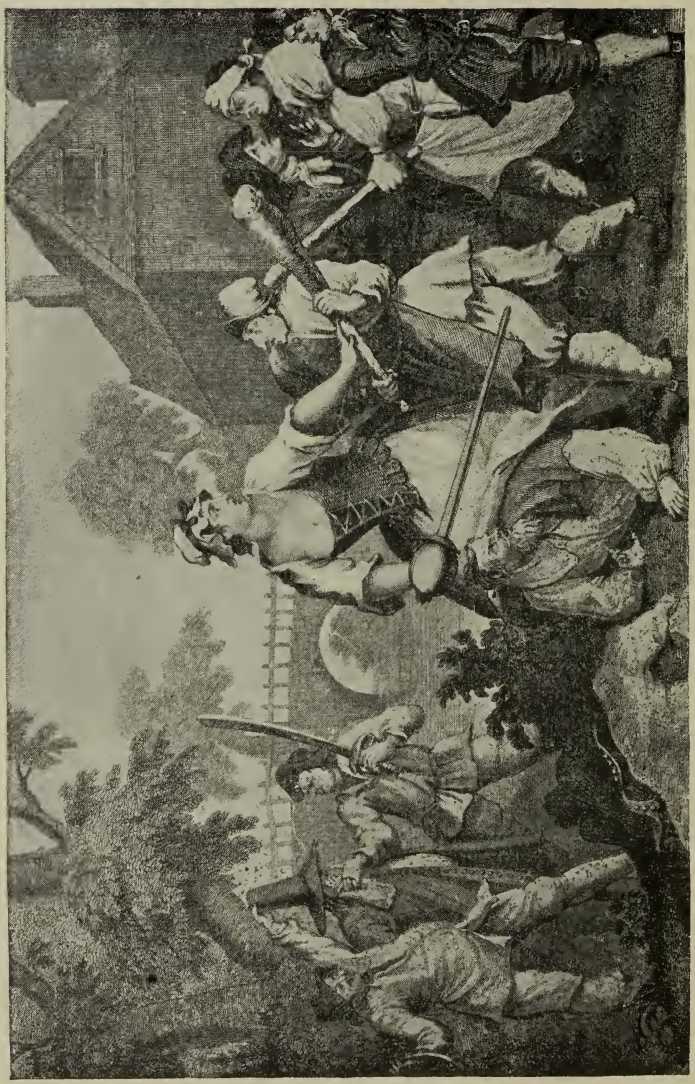
HUDIBRAS.

PLATE 4.—THE MASQUERADE ADVENTURE.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE 4.—THE MASQUERADE ADVENTURE

SOON as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they 'ad scorn'd to trade or barter,
By giving or by taking quarter:
They stoutly on his quarters laid,
Until his scouts come in t' his aid;
For when a man is past his sense,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' ears or nose,
Or laying on of heavy blows,
And if that will not do the deed,
To burning with hot irons proceed.
No sooner was he come t' himself,
But on his neck a sturdy elf
Clapp'd, in a trice, his cloven hoof
And thus attack'd him with reproof:
"Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
B' our friend, thy evil genius,
Who, for thy horrid perjuries
Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
The Brethren's privilege (against
The wicked) on themselves, the Saints,
Has here thy wretched carcass sent,
For just revenge and punishment,
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open, free confession;
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones,'



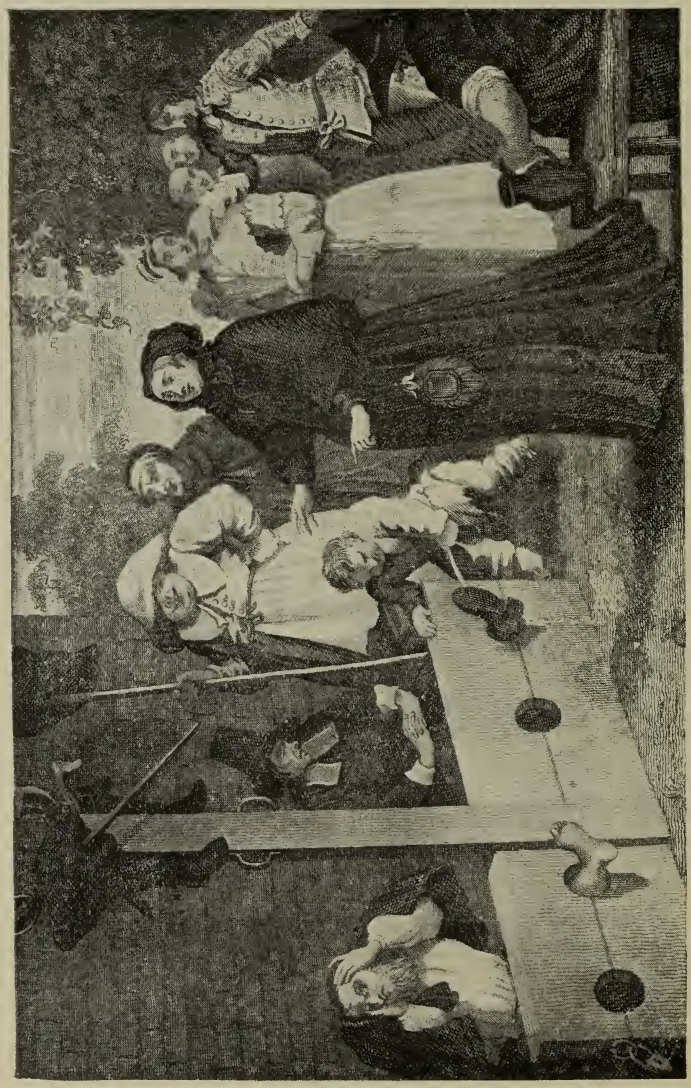
HUDIBRAS.

PLATE 5.—THE KNIGHT SUBMITS TO TRULLA.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE 5.—THE KNIGHT SUBMITS TO TRULLA.

THIS said, the knight did straight submit,
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he disrob'd his gabardine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith divesting
The mantle that she wore, said, jesting,
"Take that, and wear it for my sake;"
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.
And as the French, we conquered once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches, and the gathers
Port-cannons, periwigs, and feathers;
Just so the proud insulting lass
Array'd and dighted Hudibras.
Meanwhile the other champions, yerst
In hurry of the fight dispers'd,
Arrived, when Trulla won the day,
To share i' the honour and the prey,
And out of Hudibras his hide,
With vengeance to be satisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden shower,
But Trulla thrust herself between,
And striding o'er his back agen,
She brandished o'er her head his sword,
And vow'd they should not break her word;
She 'ad given him quarter, and her blood
Or theirs, should make that quarter good:
For she was bound, by law of arms,
To see him safe from further harms.



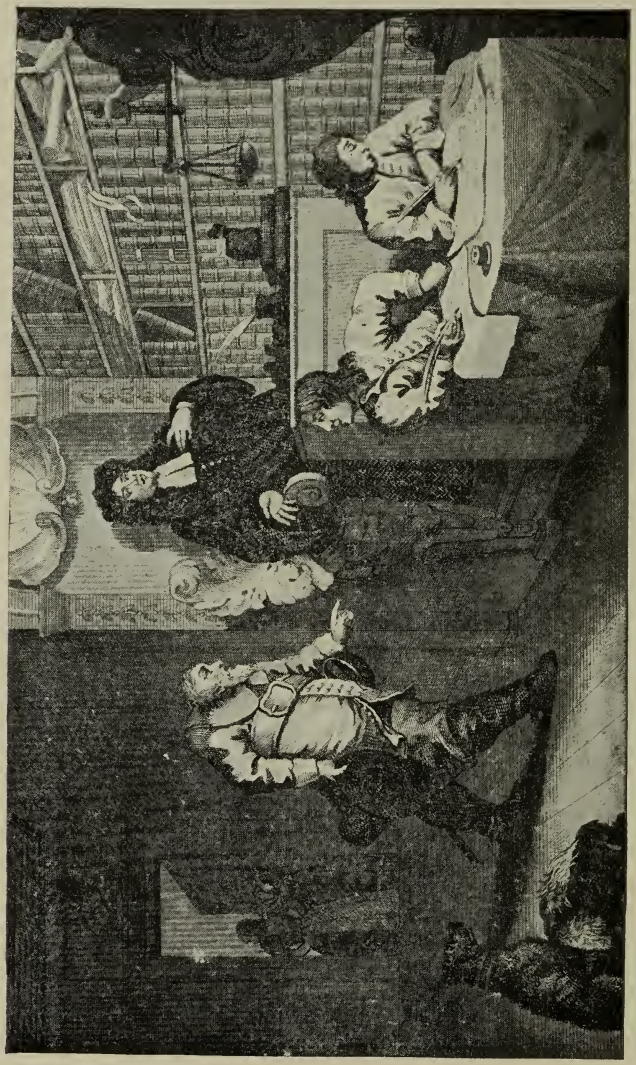
HUDIBRAS.

PLATE 6.—SIR HUDIBRAS AND RALPHO IN THE STOCKS.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE 6.—SIR HUDIBRAS AND RALPHO IN THE STOCKS.

She vow'd she would go see the sight,
And visit the distress'd knight;
To do the office of a neighbour,
And be a gossip at his labour;
And from his wooden jail, the stocks,
To set at large his fetter-locks;
And by exchange, parole, or ransom,
To free him from th' enchanted mansion.
This b'ing resol'd, she call'd for hood
And usher, implements abroad
Which ladies wear, beside a slender
Young waiting damsel to attend her,
All which appearing, on she went
To find the knight, in limbo pent:
And 'twas not long before she found
Him and his stout squire in the pound;
Both coupled in enchanted tether,
By further leg behind together.
For as he sat upon his rump,
His head, like one in dolefnl dump,
Between his knees, his hands apply'd
Unto his ears on either side,
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jole,
She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle, on the sudden,
As spirits do t' a conjurer,
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.
No sooner did the knight perceive her,
But straight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with disgrace,
To be seen by her in such a place;
Which made him hang his head, and scowl
And wink, and goggle, like an owl;
He felt his brains begin to swim,
When the dame accosted him.



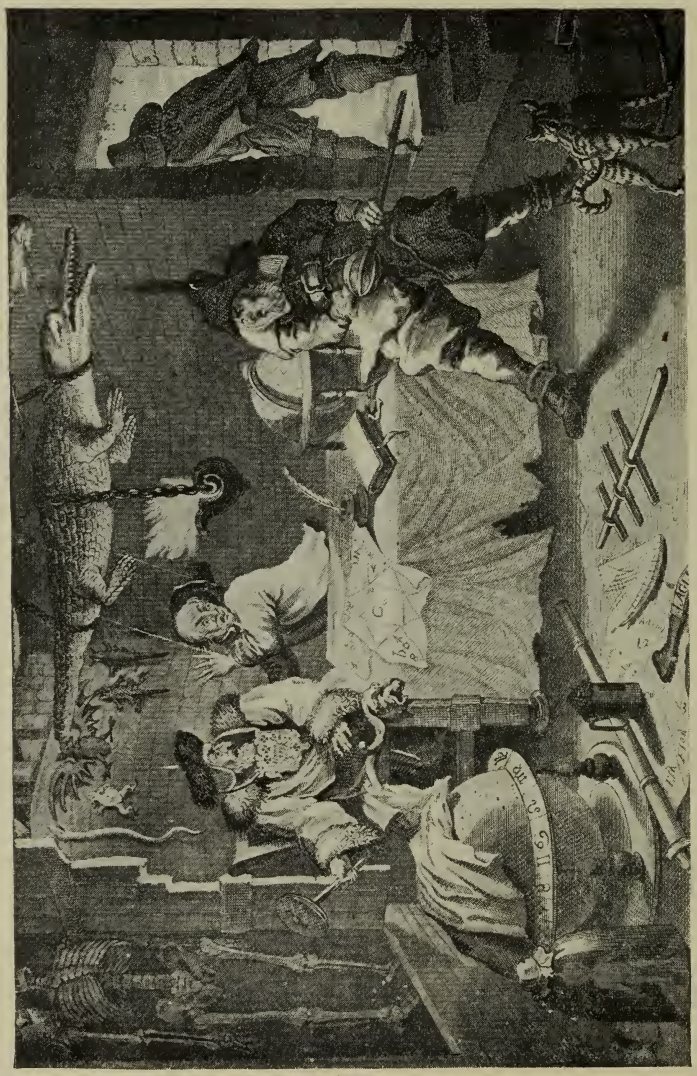
HUDIBRAS.

PLATE 7.—SIR HUDIBRAS WITH THE LAWYER.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE 7.—SIR HUDIBRAS AND THE LAWYER.

To this brave man the knight repairs
For counsel in his law affairs,
And found him, mounted in his pew,
With books and money plac'd for show.
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay;
To whom the knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his case;
Which he as proudly entertain'd
As th' other courteously strain'd;
And, to assure him 't was not that
He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.
Quoth he, "There is one Sidrophel
Whom I have cudgell'd,"—"Very well,"
"And now he brags to 've beaten me,"
"Better, and better still," quoth he;
"And vows to stick me to a wall,
Where'er he meets me:"—"Best of all.
"'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath
That I robb'd him."—"Well done, in troth.
"When he 's confessed he stole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took;
Which was the cause that made me bang him,
And take my goods again;"—"Marry, hang him."
"Now, whether I should beforehand,
Swear he robb'd me?"—"I understand."
"Or bring my action of conversion
And trover for my goods?"—"Ah, whoreson!"
"Or, if 'tis better to indite,
And bring him to his trial?"—"Right."
"Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' state against him?"—"True."
Or, whether he that is defendant,
In this case, has the better end on't;
Who, putting in a new cross-bill,
May traverse the action?"—"Better still."



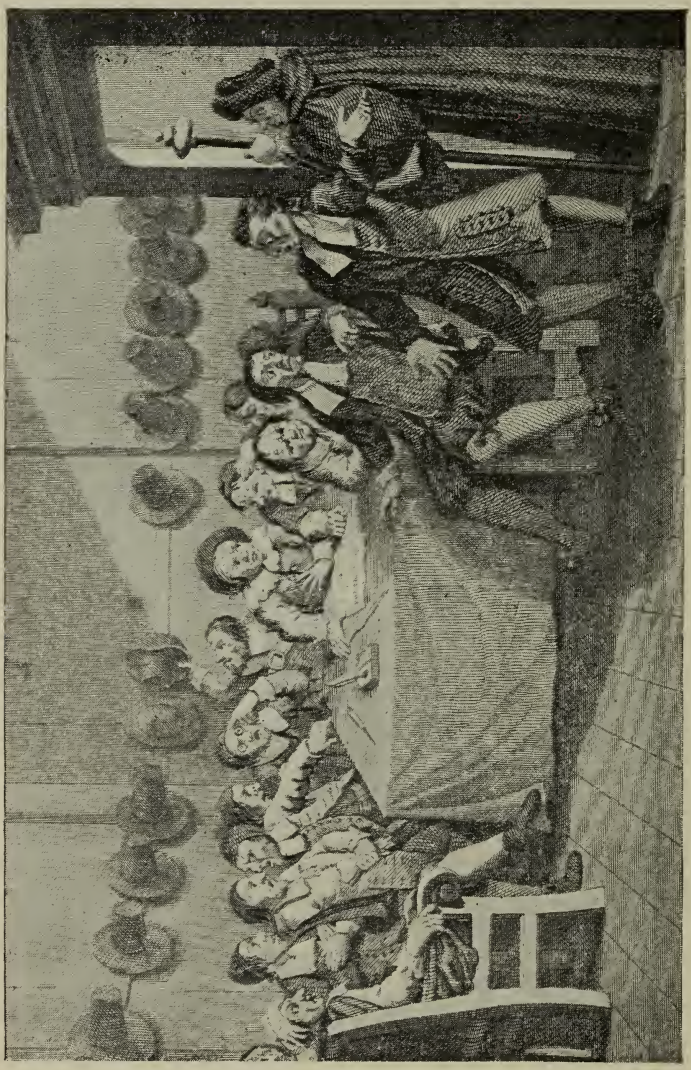
HUDIBRAS.

PLATE 8.—SIR HUDIBRAS BEATS SIDROPHEL AND HIS MAN WHACHUM.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE 8.—SIR HUDIBRAS BEATS SIDROPHEL AND HIS MAN WHACHUM.

Quoth Hudibras, "I now perceive
You are no conj'rer, by your leave;
That paltry story is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you."
"Not true!" quoth he, "howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear;
Whachum shall justify it t' your face,
And prove he was upon the place;
He play'd the saltinbancho's part,
Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art;
He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
Chous'd and caldes'd ye like a blockhead,
And what you lost I can produce,
If you deny it, here i' th' house."
Quoth Hudibras, "I do believe
That argument's demonstrative;
Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us
A constable to seize the wretches;
For though they're both false knaves and cheats,
Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,
I'll make them serve for perpendic'lars
As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers.
They're guilty, by their own confessions,
Of felony, and at the Sessions,
Upon the bench, I will so handle 'em
That the vibration of this pendulum
Shall make all tailors' yards of one
Unanimous opinion;
A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now shall make it out by proof."
Quoth Sidrophel, "I do not doubt
To find friends that will bear me out:
Nor have I hazarded my art
And neck so long on the State's part,
To be expos'd, i' th' end, to suffer
By such a braggadocio huffer."
"Huffer!" quoth Hudibras, "this sword
Shall down thy false throat cram that word,
Ralpho, make haste and call an officer,
To apprehend this Stygian sophister;
Meanwhile I'll hold 'em at a bay,
Lest he and Whachum run away."



HUDIBRAS.

PLATE 9.—THE COMMITTEE.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE 9.—THE COMMITTEE.

THE quacks of government (who sate
At th' unregarded helm of State,
And understood this wild confusion
Of fatal madness and delusion,
Must, sooner than a prodigy,
Portend destruction to be nigh)
Consider'd timely how t' withdraw
And save their windpipes from the law;
For one rencounter at the bar
Was worse than all they 'ad 'scap'd in war:
And therefore met in consultation
To cant and quack upon the nation;
Not for the sickly patient's sake,
Nor what to give, but what to take;
To feel the purses of their fees,
More wise than fumbling arteries;
Prolong the snuff of life in pain,
And from the grave recover—gain.
'Mong these there was a politician
With more heads than a beast in vision,
And more intrigues in ev'ry one
Than all the whores of Babylon;
So politic, as if one eye
Upon the other were a spy,
That, to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both strove to blink;
And, in his dark pragmatic way,
As busy as a child at play.
To match this saint there was another
As busy and perverse a brother,
An haberdasher of small wares
In politics and state affairs.
Thus far the statesman—when a shout
Heard at a distance, put him out;
And straight another, all aghast,
Rush'd in with equal fear and haste,
Who star'd about, as pale as death,
And, for a while, as out of breath,
Till, having gather'd up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits.

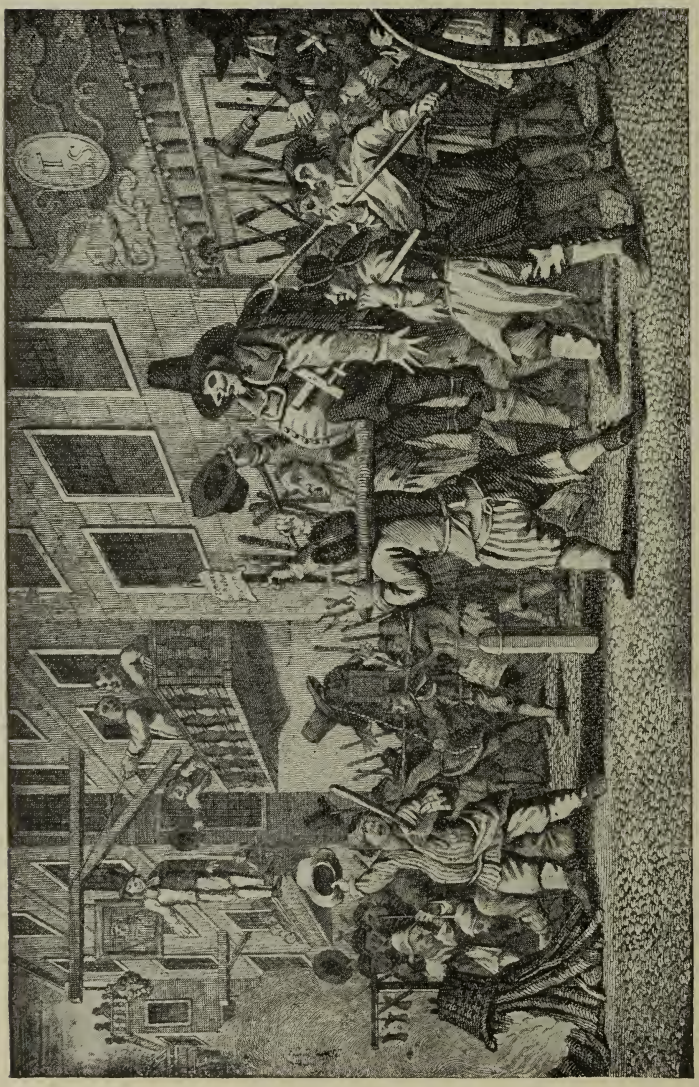
HUDIBRAS.

PTATE 10.—SIR HUDIBRAS LEADING CROWDERO IN TRIUMPH.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE 10.—SIR HUDIBRAS LEADING CROWDERO IN TRIUMPH

THIS said, the high outrageous mettle
Of knight began to cool and settle.
He lik'd the squire's advice, and soon
Resolv'd to see the bus'ness done;
And therefore charg'd him first to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place and use
The wooden member to reduce,
But force it take an oath before,
Ne'er to bear arms against him more.
Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,
And having ty'd Crowdero fast,
He gave Sir Knight the end of cord,
To lead the captive of his sword
In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,
And them to further service brought.
The squire in state rode on before,
And on his nut-brown whinyard bore
The trophy fiddle and the case,
Leaning on shoulder like a mace.
The knight himself did after ride,
Leading Crowdero by his side;
And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
Like boat, against the tide and wind.
Thus, grave and solemn, they march'd on,
Until quite through the town they'd gone;
At furthest end of which there stands
An ancient castle, that commands
Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabric
You shall not see one stone nor a brick,
But all of wood, by pow'rful spell
Of magic made impregnable;
There's neither iron bar nor gate,
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,
And yet men durance there abide
In dungeon scarce three inches wide



HUDIBRAS.

PLATE II.—THE BURNING OF THE RUMPS AT TEMPLE BAR.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE 11.—THE BURNING OF THE RUMPS AT TEMPLE BAR.

THAT beastly rabble—that came down
From all the garrets—in the town,
And stalls, and shopboards—in vast swarms,
With new-chalk'd bills, and rusty arms,
To cry the cause—up, heretofore,
And bawl the bishops—out of door.
And new-drawn up—in greater shoals,
To roast—and broil us on the coals,
And all the grandees—of our members
Are carbonading on the embers;
Knights, citizens, and burgesses—
Hold forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,
That serve for characters—and badges,
To represent their personages;
Each bonfire is a funeral pile,
In which they roast, and scorch, and broil,
And ev'ry representative
Have vow'd to roast – and broil alive.
And 'tis a miracle we are not
Already sacrific'd incarnate;
For while we wrangle here, and jar,
We're grilly'd all at Temple Bar;
Some, on the sign-post of an alehouse,
Hang in effigy, on the gallows,
Made up of rags to personate
Respective officers of State;
That, henceforth, they may stand reputed
Proscrib'd in law, and executed,
And, while the work is carrying on,
Be ready listed under Dun.
That worthy patriot, once the bellows
And tinder-box of all his fellows;
The activ'st member of the five,
As well as the most primitive;
Who, for his faithful service then,
Is chosen for a fifth agen.

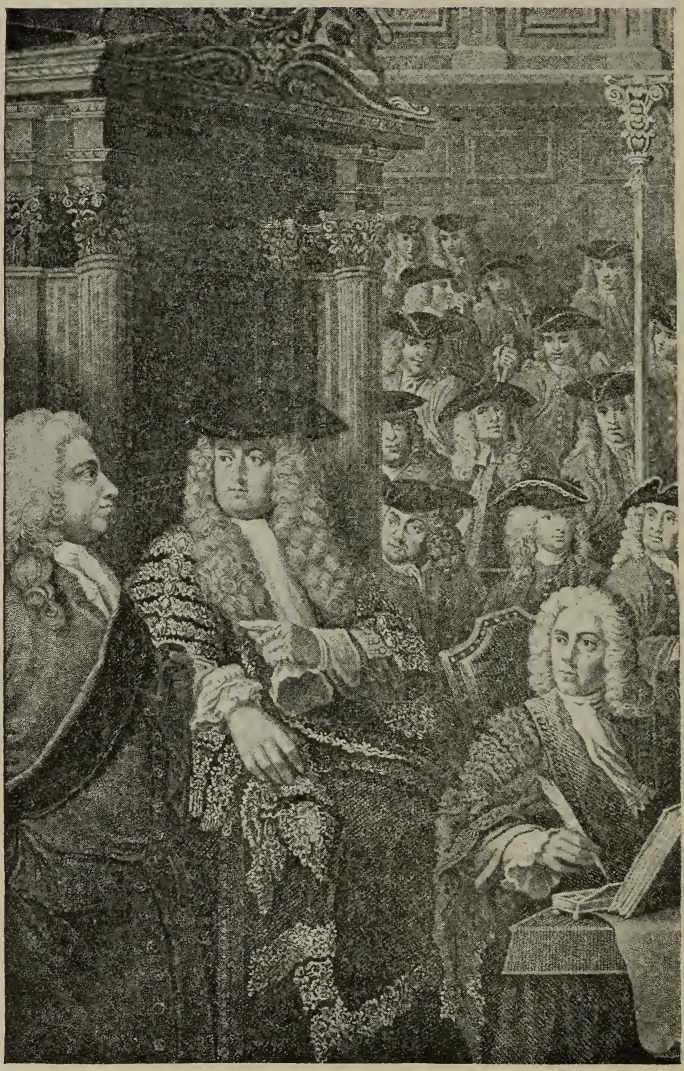
HUDIBRAS.

PLATE 12.—SIR HUDIBRAS ENCOUNTERS THE SKIMMINGTON.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE 12.—SIR HUDIBRAS ENCOUNTERS THE SKIMMINGTON.

THIS said, they both advanc'd, and rode
A dog-trot through the bawling crowd,
T' attack the leader, and still prest,
Till they approach'd him breast to breast:
Then Hudibras with face and hand
Made signs for silence; which obtain'd,
What means (quoth he) this devils' procession
With men of Orthodox profession?
Are things of superstitious function
Fit to be us'd in Gospel sun-shine?
It is an Antichristian Opera,
Much us'd in midnight times of popery:
Of running after self-inventions
Of wicked and profane intentions;
To scandalize that sex for scolding,
To whom the saints are so beholden.
Women, that left no stone unturn'd,
In which the cause might be concern'd,
Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,
To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols;
Drew sev'ral gifted brethren in,
That for the bishops would have been,
Rubb'd down the teachers tir'd and spent,
With holding forth for Parl'ament;
Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
With marrow puddings, many a meal;
And cramm'd 'em, till their guts did ake,
With caudle, custard, and plumcake,
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the cause at London?
Hay they?—At that an egg let fly—
Hit him directly o'er the eye,
And running down his cheek, besmear'd
With orange-tawny slime his beard;
And straight another with his flambeaux
Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a d——d blow.

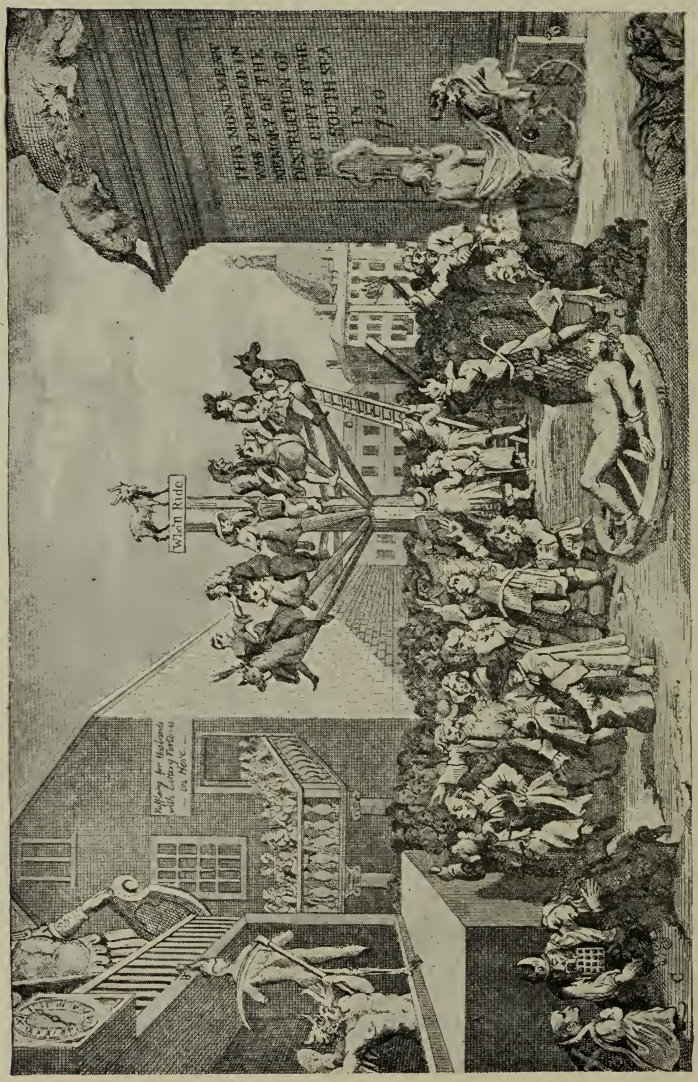


THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
IN SIR ROBERT WALPOLE'S ADMINISTRATION.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
IN SIR ROBERT WALPOLE'S ADMINISTRATION.

THIS print of the House of Commons in Sir Robert Walpole's time, and which was recently destroyed by fire, is from an original picture painted by Hogarth and Sir James Thornhill, in the collection of Earl Onslow, and contains, besides many figures in the back ground, the following prominent portraits:—

1. Sir Robert Walpole.
2. The Right Hon. Arthur Onslow.
3. Sidney Godolphin, Father of the House.
4. Sir Joseph Jekyl.
5. Colonel Onslow.
6. Edward Stables, Esq., Clerk of the House of Commons.
7. Sir James Thornhill.
8. Mr Aske. Clerk Assistant H.C.



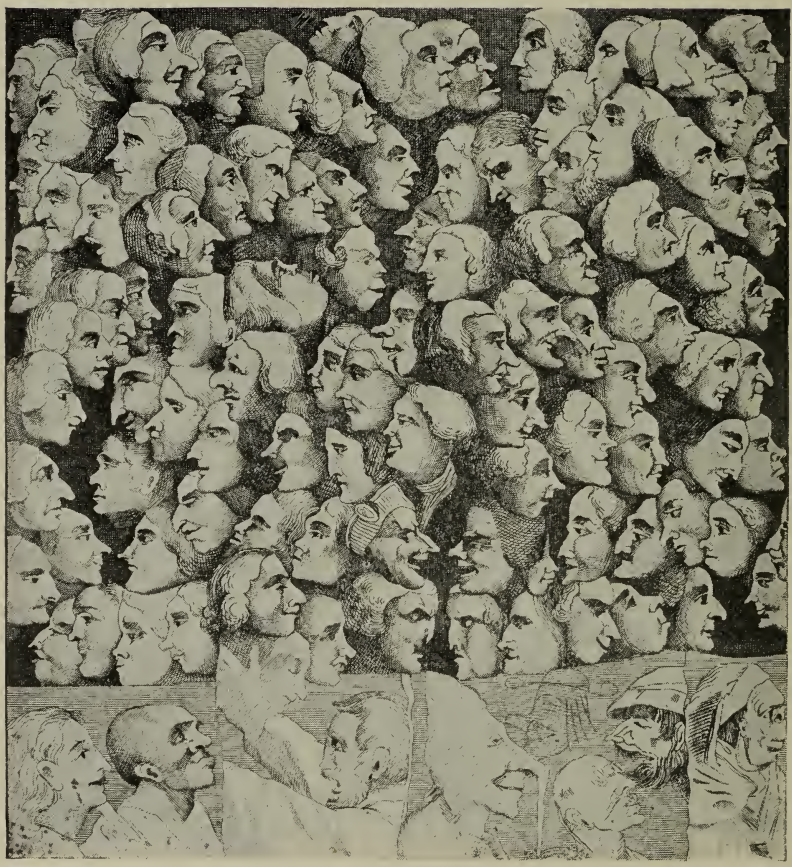
EMBLEMATICAL PRINT ON THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.

EMBLEMATIC PRINT OF THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.

THIS emblematic print on the South Sea Bubble, by Hogarth, represents persons riding on wooden horses, the devil cutting fortune in collops, a man broken on the wheel, &c. The following verses are descriptive of the subjects delineated in it:—

"See here the causes why in London
So many men are made and undone;
That arts and honest trading drop,
To swarm about the Devil's shop (A),
Who cuts out (B) Fortune's golden haunches,
Trapping their souls with lots and chances,
Sharing 'em from blue garters down
To all blue aprons in the town.
Here all Religions flock together,
Like tame and wild fowl of a feather,
Leaving their strife religious bustle,
Kneel down to play at pitch and hustle (C).
Thus when the shepherds are at play
Their flocks must surely go astray;
The woful cause that in these times
(E) Honour and Honesty (D) are crimes
That publicly are punished by
(G) Self-Interest and (F) Villany;
So much for money's magic power,
Guess at the rest you find out more."

"It may be observed," says Mr Nichols, "that London always affords a set of itinerant poets, whose office it is to furnish inscriptions for satirical engravings. I lately overheard one of these unfortunate sons of the Muse making a bargain with his employer. 'Your print,' says he, 'is a taking one; and why won't you go to the price of a half-crown epigram?" From such hireling bards, I suppose, our artist purchased not a few of the wretched rhymes under his early performances; unless he himself be considered as the author of them."

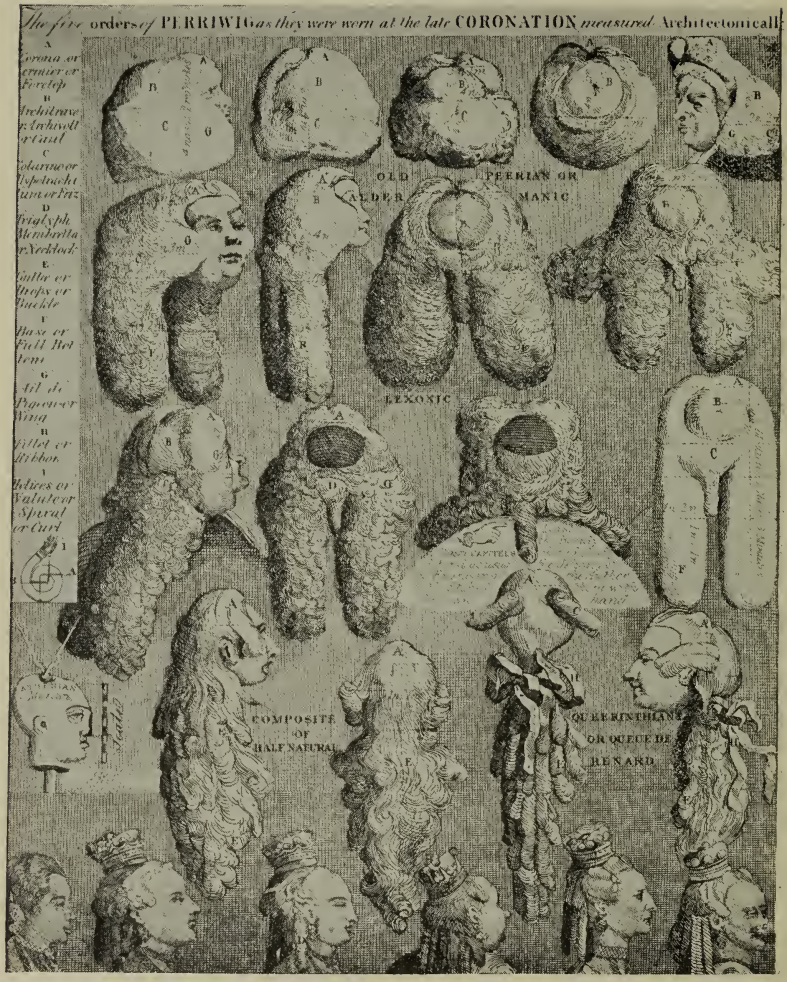


CHARACTER *versus* CARICATURE.

GROUP OF HEADS,
INTENDED TO DISPLAY THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CHARACTER AND CARICATURE.

HOGARTH was less of a mannerist than almost any other artist, for though there are above an hundred profiles, I discover no copy from another painter; no repetition of his own works; they are all delineated from Nature, and the most careless observer must discover many resemblances: to the physiognomist they are an inexhaustible study.

This print was given as a subscription ticket to the six plates of Marriage à la Mode.



THE FIVE ORDERS OF PERIWIGS.

THE FIVE ORDERS OF PERIWIGS.

THE various orders of periwigs were supposed to have been worn at the coronation of George III.

The first he describes is the Episcopal or parsonic, alluding to the Tuscan order, as being the most simple and solid, having but few ornaments, and being the massive. These were such as were worn by the bishops.

The second is the old peerian or aldermanic, corresponding to the Doric, which consists of rather more ornaments than the Tuscan, whose frieze is divided by triglyphs and metopes. These were worn by the Aldermen of the City of London, two of whose little-meaning faces are exhibited to view.

The Lexonic is the third, answering to that of the Ionic, a kind of mean proportional between the solid and delicate manner, adorned with volutes or spiral curls. These were such as were chiefly worn by the gentlemen of the law.

The next two on the right are of the fourth, called Queerinthian, or queue-de-renard (that is, fox-tail), agreeably to the Corinthian, the richest and most delicate, adorned with fillets, and a number of volutes. These, in front, resemble the ears of the fox, or the wings of a pigeon, and were tied behind with great bunches of riband. They were worn by the major part of the nobility.

The other two are of the fifth and last order, called the Composite, or half-natural. This was worn by some of the nobility, as of higher and nobler institution.

The scale by which the measurement is made is of Athenian measure, and proportioned to a block, as we see on the left of this plate. It is thus divided in nodules, nasos, and minutes, every nodule being three nasos, each naso three minutes. As each of the capitals or periwigs are ruled, the curious examiner may easily prove their exactness by the application of a pair of dividers. If it should be asked, Why this exactness? the answer is obvious. As the degree of understanding is thought by some to be proportioned to the size of the wig, too great a niceness could not be observed.

The bottom part of this print represents the head of six ladies, from the lowest to the highest, according to the rank of precedence, the minor walking first; the faces of the whole were extremely well-known. They were introduced here to show the various ways of dressing the female head.

THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY.

THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY.

THE spot this scene represents is Tottenham Court Turnpike, from whence we have a view of Hampstead and Highgate in the distance. A young grenadier, of good mien, is the principal object of the first group; he is accompanied, or rather seized on and beset by two women, of different cast, disposition, and character. We are to understand they are both *enceinte*, and are claiming him for the father. One attempts to melt him with tears, the other to alarm him with threats: and so obstreperous is the latter, that the serjeant behind finds himself obliged to interfere. They are engaged also in different pursuits, one being a ballad singer, the other a news-carrier; the former selling prints in favour of Government, the latter against it.

On the left of this group is a young officer kissing a milk girl, which gives an arch wag an opportunity of robbing her of her milk, which he is pouring into his hat, and of which a chimney-sweeper's boy appears very desirous to partake. This incident attracts the attention of a pastrycook behind, who seems to enjoy the piece of roguery, at which the man beside him points, at the same time that he is stealing one of the pies from his head. Behind the pastrycook is a man carrying a barrel of strong beer, which a soldier has pierced with a gimlet, in order to fill his canteen, while another is keeping guard lest any should interrupt him. This last is comfortably drunk. A little further back is a priggish lieutenant, bringing up the rear of the company before him, stalking in all the pride of military march, coveting the notice of the women.

On the right of the principal group is a Frenchman, represented as a man of some importance, in order to render him more ridiculous. He is whispering to a Scotchman, to whom he is communicating the contents of a letter he has just received, which we are to suppose relate to the event that occasions this march. Behind this Frenchman is an ale-house, in front of which is a drummer, who, by beating on his drum, endeavours to shake of the thoughts of leaving his family, who in vain attempt to affect him by their tender farewell. On his right is a fifer, adding his noise to that of the drum; this lad, by the sweetness of his figure, is a beautiful contrast to the squalidness of the objects about him.

In short, to give a particular description of every minute object in this print would be an almost endless task, and to throw out any reflection on the various matter would be needless. Let it suffice to say, that we have here a faithful representation of Nature, which speaks for itself, and so largely enriched with the true vis comica, or spirit of humour, that the more we examine it, the greater pleasure we have; and the longer we view it, the more beauties we find.

BISHOP HOADLY.

BISHOP HOADLY.

THIS portrait of Dr Benjamin Hoadly, Bishop of Winchester, was first engraved by Baron, from a portrait, in a grand style, by Hogarth.

Few writers of eminence have been so frequently or so illiberally traduced as Dr Hoadly; yet fewer still have had the felicity of "living till a nation became his converts," and knowing "that sons have blushed that their fathers had been their foes." This great Divine was born November 4, 1676; educated at Catherine Hall, Cambridge; was elected lecturer of St Mildred, Poultry, 1701; was rector of St Peter le Poor in 1704, and of Streatham in 1710; King's Chaplain, February 16, 1715-16; Bishop of Bangor, March 18 following; translated to Hereford in 1721, to Salisbury in 1723, and to Winchester in 1734, which he held nearly twenty-seven years; till on April 17, 1761, at his house at Chelsea, in the same calm that he had enjoyed amidst all the storms that blew around him, he died, full of years and honours, beloved and regretted by all good men, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. His useful labours (which will ever be esteemed by all lovers of the natural, civil, and religious rights of Englishmen) were collected into three large volumes in folio, 1773, by his son, Dr John Hoadly (then Chancellor of Winchester, and the only surviving male of a numerous and respectable family), who prefixed to them a short account of the Bishop's life.

Concerning this portrait of Bishop Hoadly, Dr John Hoadly wrote the following whimsical epistle to the artist:—

"TO WILLIAM HOGARTH.

"Dear Billy,

"You were so kind as to say you would touch up the Doctor, if I would send him to town. Lo! it is here. I am at Alresford for a day or two, to shear my flock and to feed 'em (money you know is the sinews of war); and having this morning taken down all my pictures, in order to have my room painted, I thought I might as well pack up Dr Benjamin, and send him packing to London. My love to him, and desire him, when his wife says he looks charmingly, to drive immediately to Leicester Fields (Square I mean, I beg your pardon), and sit an hour or two, or three, in your Painting Room. Do not set it by, and forget it now—don't you. My humble service waits upon Mrs Hogarth, and all good wishes upon your honour, and

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged and affectionate

J. HOADLY."

SIMON LORD LOVAT,

TAKEN A FEW HOURS BEFORE HIS EXECUTION FOR HIGH TREASON.

SIMON LORD LOVAT.

TAKEN A FEW HOURS BEFORE HIS EXECUTION FOR HIGH TREASON.

LORD LOVAT was born in the year 1667; his father was the twenty-second person who had enjoyed the title of Lovat, in lineal descent. This portrait of his lordship was drawn from life, at St Alban's, whither our artist went for the purpose of taking it. He is painted in the act of counting the rebel forces with his fingers, and the likeness is said to be a most faithful one.

Lord Lovat was one of the last chieftains that preserved the rude manners and barbarous authority of the early feudal ages. He resided in a house which would be esteemed but an indifferent one for a very plain, private gentleman in England, as it had properly only four rooms on a floor, and those not large. Here, however, he kept a sort of Court, and several public tables, and a numerous body of retainers always attending. His own constant residence, and the place where he always received his company, even at dinner, was the very same room where he lodged; and his lady's sole apartment was her bedroom; and the only provision for the lodging of the servants and retainers was a quantity of straw, which they spread every night on the floors of the lower rooms, where the inferior part of the family, consisting of a very great number of persons, took up their abode.

From his own account (as published in his memoirs), Lord Lovat seems to have been a man devoid of any fixed principle, except that of self-interest: and on his conduct during the rebellion of 1745, Sir William Young has the following observations:—

"Your lordships have already done National justice on some of the principal traitors who appeared in open arms against His Majesty, by the ordinary courses of the Law; but this noble lord, who in the whole course of his life has boasted of his superior cunning in wickedness, and his ability to commit frequent treasons with impunity, vainly imagined that he might possibly be a traitor in private, and rebel only in his heart, by sending his son and his followers to join the Pretender, and remaining at home himself, to deceive His Majesty's faithful subjects, hoping he might be rewarded for his son's services, if successful, or his son alone be the sufferer for his offences, if the undertaking failed. Diabolical cunning! Atrocious impiety!"

Lord Lovat was executed in 1745. He suffered the execution of his sentence with fortitude.

THE FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY.

PLATE 1.—THE FIRST STAGE.

THE FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY.

PLATE 1.—THE FIRST STAGE.

THIS pathetic lesson of humanity is given by the poet of Nature. Aiming at the same end by different means, our benevolent artist here steps forth as the instructor of youth, the friend of mercy, and advocate of the brute creation.

In the prints before us, an obdurate boy begins his career of cruelty by tormenting animals; repeated acts of barbarity sear his heart; he commits a deliberate murder, and concludes in an ignominious death. These gradations are natural; I had almost said inevitable, and that parent who discovers the germ of barbarity in the mind of a child, and does not use every effort to exterminate the obnoxious weed, is an accessory to the evils which spring from its baneful growth. To check these malign propensities, becomes more necessary from the general tendency of our amusements.

The hero of this tragic tale is Tom Nero: by a badge upon his arm we know him to be one of the boys of St Giles's Charity School. The horrible business in which he is engaged, let us hope, was never realised in this or any other country. The thought is taken from Callot's "Temptation of St Anthony." A youth of superior rank, shocked at such cruelty, offers his tart to redeem the dog from torture. This Hogarth intended for the portrait of an illustrious personage, then about thirteen years of age; the compliment was rather coarse, but well intended. A lad chalking on a wall, the suspended figure inscribed Tom Nero, prepares us for the future fate of this young tyrant, and shows by anticipation the reward of cruelty.

Throwing at cocks might possibly have its origin in what some of our sagacious politicians call a natural enmity to France; which is thus humanely exercised against the allegorical symbol of that nation. A boy tying a bone to the tail of his dog, while the kind-hearted animal licks his hand, must have a most diabolical disposition. Two little imps are burning out the eyes of a bird with a knitting-needle. A group of embryotic Domitians who have tied two cats to the extremities of a rope, and hung it over a lamp-iron, to see how delightfully they will tear each other, are marked with grim delight. The link-boy is absolutely a Lilliputian fiend. The fellow encouraging a dog to worry a cat, and two animals of the same species thrown out of a garret window with bladders fastened to them, complete this mortifying prospect of youthful depravity.

THE FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY.

PLATE 2.—THE SECOND STAGE.

THE FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY.

PLATE 2.—THE SECOND STAGE.

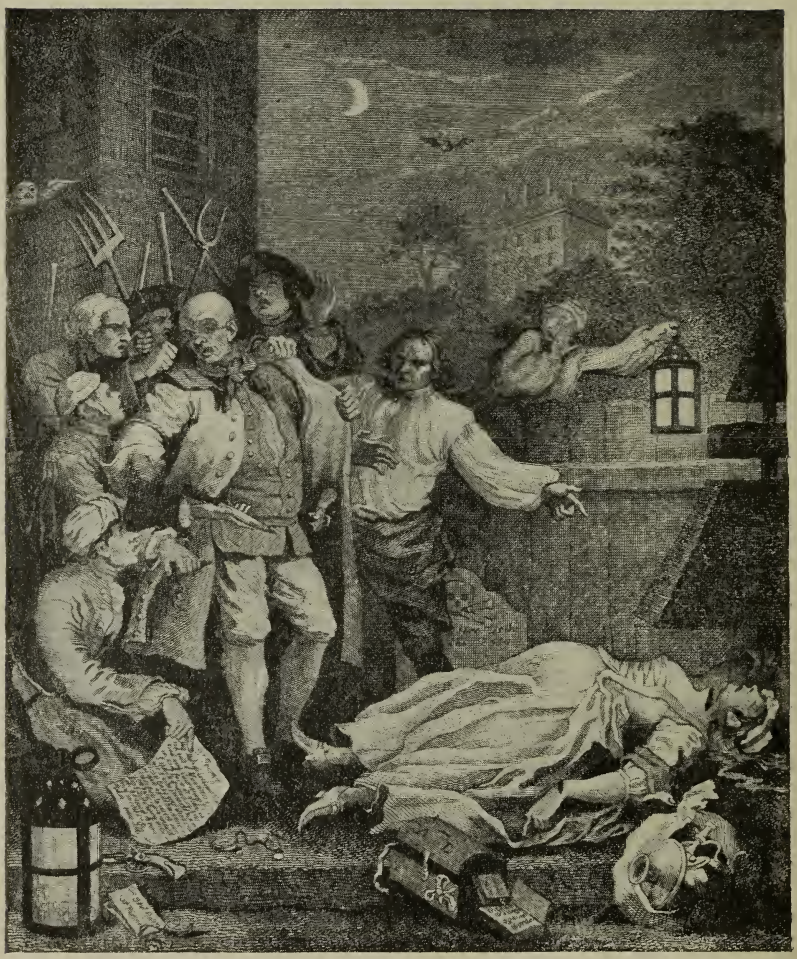
TOM NERO is now a hackney coachman, and displaying his disposition in his conduct to a horse. Worn out by ill-usage, and exhausted by fatigue, the poor animal has fallen down, overset the carriage, and broken his leg. The scene is laid at Thavies-Inn Gate. Four brethren of the brawling bar, who have joined to pay three-pence each for a ride to Westminster Hall, are in consequence of the accident overturned, and exhibited at the moment of creeping out of the carriage. These illustrious periwig-pated personages were probably intended as portraits of advocates eminent in their day; their names we are not able to record.

A man taking the number of the coach is marked with traits of benevolence, which separate him from the savage ferocity of Nero, or the terror of these affrighted lawyers.

As a further exemplification of extreme barbarity, a drover is beating an expiring lamb with a large club. The wheels of a dray pass over an unfortunate boy, while the drayman, regardless of consequences, sleeps on the shafts.

In the background is a poor overladen ass; the master, presuming on the strength of this patient and ill-treated animal, has mounted upon his back and taken a loaded porter behind him. An over-driven bull, followed by a crowd of heroic spirits, has tossed a boy. Two bills pasted on the wall advertise cock-fighting and Broughton's amphitheatre for boxing, as further specimens of national civilization.

Parts of this print, says Mr. Ireland, may at first sight appear rather overcharged, but some recent examples convince us that they are not so. In the year 1790, a fellow was convicted of lacerating and tearing out the tongue of a horse; but there being no evidence of his bearing any malice towards the proprietor, or doing it with a view of injuring him, this diabolical wretch, not having violated any then existing statute, was discharged without punishment.



THE FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY.

PLATE 3.—CRUELTY IN PERFECTION.

THE FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY.

PLATE 3.—CRUELTY IN PERFECTION.

THE hero of this print began by torturing a helpless dog, he then beat out the eye of an unoffending horse, and now, under the influence of that malignant, rancorous spirit, which by indulgence is become natural, he commits murder—most foul and aggravated murder! He tempts this deluded girl to quit a happy situation, to plunder an indulgent mistress, and meet him with the produce of her robbery.

Blinded by affection, she keeps the fatal appointment, and comes loaded with plate. This remorseless villain, having previously determined to destroy her, and by that means cancel his promise of marriage, free himself from an expected incumbrance, and silence one whom compunction might at a future day induce to confess the crime, and lead to his detection, puts her to death!

Her cries are heard by the servants of a neighbouring house, who run to her assistance.—'Tis too late—the horrid deed is done! but the murderer, appalled by conscious guilt, and rendered motionless by terror, cannot fly. He is seized without resistance, and consigned to that punishment which so aggravated a violation of the laws of nature and his country demand.

The glimpses of the moon, the screech-owl and bat hovering in the air, the mangled corse, and above all, the murderer's ghastly and guilty countenance, give terrific horror to this awful scene.

By the pistol in his pocket, and watches on the ground, we have reason to infer that this callous wretch has been committing other depredations in the earlier part of the evening. The time is what has been emphatically called the witching hour!—the iron tongue of midnight has told ONE!

The letter found in his pocket gives a history of the transaction; it appears to be dictated by the warmest affection, and written by the woman he has just murdered, previous to her elopement.

"DEAR TOMMY,

"My mistress has been the best of women to me, and my conscience flies in my face as often as I think of wronging her; yet I am resolved to venture body and soul to do as you would have me, so do not fail to meet me as you said you would, for I shall bring along with me all the things I can lay my hands on. So no more at present; but I remain yours till death.

"ANN GILL."

THE FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY.

PLATE 4.—THE REWARD OF CRUELTY.

THE FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY.

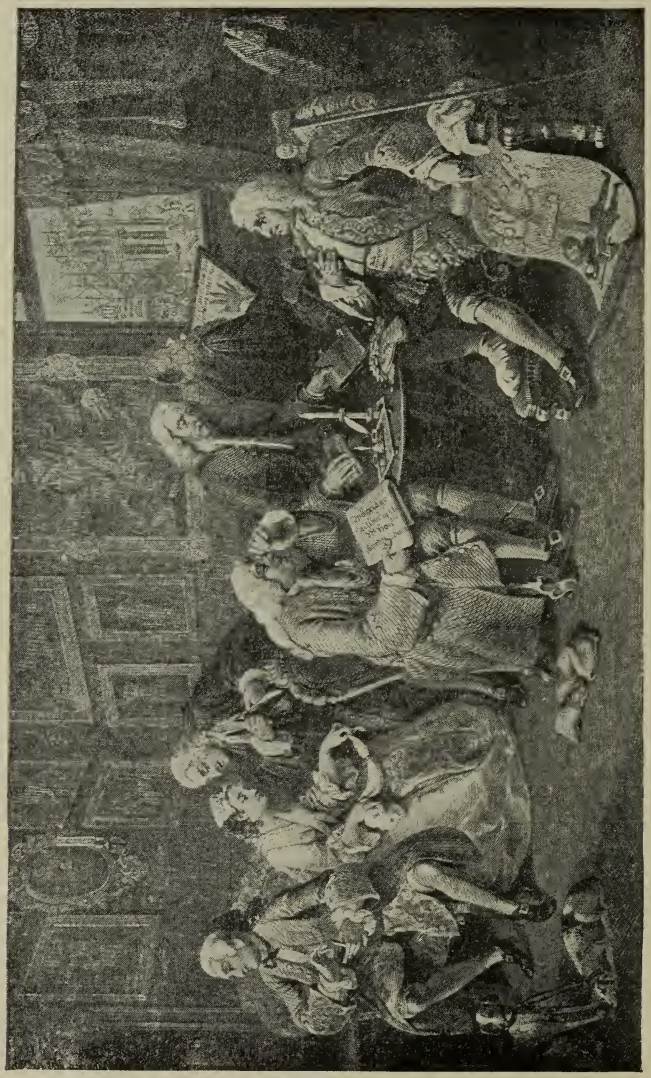
PLATE 4.—THE REWARD OF CRUELTY.

THE savage and diabolical progress of cruelty is now ended, and the thread of life severed by the sword of justice. From the place of execution the murderer is brought to Surgeons'-hall, and now represented under the knife of a dissector. This venerable person, as well as his coadjutor, who scoops out the criminal's eye, and a young student scarifying the leg, seem to have just as much feeling as the subject now under their inspection. A frequent contemplation of sanguinary scenes hardens the heart, deadens sensibility, and destroys every tender sensation.

Hogarth was most peculiarly accurate in those little markings which identify. The gunpowder initials T. N. on the arm, denote this to be the body of Thomas Nero. The face being impressed with horror has been objected to. It must be acknowledged that this is rather o'erstepping the modesty of nature; but he so rarely deviates from her laws, that a little poetical licence may be forgiven, where it produces humour or heightens character.

The skeletons, on each side of the print, are inscribed James Field (an eminent pugilist) and Maclean (a notorious robber) Both of these worthies died by a rope. They are pointing to the physician's crest which is carved on the upper part of the president's chair, viz. a hand feeling a pulse; taking a guinea would have been more appropriate to the practice. The heads of these two heroes of the halter are turned so as to seem ridiculing the president, "scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp." Every countenance in this grisly band is marked with that medical importance which dignifies the professors. Some of them we discover to be "from Caledonia's bleak and barren clime."

A fellow depositing the intestines in a pail, and a dog licking the murderer's heart, are disgusting and nauseous objects. The vessel where the skulls and bones bubble-bubble gives some idea of the infernal caldron of Hecate.



MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

PLATE 1.—THE CONTRACT.

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

PLATE 1.—THE CONTRACT.

THERE is always a something wanting to make men happy. The great think themselves not sufficiently rich, and the rich believe themselves not enough distinguished. This is the case of the alderman of London, and the motive which makes him covet for his daughter the alliance of a great lord; who, on his part, does not consent thereto but on condition of enriching his son: and this is what the painter calls Marriage a-la-Mode.

The portly nobleman, with the conscious dignity of high birth, displays his genealogical tree, the root of which is William, duke of Normandy, and conqueror of England. While he is thus glorying in the dust of which his ancestors were once compounded, the prudent citizen, who, in return for it, has parted with dust of a much more weighty and useful description, paying no regard to this heraldic blazonry, devotes all his attention to the marriage settlement. The haughty and supercilious peer is absorbed in the contemplation of his illustrious ancestry, while the worshipful alderman, regardless of the past, and considering the present as merely preparatory for the future, calculates what provision there will be for a young family. Engrossed by their favourite reflections, neither of these sagacious personages regard the want of attachment in those who are to be united as worthy a moment's consideration.

To do the viscount justice, he seems equally indifferent; for, though evidently in love,—it is with himself. Gazing in the mirror with delight, and, in an affected style, displaying his gold snuff-box and glittering ring, he is quite a husband a-la-mode. The lady, very well disposed to retaliate, and repays this chilling coldness with sullen contempt; her heart is not worth the viscount's attention, and she determines to bestow it on the first suitor.

An insidious lawyer, like an evil spirit, ever ready to move or second a temptation, appears beside her. That he is an eloquent pleader is intimated by his name, Counsellor Silvertongue: that he can make the worse appear the better cause, is only saying, in other words, that he is great in the profession. To predict that, with such an advocate, her virtue is in danger, would not be sufficiently expressive. His captivating tones, and insinuating manners, would have ensnared Lucretia.

Two dogs in a corner, coupled against their inclinations, are good emblems of the ceremony which is to pass.

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

PLATE 2.—THE BREAKFAST SCENE.

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

PLATE 2.—THE BREAKFAST SCENE.

THIS scene represents a saloon in the young nobleman's house, not long after the breaking up of a party. The clock shows us it is noon. We are to suppose, then, by the candles being still burning, that the day had been shut out, and converted into night; a circumstance not a little characteristic of the irregularity and disorder that reign within the house; and that, after an hour or two's sleep, madam is just risen to breakfast; whose rising has occasioned that of the family in general. This is intimated by one of the servants in the back-ground of this plate, who we are to understand, though scarce awake, has hurried on his clothes, in order to set the house in some measure to rights.

By the treatise of Hoyle upon the floor, we are taught the idle study of people of distinction, to whom books in general are disgusting, unless they tend to dissipation, or serve to instruct them in their favourite amusements.

With respect to the attitudes of the two principal figures, the fineness of the thought, and the particular exactness of the expressions, they must be allowed to be extremely beautiful. They are at the same time well introduced, as from the indifference that gives rise to them springs the destruction of this unhappy family.

An old faithful steward, who has a regard for the family, seems to have taken this opportunity (not being able to find a better) to settle his accounts; but the general disorder of the family, and the indisposition of his master and mistress, render it impossible. See him then returning in an attitude of concern, dreading the approaching ruin of them both. As a satire on the extravagance of the nobility, Hogarth has humorously put into this man's hands a number of unpaid bills, and placed upon the file only one receipt; intimating the general bad pay of people of quality.

Led, then, from one act of dissipation to another, the hero of this piece meets his destruction in hunting after reckless gambling and pleasure. Little does he imagine what misery awaits him, and what dreadful consequences will be the result of his proceedings; but determined to embrace the trifling happiness in view, he runs heedlessly on in his dissipated career, until he seals his unhappy fate.

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

PLATE 3.—THE SCENE WITH THE QUACK.

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

PLATE 3.—THE SCENE WITH THE QUACK.

In the two preceding prints, the hero and heroine of this tragedy show a fashionable indifference towards each other. On the part of the viscount, we see no indication of any wish to conciliate the affections of his lady. Careless of her conduct, and negligent of her fame, he leaves her to superintend the musical dissipations of his house, and lays the scene of his own licentious amusements abroad. The female heart is naturally susceptible, and much influenced by first impressions. Formed for love, and gratefully attached by delicate attentions; but chilled by neglect, and frozen by coldness,—by contempt it is estranged, and, by habitual and long-continued inconstancy, sometimes lost.

To show that our unfortunate victim to parental ambition has suffered this mortifying climax of provocation, the artist has made a digression, and exhibited her profligate husband attending a quack doctor. In the last plate he appears to have dissipated his fortune; in this he has injured his health. To show the consequence of his unrestrained wanderings, the author, in this plate, exhibits his hero in the house of one of those needy empyrics who play upon public credulity, and vend poisons under the name of drugs. That he was paid for what he did not perform, appears by the countenance of the enraged nobleman, who lifts up his cane in a threatening style, accompanying the action with a promise to bastinado both surgeon and procuress for having deceived him.

An horn of the sea unicorn is so placed as to give the idea of a barber's pole; this, with the pewter basin and broken comb, clearly indicates the former profession of our mock doctor. The high-crowned hat and antique spur, which might once have been the property of Butler's redoubted knight, the valiant Hudibras, with the model of the gallows, and sundry non-descript rarities, show us that this great man, if not already a member of the Antiquarian Society, is qualifying himself to be a candidate. The dried body in the glass case, placed between a skeleton and the sage's wig-block, form a trio that might serve as the symbol of a consultation of physicians.

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

PLATE 4.—THE TOILET SCENE.

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

PLATE 4.—THE TOILET SCENE.

By the old peer's death our fair heroine has attained the summit of her wishes, and become a countess. Intoxicated by this elevation, and vain of her new dignity, she ranges through the whole circle of frivolous amusements, and treads every maze of fashionable dissipation. Her excesses are rendered still more criminal, by the consequent neglect of domestic duties; for, by the coral on the back of her chair, we are led to suppose that she is a mother. Her morning levee is crowded with persons of rank, and attended by her paramour, and that contemptible shadow of man, an Italian singer, with whose dulcet notes two of our right honourable group seem in the highest degree enraptured.

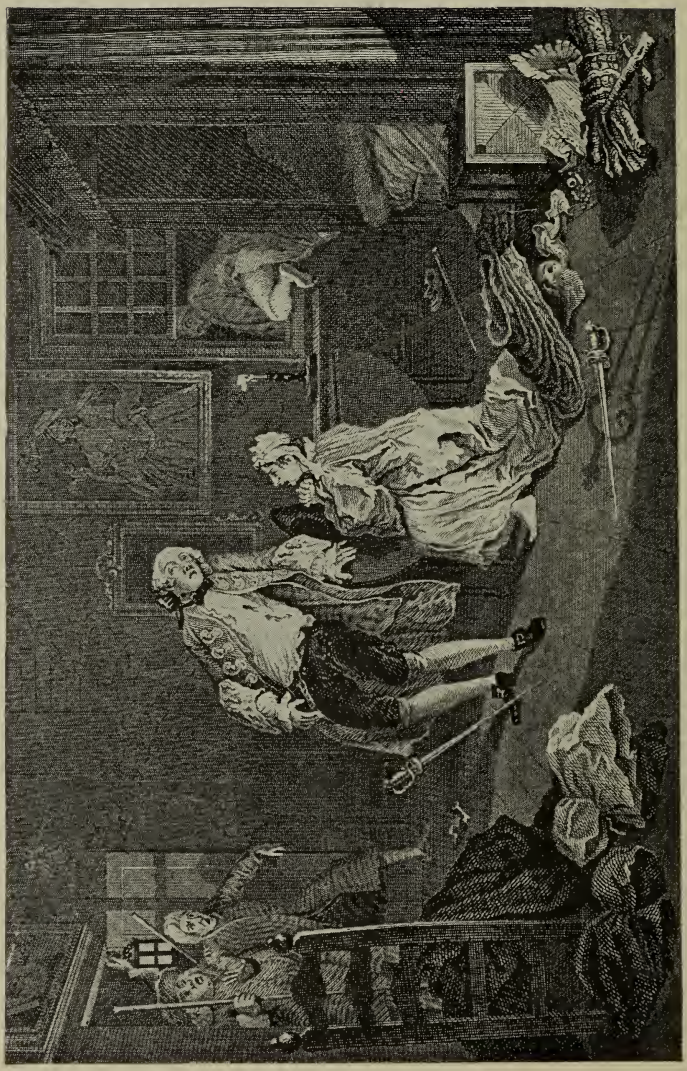
That our extravagant countess purchased the pipe of this expensive exotic in mere compliance to the fashion of the day, without any real taste for his mellifluous warblings, is intimated by the absorbed attention which she pays to the advocate, who, with the luxuriant indolent grace of an eastern effendi, is lolling on a sofa beside her. By his pointing to the folding screen, on which is delineated a masquerade revel, at the same time that he shows his infatuated inamorato a ticket of admission, we see that they are making an assignation for the evening. The fatal consequences of their unfortunate meeting are displayed in the two succeeding plates.

A Swiss servant, who is dressing her hair, has all the grimace of his country; he is the complete Canton of the Clandestine Marriage.

The contemptuous leer of a black footman, serving chocolate, is evidently directed to the singer, and forms an admirable contrast to the die-away lady seated before him, who, lost to every sense but that of hearing, is exalted to the third heaven by the enchanting song of this pampered Italian.

On the country gentleman, with a whip in his hand, it has quite a different effect; with the echoing tally ho! he would be exhilarated; by the soft sounds of Italia, his soul is lulled to rest.

The fine feeling creature with a fan suspended from its wrist is marked with that foolish face of praise, which understands nothing, but admires every thing—that it is the ton to admire! The taper supporters of monsieur, en papillote, are admirably opposed to the lumbering pedestals of our mummy of music. The figure behind him blows a flute with every muscle of his face.



MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

PLATE 5.—THE DEATH OF THE EARL.

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

PLATE 5.—THE DEATH OF THE EARL.

OUR exasperated peer, suspecting his wife's infidelity, follows her in disguise to the masquerade, and from thence traces these two votaries of vice to a house of bad repute. He bursts open the door, and attacks the spoiler of his honour with a drawn sword. Too much irritated to be prudent, and too violent to be cautious, he thinks only of revenge; and, making a furious thrust at his enemy, neglects his own guard, and is mortally wounded.

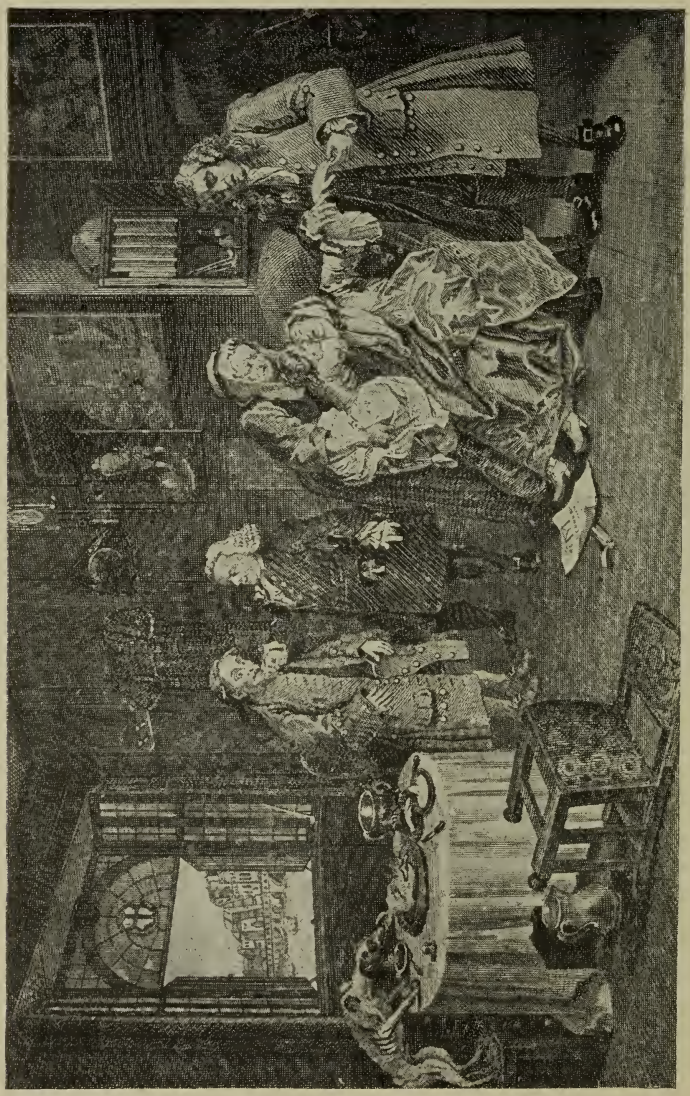
The miscreant who had basely destroyed his peace, and deprived him of life, is not bold enough to meet the consequences. Destitute of that courage which is the companion of virtue, possessing no spark of that honour which ought to distinguish the gentleman, and dreading the avenging hand of offended justice, he makes a mean and precipitate retreat.

Leaving him to the fate which awaits him, let us return to the deluded countess. Feeling some pangs from a recollection of her former conduct, some touches of shame at her detection, and a degree of horror at the fate of her husband, she kneels at his feet, and entreats forgiveness.

There is reason to fear that they flow from regret at the detection, rather than remorse for the crime; a woman vitiated in the vortex of dissipation is not likely to feel that ingenuous shame which accompanies a good mind torn by the consciousness of having deviated from the path of virtue.

Alarmed at the noise occasioned by this fatal rencontre, the inmates of the house call a watchman. Accompanied by a constable, this nocturnal guardian is ushered into the room by the master of the house, whose meagre and trembling figure is well opposed to the consequential magistrate of the night. The watchman's lantern we see over their heads, but the bearer knows his duty is to follow his superiors, conscious that, though the front may be a post of honour, yet, in a service of danger, the rear is a station of safety.

Our counsellor's mask lies on the floor, and grins horribly, as if conscious of the fatal catastrophe. Dominos, shoes, &c., scattered around the room, show the negligence of the ill-fated countess, unattended by her femme de chambre. From a faggot, and the shadow of a pair of tongs, we may infer that there is a fire in the room. A bill near them implies that this elegant apartment is at the Turk's Head.



MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

PLATE 6. – THE DEATH OF THE COUNTESS.

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

PLATE 6.—THE DEATH OF THE COUNTESS.

THE last sad scene of our unfortunate heroine's life is in the house of her father, to which she had returned after her husband's death. The law could not consider her as the primary cause of his murder; but consciousness of her own guilt was more severe punishment than that could have inflicted. This, added to her father's reproaches, and the taunts of those who were once her friends, renders society hateful and solitude insupportable. Wounded in every feeling, tortured in every nerve, and seeing no prospect of a period to her misery, she takes the horrid resolution of ending all her calamities by poison.

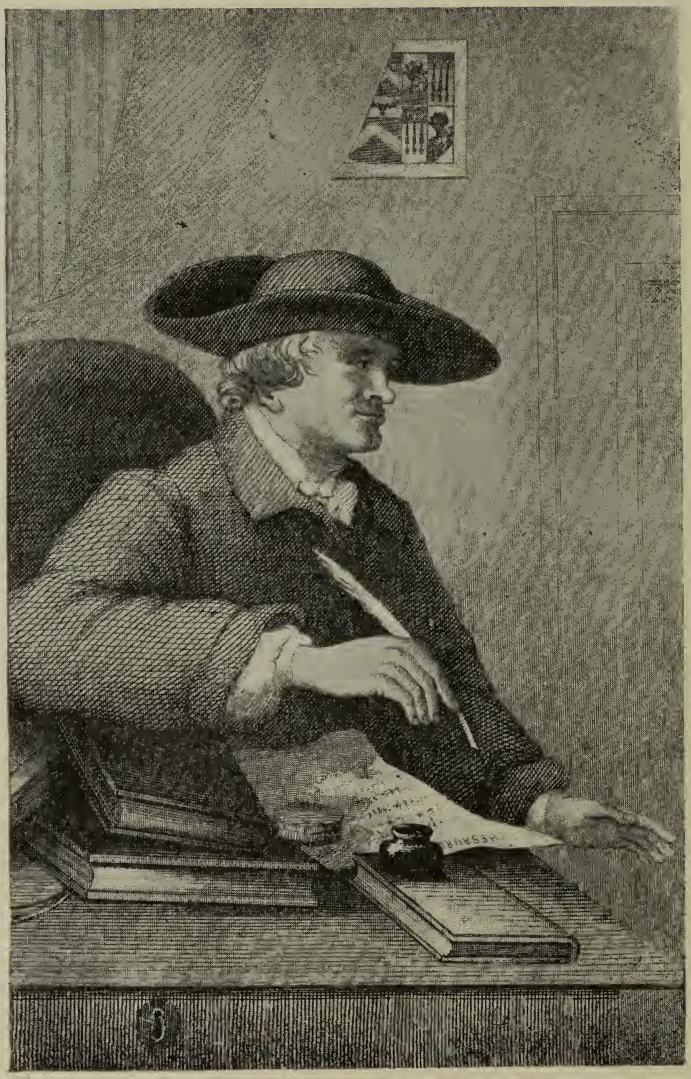
Dreadful as is this resolve, she puts it in execution by bribing the servant of her father to procure her a dose of laudanum. Close to the vial, which lies on the floor, Hogarth has judiciously placed Counsellor Silvertongue's last dying speech, thus intimating that he also has suffered the punishment he justly merited.

Her avaricious father, seeing his daughter at the point of death, and knowing the value of her diamond ring, determined to secure this glittering gem from the depredations of the old nurse, coolly draws it from her finger.

A rickety child, heir to the complaints of its father, shows some tenderness for its expiring mother; and the grievous whine of an old nurse is most admirably described. These are the only two of the party who exhibit any marks of sorrow for the death of our wretched countess.

The smug apothecary, indeed, displays some symptoms of vexation at his patient dying before she has taken his julep, the label of which hangs out of his pocket. Pointing to the dying speech, he threatens the terrified footboy with a punishment similar to that of the counsellor for having bought the laudanum. The fellow protests his innocence, and promises never more to be guilty of a like offence. The effects of fear on an ignorant rustic cannot be better delineated, nor is it easy to conceive a more ludicrous figure than this awkward retainer, drssed in an old full-trimmed coat, which, in its better days. had been the property of his master.

Thus has our moral dramatist concluded his tragedy, and brought his heroine from dissipation and vice to misery and shame, terminating her existence by suicide! From the whole we may form a just estimate of the value of riches and high birth, when abused by prodigality or degraded by vice.



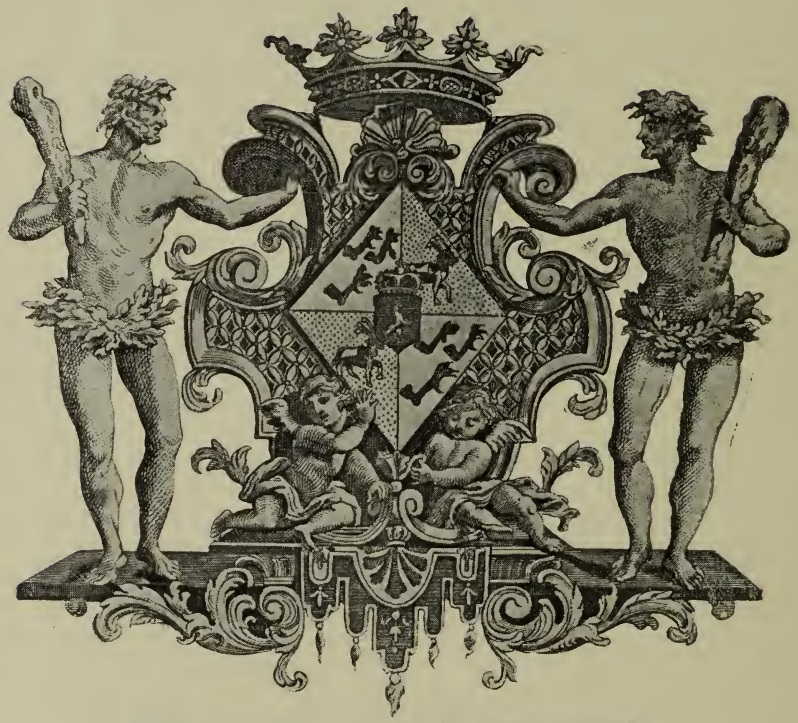
REV. DR. T. MORELL, S.T.P., S,S.A.

REV. DR. THOMAS MORELL.

In the year 1762, Hogarth gave to the public this excellent portrait of his intimate friend and neighbour; who, being very fond of music, was drawn by our artist in the character of a cynic philosopher, with an organ near him, which was his instrument. This portrait, engraved by Mr Basire, and certainly an admirable likeness, was prefixed to Dr Morell's "Thesaurus" of Greek poetry, printed at Eton in 1762.

Dr Morell was born at Eton, in Buckinghamshire, March 18, 1703; his father's name was Thomas, and his mother kept a boarding-house in the college. At the age of twelve he was admitted on the foundation at Eton School, and was elected thence to King's College, Cambridge, August 3, 1722. In 1775 he was appointed chaplain to the garrison at Portsmouth; and for several years preached the botanical lecture at Shoreditch Church. He was a very early contributor to the Gentlemen's Magazine: but his first detached publication was a work entitled, "Poems on Divine Subjects," original, and translated from the Latin of M. Hierom. Vida. With large Annotations. Lond. 1732, 8vo.

He was afterwards the author and editor of many learned works; and had at one time a newspaper controversy with the Methodists, in which he was frequently known to display great quickness. He lived at Turnham Green, and was in habits of the greatest intimacy with Hogarth. He died, much lamented, February 19, 1784, and was buried eight days afterwards, at Chiswick. In the epistles of Seneca, one of Dr Morell's posthumous works, there are many not unagreeable specimens of the garrulity of age. "Old as I am," says the translator, "I never knew an injury which was not easily forgiven." This was at the close of life; and there are few but would be pleased to hear an old man make such a declaration. He imitated the peculiar manner of Seneca with considerable spirit, and at the same time gave a correct and faithful translation. He devoted a long life to classical learning, and though his attainments or his keenness were not equal to those of a Porson, he rendered many services to classical readers. Nor should it be forgotten that the calls of literature never rendered him neglectful of his duty as a clergyman.



ARMS OF THE DUCHESS OF KENDALL.

ARMS OF THE DUCHESS OF KENDALL.

THIS print may with great justice and credit to the abilities of our artist be held forth as an exemplification of his superior taste and skill in the profession. The boys are grouped with a simplicity and elegance in their attitudes not unworthy the pencil of Cipriani; nor is the drawing of the savages who support the armorial bearings less to be admired; the manner in which they are etched denotes a freedom of style and superiority of taste rarely to be met with in works of this kind.

These arms were engraved on a large silver dish which was sent to Mrs Godfrey, a silversmith in Norris Street in the Haymarket, to be melted down. The lady for whom this plate was engraved was a German countess, named Erengard Schuylemberg She came to England soon after the accession of King George the First to the throne, with whom she is said to have been closely connected. She was created in July, 1716, in the second year of his reign, Baroness of Dundalk, in the county of Lowth, Countess and Marchioness of Dungannon, in the county of Tyrone, and Duchess of the province of Munster, all in the kingdom of Ireland. In April, 1719, she received the additional titles of Baroness of Glastonbury, in the county of Somerset, Countess of Faversham, in the county of Kent, and Duchess of Kendall, in the county of Westmoreland, all in the kingdom of England. From the lozenge in which these arms are enclosed, this lady was apparently a spinster. But it is somewhat singular that the arms of a Duke of Kendall should have been engraved on some pieces of plate about that period, and that evidently by the graver of Hogarth.

Of these arms there are four different specimens now extant, within a male shield, and with a ducal coronet. They may have possibly been her own arms as a German countess, as the coronet, though ducal, varies materially from that here introduced. If so, Hogarth might have copied them on her plate at her first arrival in this country, before she received English honours.

Though this lady had no son, she certainly had a niece, or nearer relative, named Melosina de Schuylemberg, created Countess of Walsingham, Baroness of Aldborough, in the county of York, by patent, bearing date 7th of April, 1722. She married Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, and died without issue in 1773.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH AND ANNA BOLEYNE.

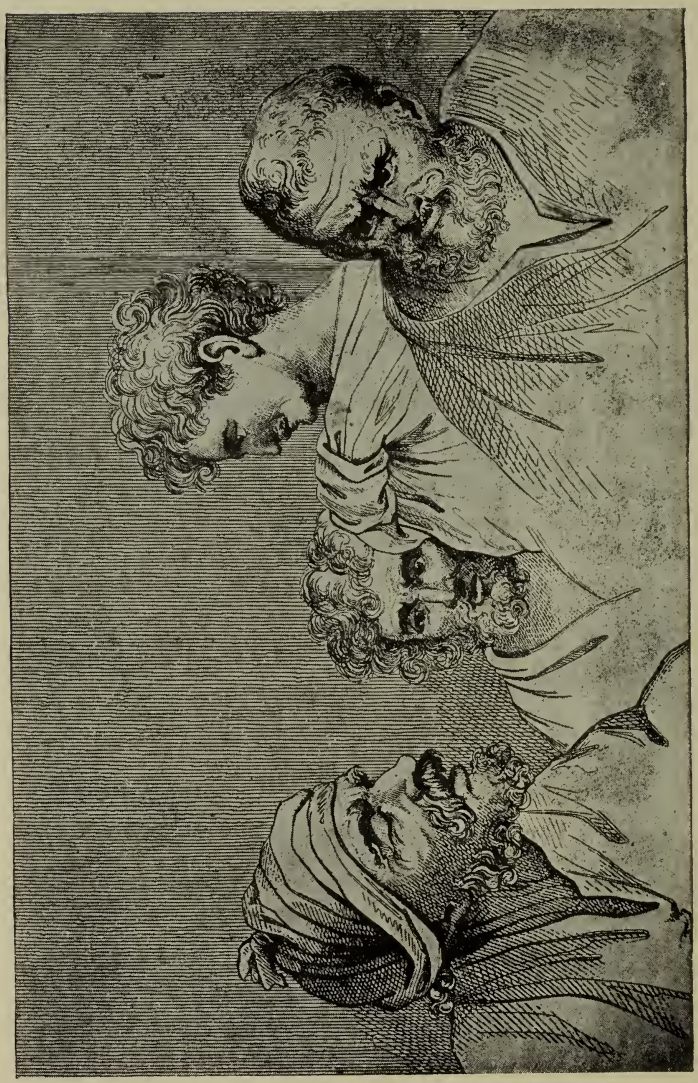
KING HENRY THE EIGHTH AND ANNA BOLEYNE.

THIS plate has very idly been imagined to contain the portraits of Frederick Prince of Wales and Lady Vane; but the stature and faces both of the lady and Percy are totally unlike their supposed originals. Underneath are the following verses by Allan Ramsay:—

"Here struts old pious Harry, once the great
Reformer of the English church and state:
'Twas thus he stood, when Anna Boleyne's charms
Allured the amorous monarch to her arms;
With his right hand he leads her as his own,
To place this matchless beauty on his throne;
Whilst Kate and Percy mourn their wretched fate,
And view the royal pair with equal hate,
Reflecting on the pomp of glittering crowns,
And arbitrary power that knows no bounds.
Whilst Wolsey, leaning on his throne of state,
Through this unhappy change foresees his fate,
Contemplates wisely upon worldly things,
The cheat of grandeur, and the faith of kings."

Ramsay seems to have been particularly attached to Hogarth. He subscribed for thirty copies of the large Hudibras.

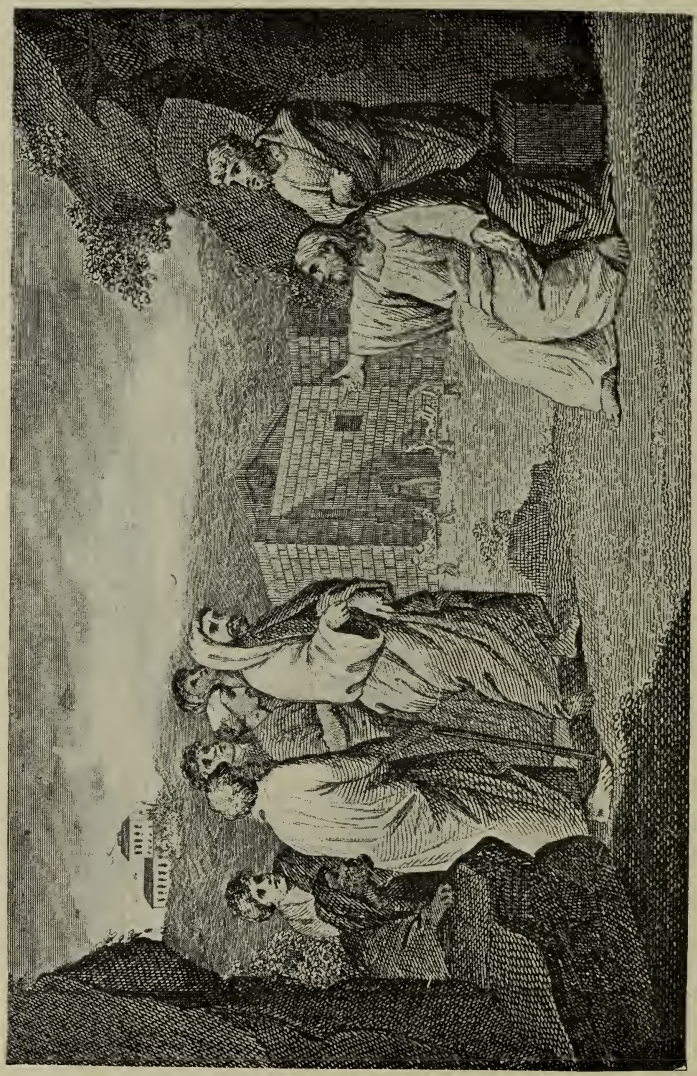
The original picture was at Vauxhall, in the portico of the old great room, on the right hand of the entry into the garden.



FOUR HEADS FROM THE CARTOONS AT HAMPTON COURT.

FOUR HEADS FROM THE CARTOONS AT HAMPTON COURT.

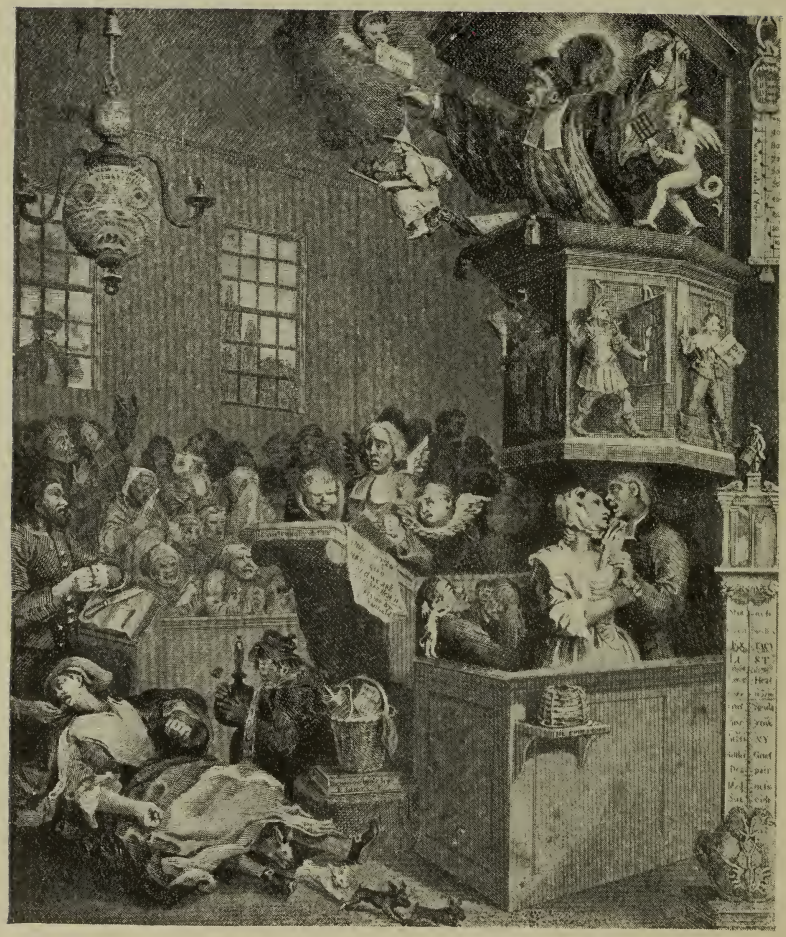
Mr Walpole, in his "Anecdotes of Painting," &c., speaking of Sir James Thornhill's attention to these celebrated pictures, has the following remark: "He made copious studies of the heads, hands, and feet, and intended to publish an exact account of the whole for the use of students, but his work never appeared."—"As this plate was found among others belonging to the late Mr Hogarth, it is not impossible but that it might have been engraved by him for his father-in-law's (Sir James) intended publication. It was published as the Act directs, May 14, 1781, by Mrs Hogarth, at the Golden Head, Leicester Fields."



TICKET FOR THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

TICKET FOR THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

THIS ticket was designed by Hogarth and engraved by Mr C. Grignion. It represents Christ and His disciples, with persons at a distance carried to an hospital. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—St. Matthew, chap. xxv., verse 40. As the charitable foundation of the London Hospital was instituted in 1740, it is probable this ticket was engraved soon afterwards.



CREDULITY, SUPERSTITION, AND FANATICISM.

CREDULITY, SUPERSTITION, AND FANATICISM.

LORD BACON somewhere remarks that superstition is worse than infidelity. It takes from religion every attraction, every comfort. The place of humble hope, and patient resignation, being supplied by melancholy, despair, and madness!

To check the inundation of absurdity which deemed carnal reason profane, and was not to be combated by argument, Mr Hogarth designed this print; and though the delineation was made in his sixty-fourth year, in satire, wit, and imagination, it is superior to any of his preceding works.

The text, "I speak as a fool," is a type of the preacher, whose strength of lungs is a convenient substitute for strength of argument. By these violent agitations his gown flies open, and discovers that this Proteus of the pulpit is arrayed in a harlequin's jacket; and his wig falling off displays the shaven crown of a Jesuit.

Between two duck-winged cherubs, who are studying the laughing and crying gamut, is the harpy clerk. This crook-mouthed echo of absurdity has the true physiognomy of a Tartuffe; every feature is charged with hypocrisy.

The sanguinary Jew, while he leans upon an altar, on which lies a knife inscribed bloody, sacrifices to his revenge an unfortunate insect, which he caught carelessly wandering on the environs of his head.

Beneath is Mrs Tofts of Godalming, well known in the annals of credulity; in the violence of her paroxysm she breaks a dram glass with her teeth.

Next to Mrs Tofts is a possessed shoeblack, coolly clearing his stomach of a quantity of hob-nails and iron staples. The book on which our sable professor of necromancy has deposited his basket, is King James on Demonology.

The ridicule is wound up by a Turk, who we see through a window, and lifting up his eyes with astonishment at the scene.

Beneath is a figure of the Tedworth drummer, who so wickedly disturbed the family of Mr Mompesson, and in the frame below a representation of Fanny, the phantom of Cock Lane, with her hammer in her right hand.

On the preacher's left hand, suspended to a ring inserted in a human nostril, hangs the scale of vociferation. A natural tone is at the bottom, but the speaker's tone is described by the distended mouth above the scale, inscribed bull roar.

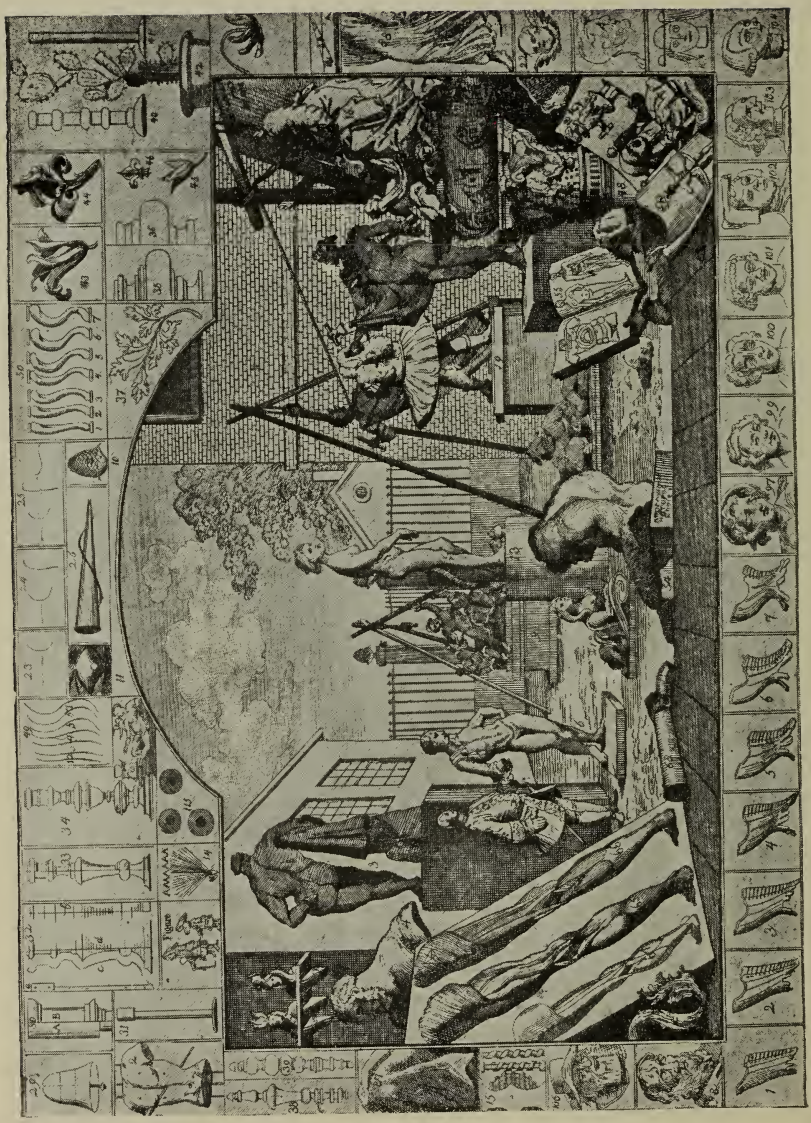


PLATE I.—ANALYSIS OF BEAUTY.

THE ANALYSIS OF BEAUTY.

PLATE 1.

OUR Artist, in his own portrait, engraved as a frontispiece to his works in 1745, having drawn a serpentine line on a painter's palette, and denominated it *the line of beauty*, found himself frequently involved in disputes, and called upon to explain the qualities of this line; he therefore determined to commence another, and in 1753 published a treatise, entitled "The Analysis of Beauty," in order to show that the line of beauty is serpentine, as well as to fix the fluctuating ideas of taste, by establishing a standard of beauty. "In Plate 1, fig. 19," observes Mr Nichols, "the fat personage, dressed in a Roman habit, and elevated on a pedestal, was designed, as Hogarth himself acknowledged, for a ridicule on Quin in the character of *Coriolanus*. Essex, the dancing-master, is also represented in the act of endeavouring to reduce the graceful attitude of Antinus to modern stiffness. Fig. 20 was likewise meant for the celebrated Desnoyer dancing in a grand ballet."

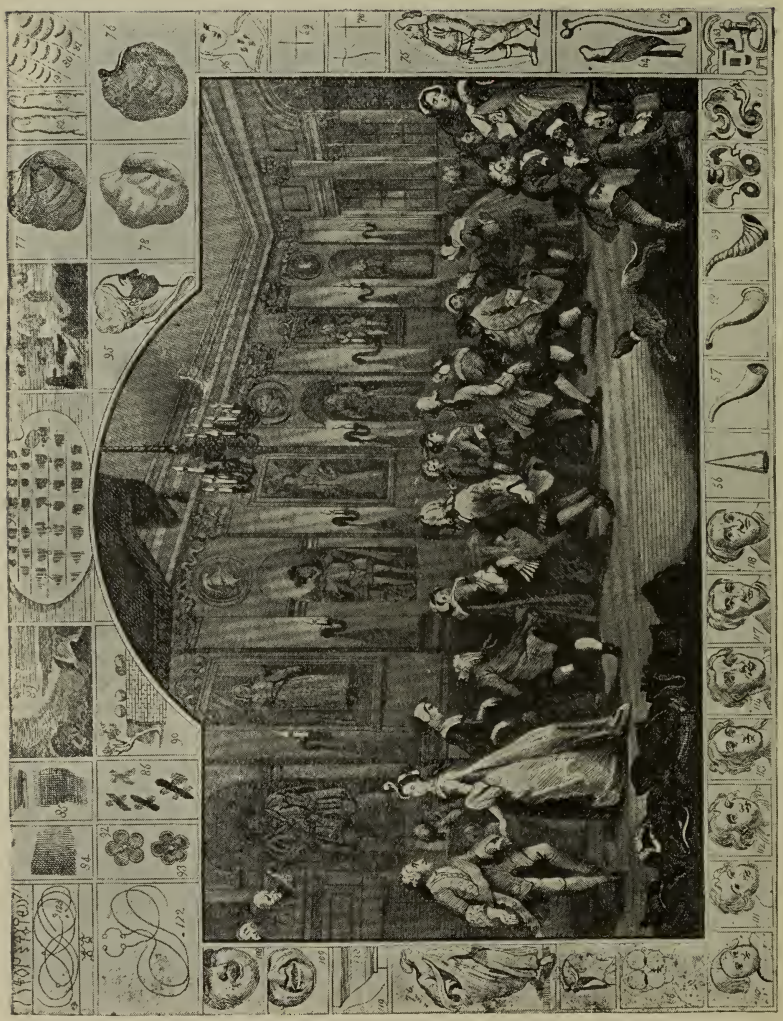
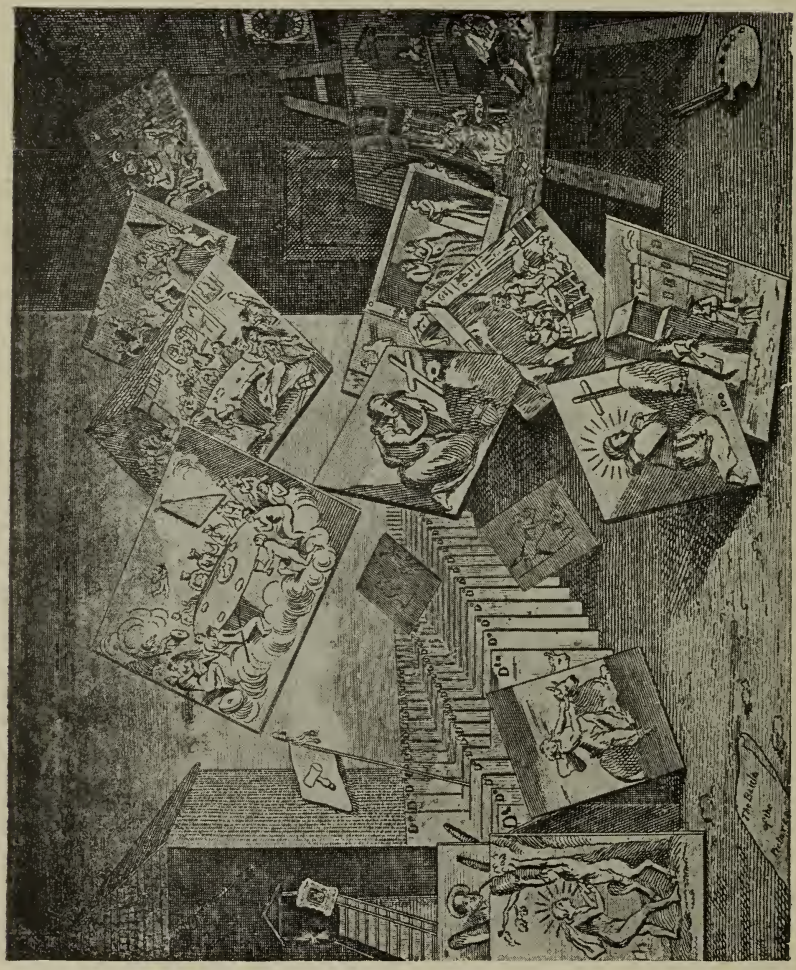


PLATE 2.—ANALYSIS OF BEAUTY.

THE ANALYSIS OF BEAUTY.

PLATE 2.

THIS design was made about the year 1728, and is said to be a grotesque representation of the Wanstead Assembly, and contains portraits of the first Earl Tilney, his Countess, &c. In the tall young lady he has evidently aimed at Milton's description of motion—smooth. sliding without step; but her air is affected. Her noble partner was intended for a portrait of George III., then Prince of Wales. It might be a just representation of the Wanstead belles and beaux, but since that period we have had so many ship-loads of grace imported from the Continent, and such numbers of well-educated gentlemen, who have exerted their talents in perfecting the divine art of dancing, that this picture would not do for the present day.



THE BATTLE OF THE PICTURES.

THE BATTLE OF THE PICTURES.

On this plate, which was intended as an admission ticket to bid for our artist's works at an auction, is written, "The bearer hereof is entitled (if he thinks proper) to be a bidder for Mr Hogarth's pictures, which are to be sold on the last day of this month [February, 1744-5]."

In one corner of this very ludicrous print Hogarth has represented an auction-room. A catalogue and a carpet (properly enough called the flags of distress) are now the signs of a sale; but here, at the end of a long pole, we have an unfurled standard, emblazoned with that oracular talisman of an auction-room, the fate-deciding hammer.

Beneath is a picture of St. Andrew on the Cross, with an immense number of fac-similes, each inscribed Ditto.

Apollo, who is flaying Marsyas, has no mark of a deity except the rays which beam from his head; he is placed under a projecting branch, and we may truly say, the tree shadows what it ought to support. The coolness of poor Marsyas is perfectly philosophical; he endures tortures with the apathy of a Stoic.

The third tier is made up by a herd of Jupiters and Europas; of which interesting subject, as well as the foregoing, there are dittos *ad infinitum*. These invaluable tableaus being unquestionably painted by the great Italian masters, is a proof of their unremitting industry; their labours evade calculation! for had they acquired the polygraphic art of striking-off pictures with the facility that printers roll off copper-plates, and each of them attained the age of Methuselah, they could not have painted all that are exhibited under their names. Nothing is therefore left us to suppose but that some of these undoubted originals were painted by some of their disciples. Such are the collection of fac similes.

The other pictures are drawn up in battle-array; we will begin with that of St. Francis, the corner of which is, in a most unpropitious way, driven through Hogarth's Morning. The third painting of the Harlot's Progress suffers equal degradation from a weeping Madonna; while the splendid saloon of the repentant pair in Marriage a-la-Mode is broken by the Aldobrandini Marriage.

Thus far is rather in favour of the ancients; but the aerial combat has a different termination, for, by the riotous scene in the Rake's Progress, a hole is made in Titian's Feast of Olympus; and a Bacchanalian, by Rubens, shares the same fate from the Modern Midnight Conversation. The figures are etched with great spirit, and have strong character. In ridicule of the preference given to old pictures, he exercised not only his pencil but his pen.

A WOMAN SWEARING A CHILD TO A RICH CITIZEN.

A WOMAN SWEARING HER CHILD TO A RICH CITIZEN.

"Here pregnant madam screens the real sire,
And falsely swears her bastard child for hire,
Upon a rich old lecher; who denies
The fact, and vows the naughty hussy lies.
His wife, enrag'd, exclaims against her spouse,
And swears she ll be reveng'd upon his brows;
The jade, the justice, and churchwardens agree,
And force him to provide security."

THESE curious Rhymes, engraven under the original print, in some degree describe the ceremony it represents. The original picture, from which it is taken, was one of our artist's early productions.

Picart, in his fourth volume of "The Religious Ceremonies of all Nations," has introduced a copy of this print, accompanied with the following explanation:—

"Many other customs might find a place here, but we dare not crowd in too great a number of those trifles, except two or three of the most remarkable. The first is what the description here annexed calls the breeding woman's oath; a custom not to be met with in other countries, which is so fantastical, or rather unjust, that it would be a prejudice to the laws of England if we were to judge of their equity by that practice. Suppose any of these girls, which may be called amphibious (being neither wives nor virgins), is found to be with child. She does not, or will not pretend to know the father of this child. In order to free herself from the trouble of maintaining it when born, she looks out for some rich man, upon whom she intends to father it. Generally, they say, she pitches upon some good citizen, though she does not know him, or may be has never seen him. Then she goes before a justice of the peace—summons the pretended father to appear before him, and in his presence swears upon the Bible, which the clerk holds to her, that she owns and declares that such a one, whom she has summoned to appear, is the father of her child. How far the equivocal expressions and restrictions of that oath may excuse her from perjury, let a good casuist be the judge. However, the man thus named and sworn to by this formality of law, is obliged to pay an arbitrary fine, and to agree upon a sum of money for the maintenance of the child."

THE INHABITANTS OF THE MOON;

OR ROYALTY, EPISCOPACY, AND LAW.

THE INHABITANTS OF THE MOON;

OR, ROYALTY, EPISCOPACY, AND LAW.

Some of the principal Inhabitants of ye Moon, as they were perfectly discover'd by a telescope brought to ye greatest perfection since ye last eclipse, exactly engraved from the objects, whereby ye curious may guess at their religion, manners, &c.

ABOUT the year 1750 (if we may judge by the wigs and style of dress) appeared the original of this severe satire on Royalty, Episcopacy, and Law.

The scene is supposed to be in the clouds, where, on a platform, the principal characters are seated. The head of the Monarch is either a crown-piece or a guinea. The collar of Esses is ludicrously changed to a string of bubbles; his breast is decorated with a pointed star; and on the top of the globe and sceptre is a crescent, alluding to his lunar situation. Beneath his throne is a circle, perhaps intended as an emblem of perpetuity.

The satire on Episcopacy is still more strongly pointed. The face of the Bishop is formed of a Jew's harp, which may probably allude to his religious tenets having arisen out of the doctrines of Judaism. He is pulling a bell-rope that is fastened to the Bible, which serves as a lever to act upon a machine. The lower part is a mill, but the upper part a steeple, having a vane at the top of it, and a bell, plainly seen in the act of ringing or working—intimating, that by this instrument he works out of the church these good things, without which he would set little value upon his spiritualities. This treasure falls into a coffer, sarcastically marked as his own by the armorial bearings, a knife and a fork, with the mitre added as a crest. Beneath the Episcopal robe peeps a cloven foot; and, if we may judge by the weather-cock, the motion of the pump is in some degree acted upon by the King, in whose quarter the wind seems to set.

The head of Law appears to be made of a large mallet or wedge. To this metaphor we can give no explanation; nor is the enormous size of the sword, which seems to betray more than common justice, an allusion so clearly understood as some other parts of the design. The composition of the courtiers who attend Monarchy, &c., is well conceived, and marks the contempt our artist entertained for the danglers in that situation.

JOHN WILKES, ESQ., POLITICIAN.

PORTRAIT OF JOHN WILKES, ESQ., POLITICIAN.

HERE Wilkes is represented with the "Cap of Liberty" above his head, and on his right hand are two political papers which he acknowledged himself to have written.

The portrait seems to have been taken to a considerable extent when Wilkes was being tried at the Court of Common Pleas, as Hogarth was present with a port-crayon on that occasion. To give an account of Wilkes' political career would take more space than can here be spared, but the undernoted lines describe the man fairly well in very little space:—

> "Enough of Wilkes,—to good and honest men
> His actions speak much stronger than my pen."
>
> —CHURCHILL.

THE MAN OF TASTE.

THE MAN OF TASTE.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

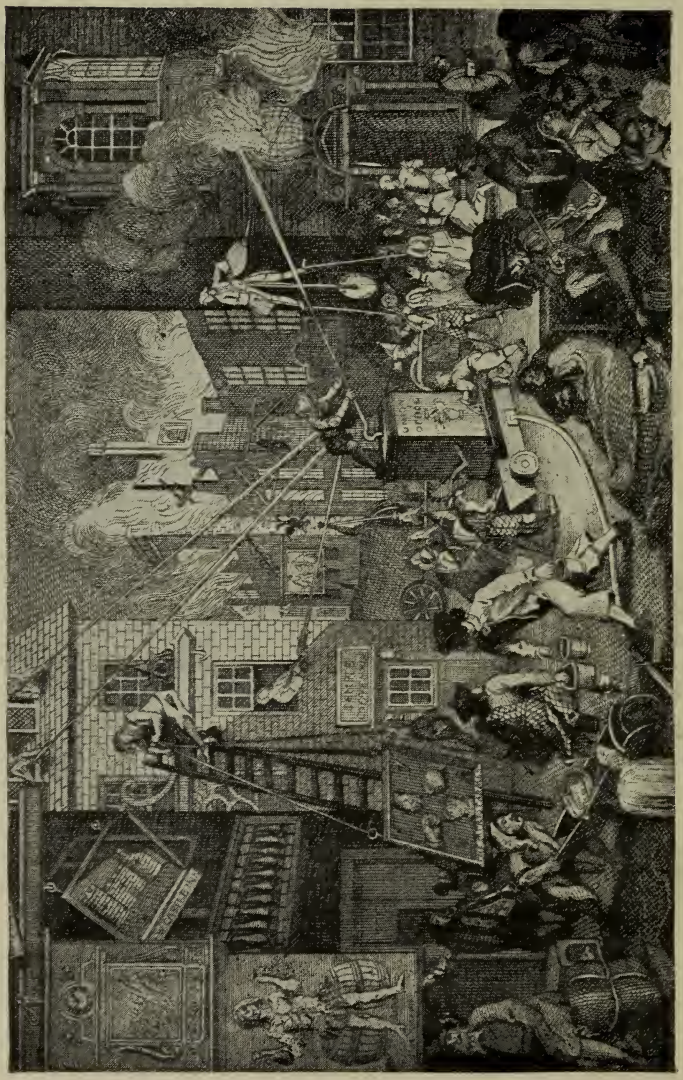
A—Plasterer whitewashing and bespattering.
B—Anybody that comes in his way.
C—Not a Duke's Coach, as appears by the crescent at one corner.
D—Taste.
E—A standing proof.
F—A labourer.

THIS print exhibits the gate of Burlington House, Pope whitewashing it, and bespattering the Duke of Chandos's coach. "*A Satire on Pope's Epistle on Taste. No name.*" It has been already observed that the plate was suppressed; and, if this be true, the suppression may be accounted for from the following inscription lately met with at the back of one of the copies:—

"Bot. this book of Mr Wayte, at the Fountain Tavern, in the Strand, in the presence of Mr Draper, who told me he had it of the printer, Mr W. Rayner.

J. COSINS."

On this attested memorandum a prosecution seems meant to have been founded. Cosins was an attorney, and Pope was desirous on all occasions to make the law the engine of his revenge.



THE TIMES.

PLATE I.—THE GLOBE ON FIRE.

THE TIMES.

PLATE 1.—THE GLOBE ON FIRE.

In this print the globe, which must here be considered as the world, though it appears to be no more than a tavern sign, is represented on fire, and Mr Pitt, exalted on stilts, which are held by the surrounding multitude, blowing up the flames with a large pair of bellows; his attendants are composed of butchers, with marrow bones and cleavers, a hallooing mob armed with clubs, and a trio of London aldermen in the act of adoration.

From the neck of this idol of the populace is suspended a Cheshire cheese with £3,000 on it. This alludes to what he said in Parliament, that he would sooner live on a Cheshire cheese and a shoulder of mutton than submit to the enemies of Great Britain.

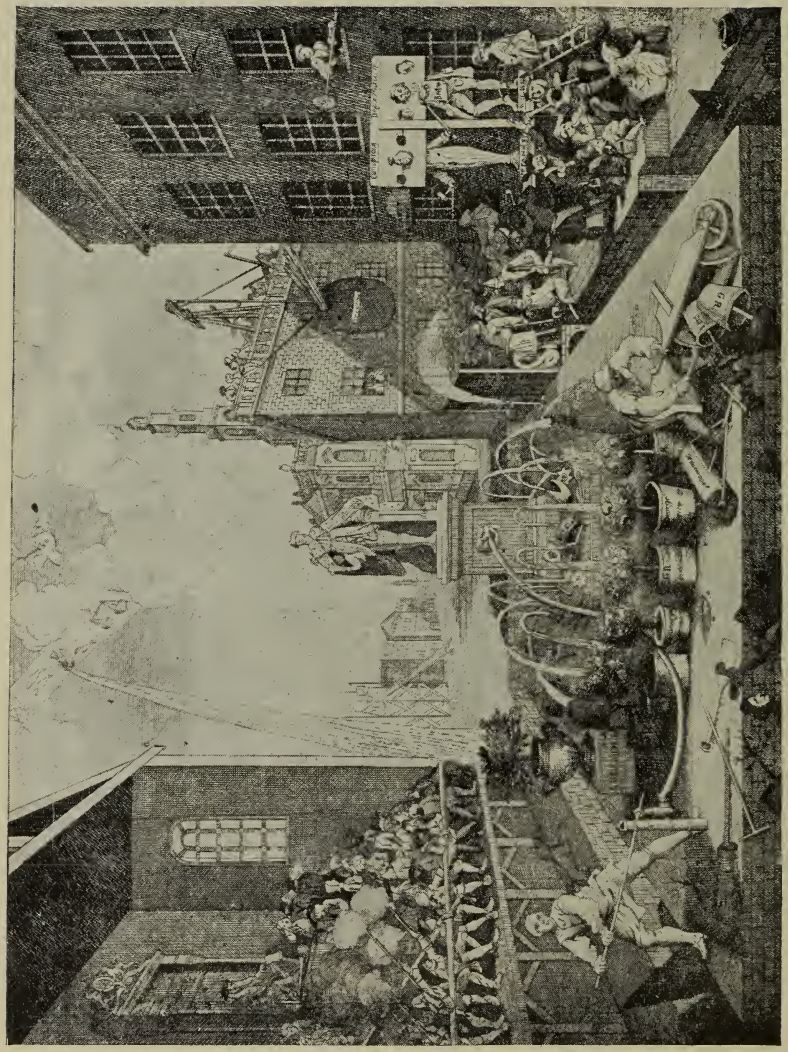
Lord Bute, attended by English soldiers, sailors, and Highlanders, manages an engine for extinguishing the flames, but is impeded by the Duke of Newcastle, with a wheel-barrow full of *Monitors* and *North Britons* for the purpose of feeding the blaze.

The respectable body under Mr Pitt are the aldermen of London worshipping the idol they had set up, whilst the musical King of Prussia, who alone is sure to gain by the war, is amusing himself with a violin amongst his miserable countrywomen.

The picture of the Indian alludes to the advocates for retaining our West Indian conquests, which it was said would only increase excess and debauchery.

The breaking down of the Newcastle Arms, and the drawing up the patriotic ones, refer to the resignation of that noble duke, and the appointment of his successor.

The Dutchman smoking his pipe, and the fox peeping out behind him and awaiting the issue; the waggon with the treasures of the Hermoine; the unnecessary march of the militia, signified by the Norfolk jig; the dove with the olive branch, and the miseries of war—are sufficiently intelligible, and need no explanation



THE TIMES.

PLATE 2.—A POLITICAL PRINT.

THE TIMES.

PLATE 2.—A POLITICAL PRINT.

By his first print of *The Times*, our artist, observes Mr Ireland roused two very formidable adversaries; and they treated him with as much ceremony as two deputies from the Bow Street magistrates would an incendiary or an assassin. To defend himself from these furious assailants, he had no shield but a copper-plate—no weapons but a pencil and a burin. But, though this print was engraved during the time of the contest, it was not published while he lived. Whether a sudden change in politics—a supposed ambiguity in part of his design—or the advice of judicious or timid friends, induced him to suppress his work, cannot now be ascertained; but whatever were the reasons, his widow's respect for his memory induced her to adopt the same conduct. From these considerations she never suffered more than one impression to be taken, and that was struck off at the earnest request of Lord Exeter.

In withholding this plate from the public she acted prudently; in attempting to describe it we should be thought to act otherwise. To enter into a discrimination of characters who now live, or step upon ashes which are not yet cold, is liable to invidious construction.

The judicious Mr Ireland also observes of this plate, "That though several of the figures are marked in a style so obtrusive that they cannot be mistaken, there are others where I can only guess at the originals. From those who were engaged in the politics of that day, I have sought information, but their communications have been neither important nor consistent with each other; they generally ended in an acknowledgment, 'that in thirty years they had forgotten much that they once knew, and which, if now recollected, would materially elucidate.' To this was added, what I am compelled to admit, that parts of the print are obscure."

The exact time when this print was engraved is not positively ascertained, but it is conjectured to have been some time in the year 1762. A small part of the sky was left unfinished, and in that state still remains.

THE FARMER'S RETURN.

THE FARMER'S RETURN.

THE interlude of the "Farmer's Return" was written by Garrick, in which piece he is here represented in the character of the Farmer. This interlude made its appearance soon after the coronation, and in it the author displayed his accustomed theatrical management and knowledge of the town.

The fashions and follies of the times are caught in the happiest manner, and the bauble of a coronation, with the imposture of the Cock Lane Ghost, are inimitably described by our Roscius, in the character in which he is here delineated.

The piece was addressed to Mr Hogarth, and the preface speaks the high opinion which the author entertained of the artist's merits and friendship.

The original of this sketch was in black chalk, and was evidently drawn from nature.

THE ALTAR PIECE OF ST. CLEMENTS DANES CHURCH.

THE ALTAR-PIECE AT ST. CLEMENTS DANES CHURCH.

HOGARTH'S OWN EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

"This Print is exactly Engraiv'd after ye Celebrated Altar-Peice in St. Clements Church, which has been taken down by Order of ye Lord Bishop of London (as 'tis thought) to prevent Disputs and Laying of Wagers among ye Parrshioners about ye Artist's meaning in it. For publick Satisfaction here is a particular Explanation of it humbly Offer'd to be writ under ye *Original*, that it may be put up again, by which means ye Parish'es 60 pounds, which they nisely gave for it, may not be Entirely lost.'

1st. 'Tis not the Pretender's Wife and Children, as our weak brethren imagin.

2ly. Nor St. Cecilia, as the *Connoisseurs* think, but a Choir of Angells playing in Consort.

A An Organ.
B An Angel playing on it.
C The Shortest Ioint of the Arm.
D The longest Ioint.
E An Angel tuning an Harp.
F The inside of his Leg, but whether right or left is yet undiscover'd.
G. A hand Playing on a Lute.
H The other leg judiciously Omitted, to make room for the harp.
I 2 Smaller Angells, as appears and
K by their Wings.

SPEAKING of this print, which represents angels very ill drawn, playing on various instruments, Mr Walpole in one place calls it "a parody," and in another "a burlesque on Kent's Altar-piece." But, if we may believe Hogarth himself, it is neither; but a very fair and honest representation of a contemptible performance. Hogarth's opinion of Mr Kent as an architect continued to the last unaltered.

The original painting, after it was removed from the church, was for some years one of the ornaments of the Music-room at the Crown and Anchor in the Strand; and was probably lent, for the accommodation of the music meeting, by the Church-wardens of St. Clements. I have frequently seen it in the old Vestry-room of the parish, where, till the demolition of that building, it appears to have remained from the time of its having been taken down, except as it may have occasionally visited the Crown and Anchor. It is still to be seen in the new-built Vestry.

TIME SMOKING A PICTURE.

TIME SMOKING A PICTURE.

THIS animated Print was Hogarth's Subscription Ticket for Sigismunda, and is a satire on connoisseurs. It represents Time seated on a mutilated statue, and smoking a landscape, through which he has driven a scythe, to manifest its antiquity, not only by SOMBRE cloudy tints, but also by a decayed canvas.

"From a contempt," says Mr Walpole, "of the ignorant virtuosi of the age, and from indignation at the impudent tricks of picture-dealers, whom he saw continually recommending and vending vile copies to bubble collectors, and from never having studied, indeed having seen few good pictures of the great Italian masters, he persuaded himself that the praises bestowed on those glorious works were nothing but the effects of prejudice. He talked this language until he believed it; and, after having asserted as true, that time gives a mellowness to colours, and improves them, he not only denied the proposition, but maintained that pictures only grew black, and worse by age, not distinguishing between the degrees in which the proposition might be true or false."

It must, however, be generally admitted, that Hogarth has admirably illustrated his own doctrine, and given a greater point to his burlesque, by introducing the fragments of a statue, under which is written—

"As statues moulder into worth."—*P. W.*

The large jar labelled "Varnish" is characteristic.

PLATE 1.—FRONTISPIECE TO THE ARTISTS' CATALOGUE, 1761.

FRONTISPIECE AND TAIL-PIECE TO THE ARTISTS' CATALOGUE, 1761.

THESE two Prints were designed by Hogarth, and engraved by Mr Charles Grignion, for the Artists' Catalogue of Pictures, exhibited at Spring Gardens, 1761; and so great was the demand for the catalogues with these illustrations, that the two plates were soon worn down, and Mr Grignion was employed to engrave others from the same drawings, of which the Prints here represented are faithful copies.

PLATE 1.—THE FRONTISPIECE.

Erected in the cleft of a rock, we have here a building intended for a reservoir of water; and by the bust of his late Majesty being placed in a niche of an arch, which is lined with a shell and surmounted by a crown, we must suppose it a royal reservoir.

The mouth of a mask of the British lion is made the water-spout for conveying a stream into a garden-pot, which a figure of Britannia holds in her right hand, and with her spear in the left, is employed in watering three young trees, the trunks of which are entwined together, and inscribed Painting—Sculpture—Architecture. These promising saplings are planted upon a gentle declivity; Painting is on the highest ground, and Sculpture on the lowest.

It is worthy of remark, that the fructifying stream which issues from the watering-pot, falls short of the surface on which is planted the tree inscribed Painting, and goes beyond the root of that termed Sculpture; so that Architecture, which is much the loftiest and most healthy tree, will have the principal benefit of the water.

If the tree Painting is attentively inspected, it will be found stunted in its growth, withered at the top, and blest with only one flourishing branch; which, if viewed with an eye to what the artist has previously written, seems intended for portrait painting.

The tree, which is the symbol for Sculpture, appears to bend, and withdraw itself from the reservoir: one branch from the centre of the trunk is probably funereal, and intended to intimate sepulchral monuments. The top being out of sight, is left to the imagination.

PLATE 2.—TAIL-PIECE TO THE ARTISTS' CATALOGUE, 1761.

PLATE 2.—THE TAIL-PIECE TO ARTISTS' CATALOGUE, 1761.

As a contrast to Britannia nurturing the trees that are introduced in the last print, a travelling monkey, in full dress, is in this industriously watering three withered and sapless stems of what might once have been flowering shrubs, and are inscribed EXOTICS.

These wretched remnants of things which were, are carefully placed in labelled flower-pots: on the first is written, obiit 1502; on the second, obiit 1600; and on the third, obiit 1606.

Still adhering to the hieroglyphics in his frontispiece, Hogarth introduces these three dwarfish importations of decayed nature, to indicate the state of those old damaged pictures which are venerated merely for their antiquity, and exalted above all modern publications, from the name of a great master, rather than any intrinsic merit.

To heighten the ridicule, he has given his monkey a magnifying glass, that will draw forth hidden beauties, which to common optics are invisible.

FRONTISPIECE TO TRISTRAM SHANDY.

PLATE 1.— CORPORAL TRIM READING A SERMON TO TRISTRAM'S FATHER.

FRONTISPIECE TO TRISTRAM SHANDY.

HOGARTH furnished two frontispieces for the very popular work of his friend Sterne, one in the early part of 1759, for the second volume, the other to illustrate the fourth volume, 1761.

PLATE 1.—CORPORAL TRIM READING A SERMON TO TRISTRAM'S FATHER.

The first of these is taken from the chapter in which Corporal Trim is represented reading a sermon to Tristram's father, Uncle Toby, and Dr Slop—the latter is fallen asleep—and who was intended for Mr John Burton, a physician of great eminence at York, well known as an able and industrious antiquary, and also as a sturdy Jacobite.

FRONTISPIECE TO TRISTRAM SHANDY.

PLATE 2, – THE CHRISTENING.

FRONTISPIECE TO TRISTRAM SHANDY.

PLATE 2.—THE CHRISTENING.

THE second frontispiece represents the christening, so humorously described in the fourteenth chapter of the fourth volume of "Tristram Shandy."

THE WEIGHING-HOUSE.

THE WEIGHING HOUSE.

THIS Print was designed by Hogarth, and engraved by Sullivan, to illustrate a humorous pamphlet, which was published early in 1763, by the Rev. Mr Clubbe, Rector of Whatfield, and Vicar of Debenham, under the title of "Physiognomy: being a sketch of a larger work upon the same plan; wherein the different tempers, passions, and manners of men, will be particularly considered."

The following is a description or explanation of the Print:—A Absolute Gravity. B Against Absolute Gravity. C Practical Gravity. D Comparative Gravity. E Horizontal or Good Sense. F Wit. G Comparative Levity or Coxcomb. H Partial Levity or Pert Fool. I Absolute Levity or Stark Fool.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

THIS, and the following painting of the "Pool of Bethesda," decorates the staircase of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The print from this Painting was originally engraved by Ravenet and Delatre, 1772.

In the *Grub Street Journal* for July 14, 1737, appeared the following:—"Yesterday, the scaffolding was taken down from before the picture, 'The Good Samaritan,' painted by Mr Hogarth, on the staircase of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, which is esteemed a very curious piece."

Hogarth paid his friend Lambert for painting the Landscape in this picture, and afterwards cleaned the whole at his own expense—to the imaginary merits of his coadjutor. The *Annalist*, page 26, bears the following:—"The sky always graduates one way or other, and the rising or setting sun exhibits it in great perfection—the imitating of which was Claud Lorrain's peculiar excellence, and is now Mr Lambert's

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

THIS print was engraved by Ravenet and Picot, in the same year with the "Good Samaritan." There was likewise a small print from this painting, executed by Ravenet in 1748. Mr Walpole justly observes, that "the burlesque turn of our artist's mind mixed itself with his most serious compositions; and that on the 'Pool of Bethesda,' a servant of a rich ulcerated lady beats back a poor man (perhaps woman) who sought the same celestial remedy."

On the top of the staircase of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and just under the cornice, is the following inscription, "The Historical Paintings of this staircase were painted and given by William Hogarth, and the ornamental paintings at his expense, A.D. 1736."

Both pictures, which appear of an oblong square in the engravings in the originals, are surrounded by scroll work, which cuts off the corners of them, &c. All these ornaments, together with compartments carved at the bottom, were the work of Mr Richards. The late Alderman Boydell had the latter engraved on separate plates appended to those above them, on which sufficient space had not been left.

While these pictures were in progress it was announced that "among the Governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital was lately chosen Mr William Hogarth, the celebrated painter, who, we are told, designs to paint the staircase of the said Hospital, and thereby become a benefactor to it by giving his labours gratis."

Hogarth requested that these pictures might never be varnished—they therefore appear to great disadvantage. The decoration about them having within these few years past been highly glazed.

The "Pool of Bethesda" has suffered much from the sun; and the "Good Samaritan," when cleaned about the year 1780, was pressed so hard against the straining frame—that several creases were made in the canvas.

SARAH MALCOLM—MURDERESS.

SARAH MALCOLM—MURDERESS.

THIS woman was executed on Wednesday the 7th of March, 1733, for the murder of Mrs Lydia Duncombe, Elizabeth Harrison, and Ann Price. The portrait of this murderess was painted by Hogarth to whom she sat for her picture two days before her execution, having previously dressed herself in red for that purpose.

The circumstances attending the conviction and execution of this woman are briefly these:—

"On Sunday, February 4th, 1733, Mrs Lydia Duncombe (aged 60), and Elizabeth Harrison, her companion, were found strangled, and Ann Price (her maid, aged 17), with her throat cut, at Mrs Duncombe's apartments in Tanfield Court, in the Inner Temple. Sarah Malcolm (who was a charwoman) was, on the same evening, apprehended on the information of Mr Kerrel, who had chambers on the same staircase, and who had found some bloody linen under his bed, and a silver tankard in a close-stool, which she had concealed there.

On her examination before Sir Richard Brocas, she confessed to sharing in the produce of the robbery, but declared herself innocent of the murders, asserting, upon oath, that Thomas and James Alexander, and Mary Tracy, were the principal parties in the whole transaction. Notwithstanding this, the Coroner's Jury brought in their verdict of wilful murder against Sarah Malcolm only, it not then appearing that any other person was concerned.

On Wednesday the 7th March, about ten in the morning, she was taken in a cart from Newgate to the place of execution, facing Mitre Court, Fleet Street, and there suffered death on a gibbet erected for the occasion. She was neatly dressed in a crape mourning gown, white apron, sarcenet hood, and black gloves; carried her head aside with an air of affectation, and was said to be painted. She was attended by Dr Middleton, of St. Bride's, her friend Mr Peddington, and Guthrie, the Ordinary of Newgate. She appeared devout and penitent. and earnestly requested Peddington would print a paper she had given him* the night before, which contained, not a confession, of the murder, but protestations of her innocence, and a recapitulation of what she had before said relative to the Alexanders, &c. This wretched woman was only twenty-five years of age."

Besides the present portrait, Hogarth executed a full-length one, from which it should seem probable that the artist painted her twice.

* This paper he sold for twenty pounds! and the substance of it was printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1733, p. 137.

FALSE PERSPECTIVE.

FALSE PERSPECTIVE.

EARLY in the year 1753, Hogarth presented to his friend Mr Joshua Kirby, this whimsical satirical design; which arose from the mistakes of Sir Edward Walpole, who was learning to draw, without being taught perspective.

To point out in a strong light the errors which would be likely to happen from want of acquaintance with those principles, Hogarth's design was produced.

A traveller is represented on an eminence lighting his pipe from a candle presented to him by a woman from a window at least half-a-mile off.

We are also astonished at the representation near it of a crow seated on the bough of tree, without incommoding, by its weight, the tender sprouts issuing from its branches; and our astonishment increases when we recollect that this tree, if weighed in the balance with the bird, would hardly be found to preponderate. The tree on which the feathered animal is so securely stationed is, however, of a much greater height and magnitude than those which are nearer, and which gradually diminish as they approach the foreground.

The sheep, taking an example from the tree, are very large at a distance, and regularly become less by their proximity, the nearest being almost invisible.

Both ends of the church, as well as the top and the whole of one side, are clearly seen. To take the view which Hogarth has drawn, we must, at the same time, be above, at each end, and in front of the church; but he does not favour us with a sight of the road on the bridge, which the vessel seems determined to sail over, while the waggon and horses appear floating on the other side. A fellow in a boat, nearly under the bridge, is attempting to shoot a swan on the other side of it, though, as he is placed, he cannot possibly have a view of it.

The waggon and horses which are supposed on the bridge, are more distant than the trees which grow on the farther side.

Many other absurdities are visible in this curious perspective view which cannot escape observation,—such as the sign-post extending to a house at the distance of half-a-mile, and the remote row of trees concealing part of the nearer sign of the half moon; the angler's line interfering with another belonging to his patient brother, though at a considerable distance from each other—the tops and bottoms of the burrels being equally visible.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO DON QUIXOTE.

PLATE 1.—THE FUNERAL OF CHRYSTOM, AND MARCELLA VINDICATING HERSELF.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO DON QUIXOTE.

If these plates are not among the happiest efforts of Hogarth's genius, they, at all events, show how comprehensive and universal the mind of the painter was. Perhaps in the works of so great a master, there may be found less of the sublime and the beautiful than in any other, if we except those of the Dutch school. The rude realities of life appear to have possessed more attraction for him than aught that was lighter and lovelier.

PLATE 1.—THE FUNERAL OF CHRYSTOM, AND MARCELLA VINDICATING HERSELF.

The plate where "Marcella vindicates herself from the charge of having caused Chrystom's death" by her cruelty, is perhaps one of the most artistic. The grouping is well-arranged, and the figure of the female, whose face is certainly beautiful, is full of dramatic action, mingled with a certain sadness of expression.

The tender-hearted Sancho is blubbering over the corpse, while another, whom we suppose to be Ambrosia, is gazing mournfully upon the face of his dead friend. The figure of the Knight of the "Woful Countenance" has a boldness and daring written upon it, as he stands grasping his lance, while the scenery at the back has a grand and savage aspect, characteristic of the whole scene.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO DON QUIXOTE.

PLATE 2.—THE INNKEEPER'S WIFE AND DAUGHTER.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO DON QUIXOTE.

PLATE II.—THE INNKEEPER'S WIFE AND DAUGHTER NURSING THE DON.

THE scene of this plate is the loft of the innkeeper, which the Knight mistook for a castle, and where Sancho had Don Quixote borne across Dapple's back, after they had been so severely beaten by the Yangueses, or Gallican carriers. The bruised Knight, lying on the bed, while the hostess applies a plaster to his back, seems to have forgotten his mishap while gazing upon the fair lady of the "castle," who stands beside him with the ointment in her hand.

Sancho is rubbing his shoulders, no doubt to the amusement of Maritornes, whose risibility was not proof against his dolorous countenance. The rude scenery of the loft and the armour of the Knight, which has been hung above the bed-head, completes this really excellent composition.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO DON QUIXOTE.

PLATE 3.—DON QUIXOTE RELEASES THE GALLEY SLAVES.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO DON QUIXOTE.

PLATE 3.—DON QUIXOTE RELEASES THE GALLEY SLAVES

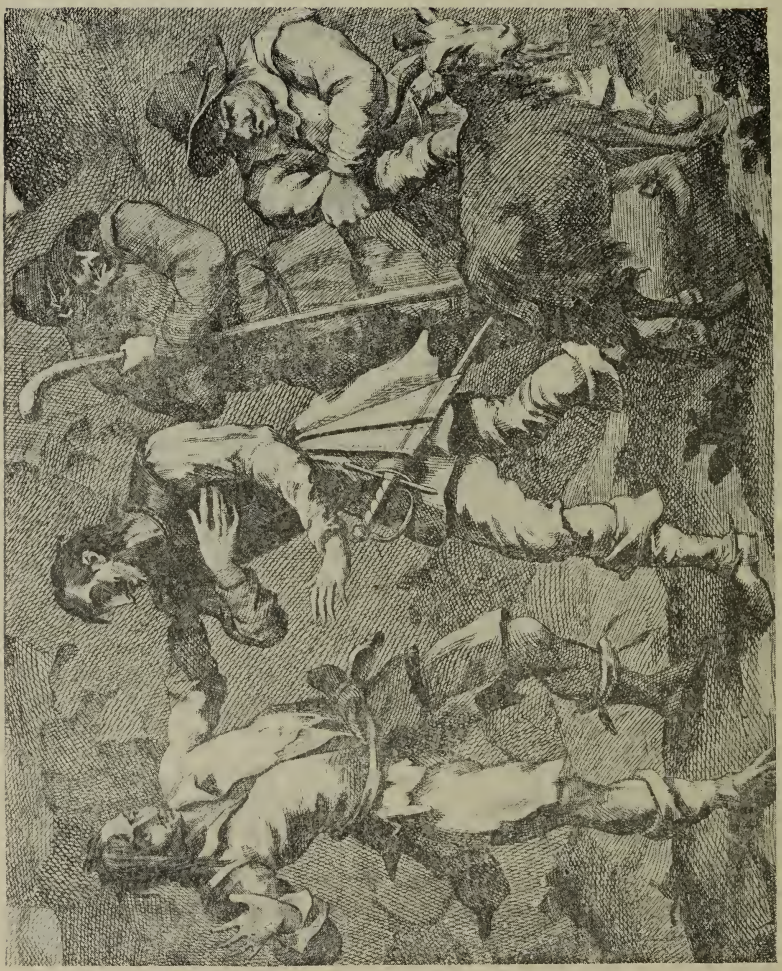
In the third plate we discover the Knight and Sancho releasing the galley slaves while being conveyed to their destination. There is such an air of furtive humour—of absurdity mingled with a specious argument in the words which Don Quixote uses to the guards—that no man, were his disposition leaden as Saturn himself, could forbear to smile.

To the slaves he says, "Gentlemen, though it be only to punish you for your crimes, you do not much relish what you are going to suffer, and that you go to it *much against the grain*;" and to their guards and conductors he adds, speaking of his views to succour the needy and the oppressed, "Knowing that it is one part of prudence not to do that by foul means which may be done by fair, *I will entreat these gentlemen* (the guard and the commissary) *to let you go in peace.* It seems to me a hard case to make slaves of those whom God and nature made free."

This is answered as may be expected, and instantly the Knight unhorses one and attacks another; while Sancho, half in terror, half in astonishment, releases the manacled limbs of Gines de Passamonte, the greatest villain of the whole.

In the face of this burly-limbed young criminal there is a kind of malignant satisfaction, mingled with impatience, as if anticipating the revenge which, aided by his companions, he would take upon the guards for all the indignities he had endured at their hands. The sequel the reader—for who has *not* read Don Quixote?—well knows, as the slaves, in return for their liberty, attack the Knight and his squire with a shower of stones, and Mambrosio's golden helmet is very recklessly handled.

The fore-shortening of the figure on the ground is admirable, and the brutal and savage features behind are in excellent keeping.



ILLUSTRATIONS TO DON QUIXOTE.

PLATE 4.—THE UNFORTUNATE KNIGHT OF THE ROCK MEETING DON QUIXOTE.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO DON QUIXOTE.

PLATE 4.—THE UNFORTUNATE KNIGHT OF THE ROCK.

THIS plate, "the unfortunate Knight of the Rock meeting with Don Quixote," is the best of the whole.

The story of Cardenio is in itself affecting enough, and the sympathies of the tender-hearted Knight are powerfully excited on his behalf, till an unhappy discussion regarding a personage in the old romance of Amadis de Gaul brings their conference to an unexpected conclusion; for the insanity of both harping upon the same string, yet conceiving different ideas regarding the same individual.

Cardenio attacks the Knight, as well as Sancho, whose ribs he pounds with great unction; and, finally, Sancho scowling upon the goatherd, whose grotesque head reminds us of Both, and smarting under the pain of his punishment, attacks him in turn; and a battle royal ensues, till the Knight comes between them as the mediator of peace.

The two principal figures are admirably drawn, while their gestures are animated and effective. Sancho's stunted figure, with his frowning face and his bruised elbow, is also very striking; he appears to be reproaching the old man with having introduced a madman to them, which accusation begins the fracas

ILLUSTRATIONS TO DON QUIXOTE.

PLATE 5.—DON QUIXOTE SEIZES THE BARBER'S BASIN FOR MAMBRINO'S HELMET.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO DON QUIXOTE.

PLATE V.—DON QUIXOTE SEIZES THE BARBER'S BASIN.

In this plate Don Quixote becomes possessor of his celebrated Mambrino's helmet, which figures along with our hero in so many after-scenes, is remarkable for the fierceness and determination of the Knight to overcome his opponent, who has hastily dismounted, and is in the act of stealing off, leaving the coveted vessel to the conqueror.

Sancho, seated on Dapple, is on a neighbouring eminence, cursing his fate, and mourning the lot which has bound him to so mad a master, in whom, however, he still places the most implicit confidence.

But this arises from the blind trust which the Knight himself reposes in his fantastic dreams, and the simplicity, as well as gravity, with which he discourses over such gigantic improbabilities to his squire, who, in his desire to possess an island or a kingdom, is beginning to be imbued with his master's spirit.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO DON QUIXOTE.

PLATE 6.—SANCHO STARVED BY HIS PHYSICIAN,

ILLUSTRATIONS TO DON QUIXOTE.

PLATE 6.—SANCHO STARVED BY HIS PHYSICIAN.

It has been sometimes thought that Sancho was the artist's favourite character. He is here represented as governor of Barataria, and seated in the spacious hall of a sumptuons palace, surrounded with all the pompous parade of high rank, and encircled by numerous attendants. A band of musicians in an adjoining gallery strike up a symphony to gratify his ear.

A table is spread with every dainty to feast his eye and fret his soul; for however magnificent the appendages of this mock monarch the instant he attempts to taste the solid comforts of government the loaves and fishes evade his grasp, are touched by the black rod, and vanish!

In plenty starving, tantalized in state—

he curses the gaudy unsubstantial pageant, vows vengeance on the doctor, and swears that he will offer up him and every physical imposter in the island as a sacrifice to his injured and insulted appetite.

Hogarth has here caught the true spirit of the author and given to this scene the genuine humour of Cervantes. The rising choler of our governor is admirably contrasted by the assumed gravity of Doctor Pedro Rezio. The starch and serious solemnity of a straight-haired student, who officiates as chaplain, is well opposed by the broad grin of a curl-pated blackamoor.

The suppressed laughter of a man who holds a napkin to his mouth forms a good antithesis to the open chuckle of a fat cook. Sancho's two pages bear a strong resemblance to the little punch-maker in the Election Feast, and, though well conceived, might have had more variety; they present a front and back view of the same figure. To two females on the viceroy's right hand there may be a similar objection,

ILLUSTRATIONS TO DON QUIXOTE.

PLATE 7.—THE CURATE AND BARBER DISGUISING THEMSELVES TO CONVEY DON QUIXOTE HOME.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO DON QUIXOTE.

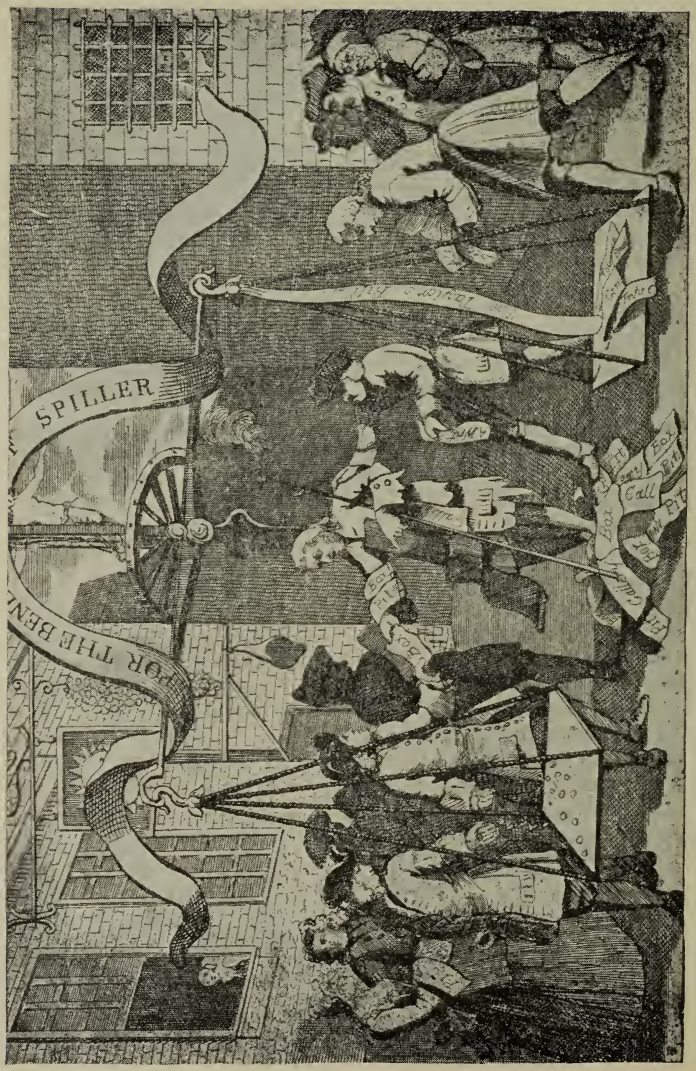
PLATE 7.—THE CURATE AND THE BARBER DISGUISING THEMSELVES.

THE last plate, "the curate and the barber disguising themselves to convey Don Quixote home," is not the least amusing of the series.

While the barber is fixing on a beard, "made of the sorrel tail of a pyed ox," the curate is being habited in the garb of a "damsel errant," intending by this disguise to induce the Knight to follow her to a certain place (Don Quixote's own home, in fact), in order to redress a great grievance.

While the landlady is fixing the dress, the merry Maritornes is clasping her hands in an ecstacy of glee at witnessing how complete the good-natured ecclesiastic had disguised himself. The painter has, by a stroke of art, introduced Sancho without, engaged with a huge vessel of wine, emblematic of the squire's taste for good living.

We have only to regret that the painter did not complete his design. Why he should have selected one volume only for illustration, would be as vain to inquire, as to ask why he did not do fifty things he has left undone; but for this task Hogarth was eminently qualified, both by his taste and his powers of appreciation.



SPILLER'S TICKET.

SPILLER'S TICKET.

HERE we find the talent of Hogarth called forth in the service of humanity, and to the aid of this son of mirth, who, about the year 1728, appears to have been reduced to penury and great distress.

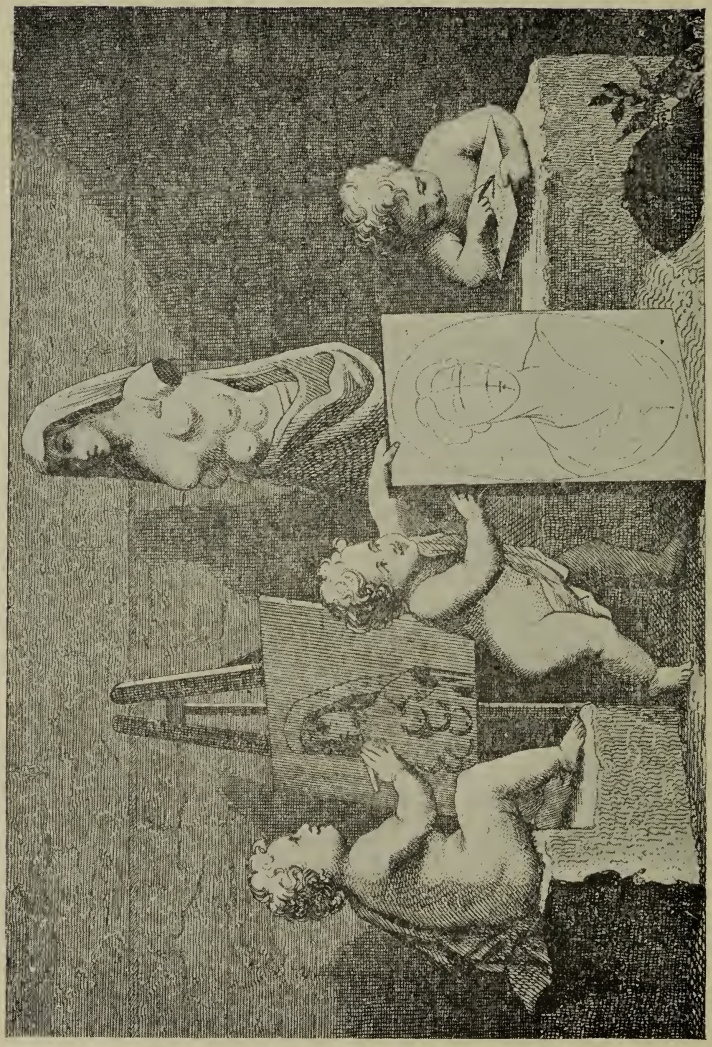
The annexed copy of an unique print was engraved for the benefit of poor Spiller, the Shuter of his day. On this small print the artist has bestowed great attention; the workings of the face of this comedian, although so very diminutive, are yet so nicely discriminated as to become a real portrait.

The anxiety in Spiller to get rid of his tickets, and dread of the impending danger, from the urgency of his creditors, is forcibly represented in every turn of his countenance. The conceit of the money scale not preponderating against tradesmen's bills, and leaving the poor comedian no alternative but to linger in a gaol, and worthy the pencil of its author.

The style of engraving in the original print may be ranked as one of the best of Hogarth's works. As the biography of a player seldom outlives the remembrance of his contemporaries, some information relative to this singular character may not prove unacceptable to the reader.

This theatrical hero was the son of a Gloucestershire carrier, and was born in 1699. The father having acquired some property, apprenticed this his only son to a Mr Ross, a landscape painter. Before the expiration of his apprenticeship, however, he engaged in a strolling company, where, comedy being his *forte*, we find him in many of his humorous parts rivalling Pinkethman, of facetious memory, and of whom Sir Richard Steele observes, "that Pinkey made a living of his face."

He was famed for a species of low wit, perhaps more in taste of those than of the present times. The wit of Spiller seems not to have been the effect of wine only, for in his sober moments, and even in pain, the effusions of it would sometimes break forth; and we are told that one day, behind the scenes, in a raging fit of the toothache, on the barber of the theatre offering to relieve him, he replied, "I cannot spare one tooth now, friend, but after the 10th June (the time of the house shutting) you may have them all; I shall then have no further occasion for them, as I shall have nothing to eat."



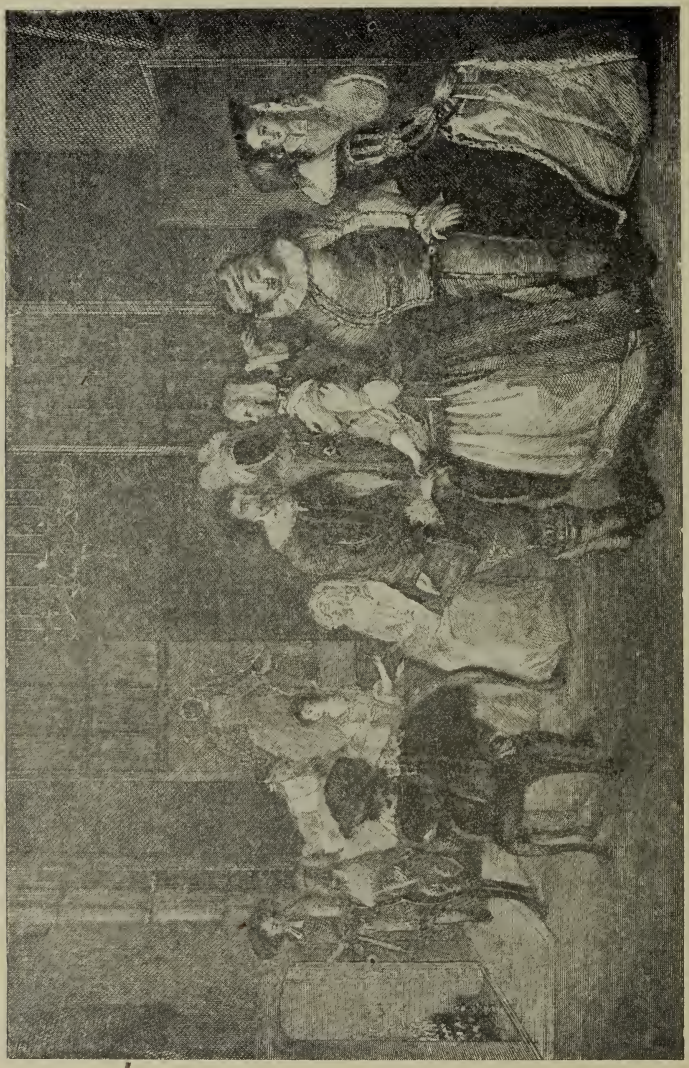
BOYS PEEPING AT NATURE.

BOYS PEEPING AT NATURE.

THIS plate was engraved in 1733 as a receipt for half a guinea being the first payment for the six prints of "A Harlot's Progress." It was afterwards used in 1737, by the writing being erased, and used as a ticket or receipt for half a guinea, being the first payment for five large prints—one representing "The Strolling Players" and the other four "The Times of the Day, Morning, Noon, Evening and Night."

A group of young artists is here represented at their studies—one is intently reading, while a second is examining the proportion of an outline, and the third, whose countenance is marked by a roguish smile, is copying Nature herself.

The goddess is delineated as a three-quarter bust, the lower part concealed by drapery, and her bosom covered with breasts, referring to the abundant provision made by Nature throughout the animated world



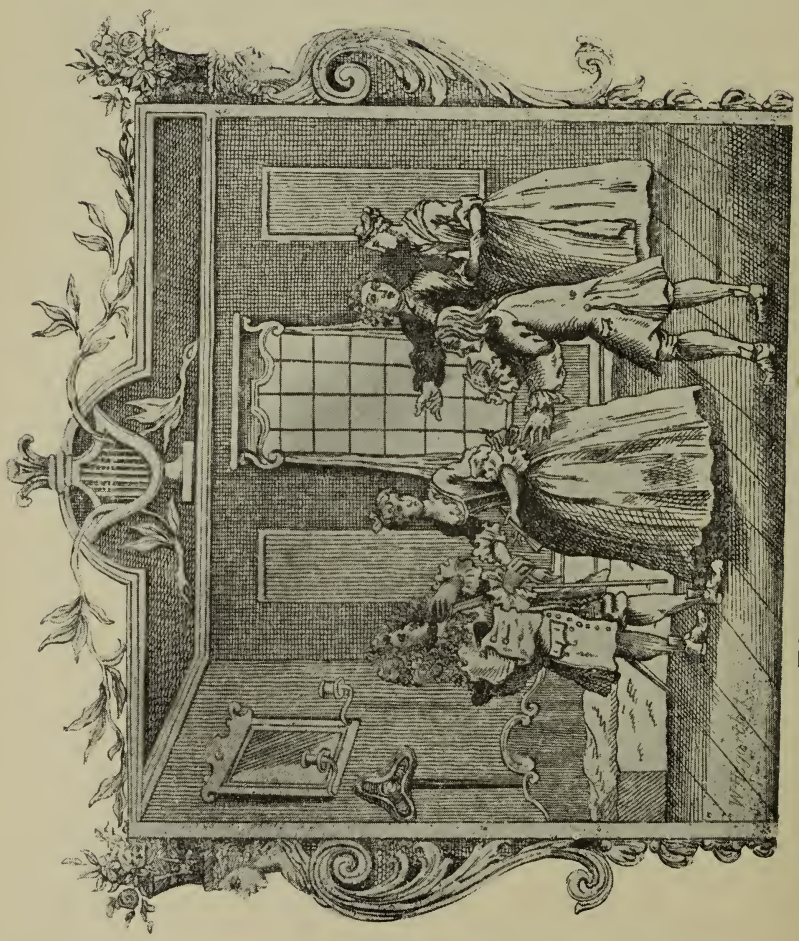
THE ROYAL MASQUERADE AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

THE ROYAL MASQUERADE AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

THIS very interesting scene, which occurred in 1755, is thus anticipated by Mr Walpole, December 24, 1754. The Russian ambassador is to give a masquerade for the birth of the little great prince (the Czar Paul I.) The King lends him Somerset House: he wanted to borrow the palace over against me, and sent to ask it of the cardinal nephew (Henry Earl of Lincoln, nephew to the Duke of Newcastle, to whose title he succeeded), who replied, "Not for half Russia."

The print abounds with portraits of personages of the first distinction; of whom several may be identified by the following extract from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 25, page 89:—"The Russian ambassador gave a most magnificent ball at Somerset House. His Majesty came a little after eight o'clock, dressed in a black domino, tie wig, and gold laced hat. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales was in a blue and silver robe, and her head highly ornamented with jewels. The Prince of Wales was in a pink and silver dress. Prince Edward in a pink satin waistcoat, with a belt adorned with diamonds. Princess Augusta in a rich gold stuff. The Duke of Cumberland was in a Turkish dress with a large bunch of diamonds in his turban. A noble lady shone in the habit of a nymph, embroidered over with stars studded with brilliants to the amount of £100,000."

"In short, the dresses of the whole assembly were the richest that could possibly be devised upon such an occasion, and the whole entertainment, particularly the desert, was the most elegant that expense could furnish. Few exhibitions of this kind have equalled it—none have excelled it. The number of persons present was upwards of one thousand."



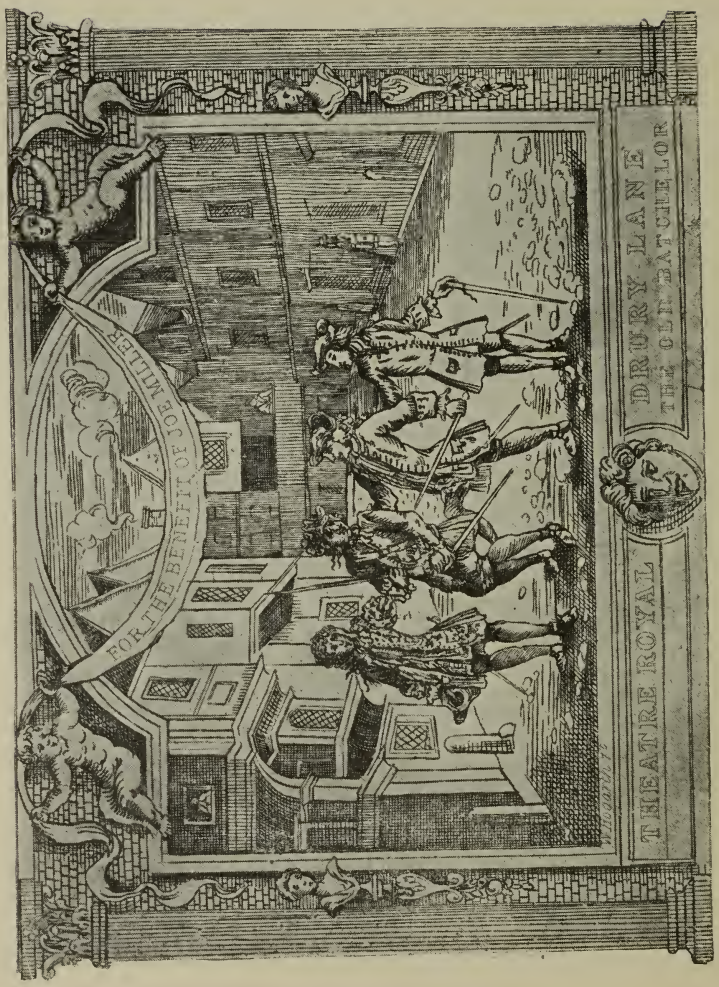
FOUR THEATRE TICKETS.

PLATE 1.—THE MOCK DOCTOR.

FOUR THEATRE TICKETS.

PLATE 1.—THE MOCK DOCTOR.

THESE four designs require no particular description. They are given as specimens of the facility with which Hogarth could condescend to minor subjects, at the same time embellishing them with strokes of his own peculiar vein of pleasantry and humour. Each of them sufficiently evinces the purpose it was intended to recommend.



FOUR THEATRE TICKETS.

PLATE 2.—THE OLD BATCHELOR.

FOUR THEATRE TICKETS.

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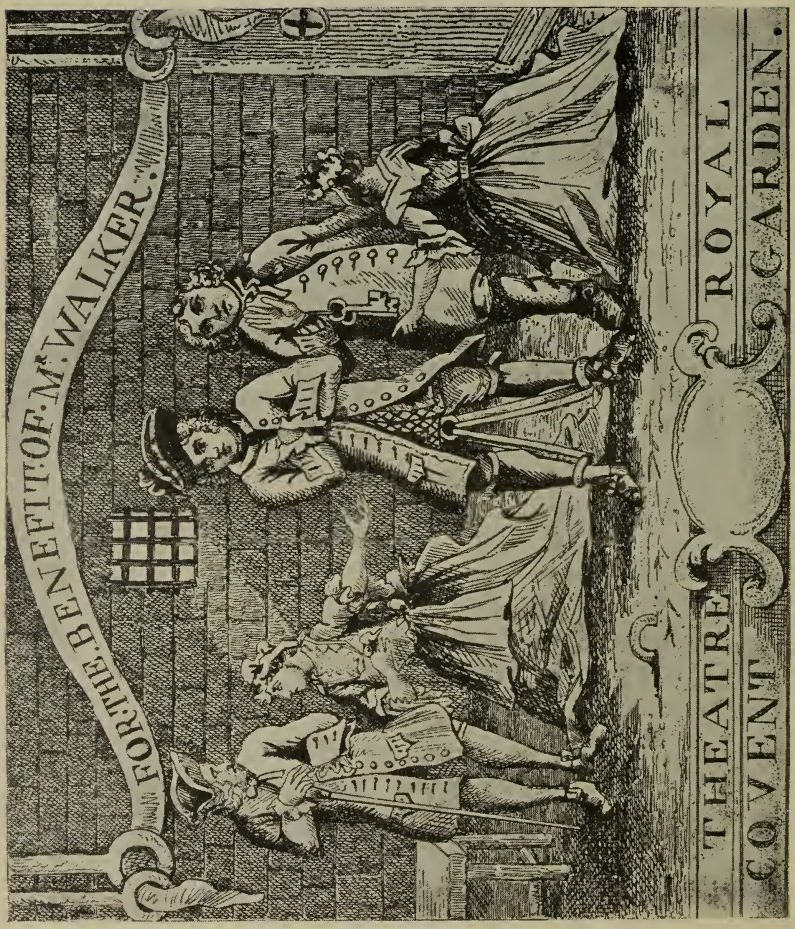
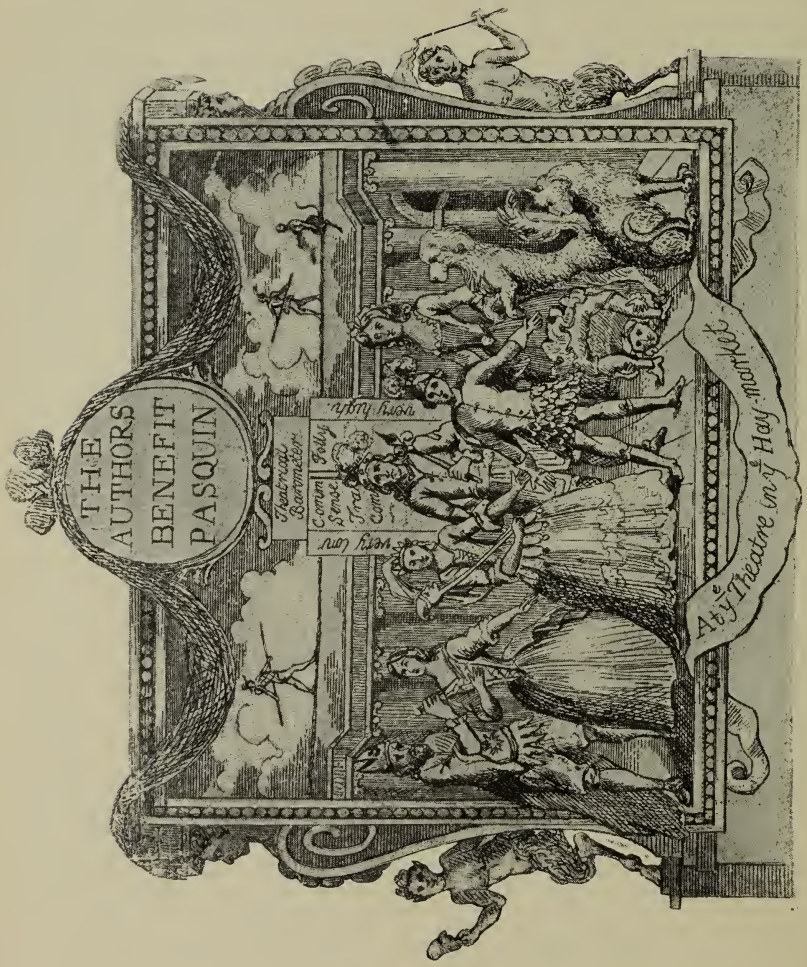


FOUR THEATRE TICKETS.

PLATE 3.—THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

FOUR THEATRE TICKETS.

PLATE 3.—THE BEGGARS' OPERA.



FOUR THEATRE TICKETS.

PLATE 4.—PASQUIN.

FOUR THEATRE TICKETS.

PLATE 4.—PASQUIN.

THE SHRIMP GIRL.

THE SHRIMP GIRL.

THIS portrait of a shrimp girl was first published in 1782 from the original painting in oil. In it are united the talents of both Hogarth and Bartolozzi. Great spirit and life characterises the sketch, the subject of which would no doubt be a fair specimen of her class at the period.

THE MILK MAID.

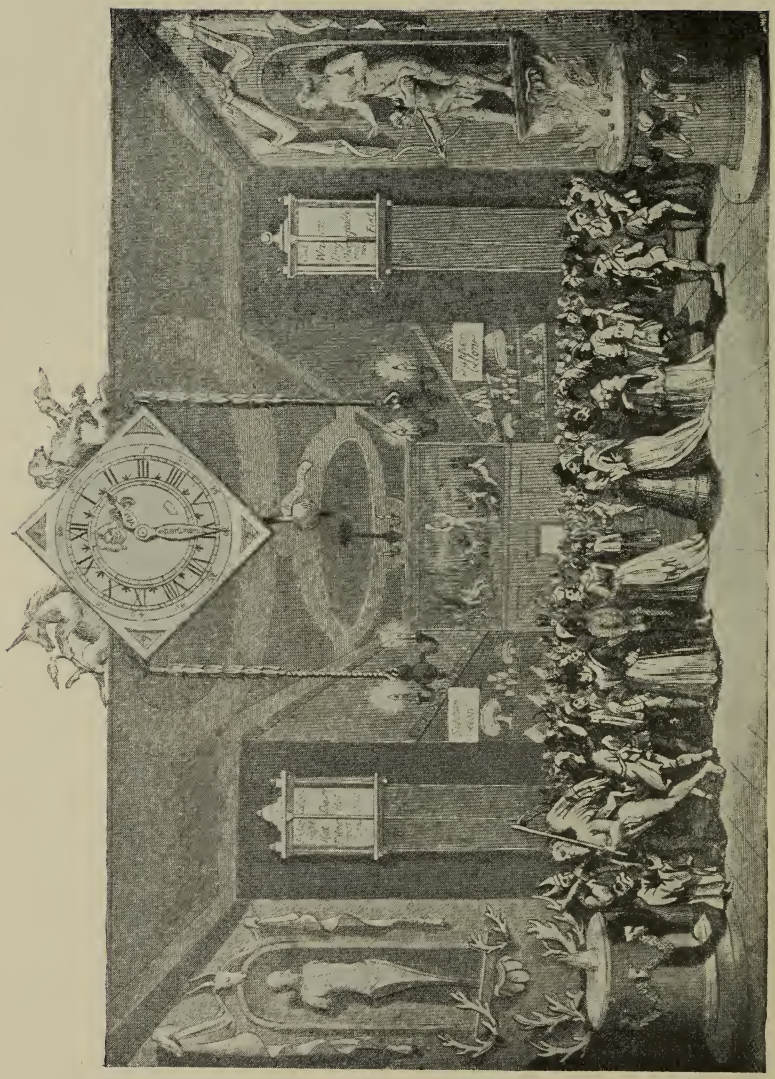
THE MILK MAID.

THIS interesting plate makes a suitable companion to "The Shrimp Girl" and "The Pie Man." It also illustrates the dress and utensils of the period.

THE PIE MAN.

THE PIE MAN.

THIS interesting and instructive plate is a fine bit of artistic skill at the same time representing another phase of working-class life of the period. The pie man's vocation in these days was pursued evidently on somewhat different lines than that now adopted.



THE MASQUERADE TICKET.

THE MASQUERADE TICKET.

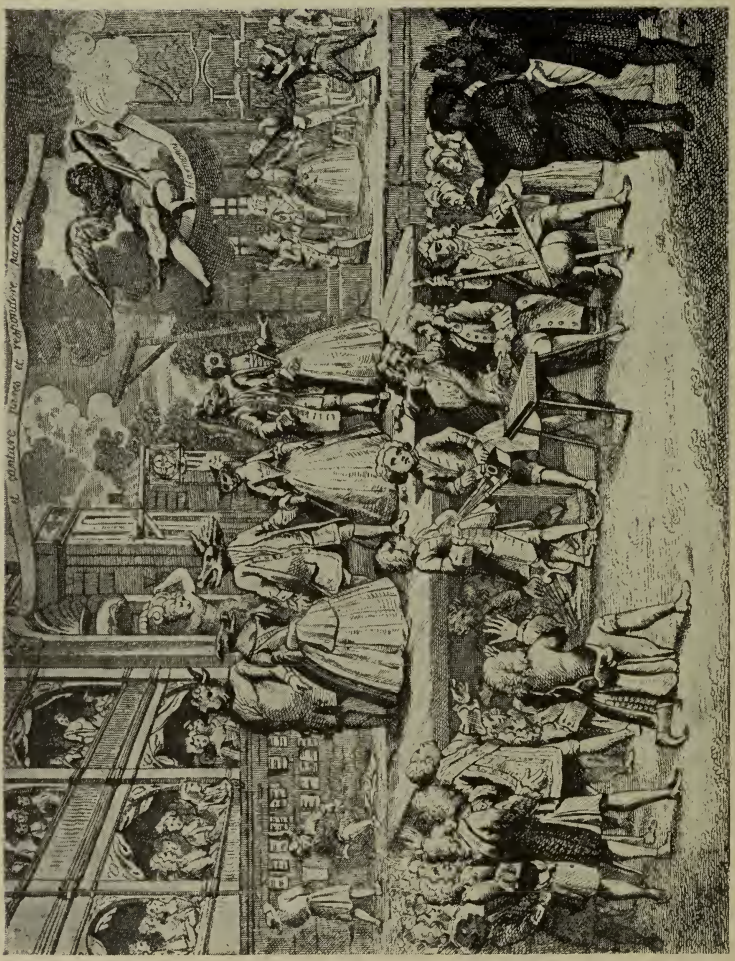
As the Print called the Masquerade Ticket represents a large company eagerly pressing to the door of a masquerade, we have here the interior of the room, crowded with a countless number of grotesque characters.

The titular divinity of the gardens being considered as the god of their idolatry, his Term is entitled to the first notice. The arched niche in which it is placed is terminated by a goat's head, ornamented with a pair of branching antlers, and decorated with festooned curtains. Beneath is an altar, the base of which is relieved with rams' heads and flowers; and three pair of stags' horns are fixed to the top.

As a companion to it the united statues of a Venus and Cupid, both of them masked, are placed on the opposite side of the print. Cupid, who is a very well drawn figure, has bent his bow to shoot at random; and Venus seems contemplating the rise and fall of the mercury in one of those instruments, which the reference informs us is to show the inclinations of all that approach it. An altar beneath has on it three or four bleeding hearts, which, being close to the blaze, are in the way of being broiled.

The motley crew, who make up the crowd, it is not easy to describe, for every one present assumes a false character. Here we have priests of all persuasions—brahmins, friars, drones, monks, and monkeys not a few.

The figure of Time, with his scythe, eagerly pressing towards the altar with rams' heads, is arrested in his course by a sort of slaughter-man, with a mask, shaven crown, and short apron, who violently grasps his wings with one hand, and with the other lifts up a hatchet, which, with fatal force, he aims at his head. For sanctuary, this feeble figure lays hold of one of the horns of the altar; but is frustrated in his attempt to reach the steps by a Bishop, who, with a sacrificing knife, coolly stabs him to the heart; while a monkey, in the habit of a chorister, holds a basin to catch the blood, the fumes of which he snuffs up with ineffable delight. Next to this group is a Mother Shipton hooking on the arms of a Clown; and near them a Harlequin endeavouring to draw the attention of a graceful Columbine from a turbaned Turk, who attempts to seduce her from her party-coloured gallant. A female, with the mask of a monkey's head, salutes a man in a black veil; and, while an old Capuchin, with the face of an ape, whispers soft things to a young girl, a fellow, something like the famed Siddy Doll, draws up her head dress to a point like a fool's cap



THE BEGGARS' OPERA BURLESQUED.

THE BEGGARS' OPERA BURLESQUED.

THE title over this print was in capitals--

> "Britons attend—view this harmonious stage,
> And listen to those notes which charm the age;
> Thus shall your taste in sounds and sense be shown,
> And "Beggars' Op'ras ever be your own."

The plate seems at once to represent the exhibition of "The Beggars' Opera," and the rehearsal of an Italian one.

In the former, all the characters are drawn with the heads of different animals; as, Polly with a cat's—Lucy with a sow's—Macheath with an ass's—Lockit, and Mr and Mrs Peachum, with those of an ox, a dog, and an owl.

In the latter, several noblemen appear conducting the chief female singer forward on the stage, and perhaps are offering her money or protection from a figure that is rushing towards her with a drawn sword.

Harmony, flying in the air, turns her back on the English playhouse, and hastens towards the rival theatre.

Musicians stand in front of the former, playing on the Jews' harp, the salt-box, bladder and string, bagpipes, &c.

On one side are people of distinction, some of whom kneel as if making an offer to Polly, or paying their adorations to her. To these are opposed a butcher, &c., expressing similar applause. Apollo and one of the Muses are fast asleep beneath the stage.

HOGARTH PAINTING THE COMIC MUSE.

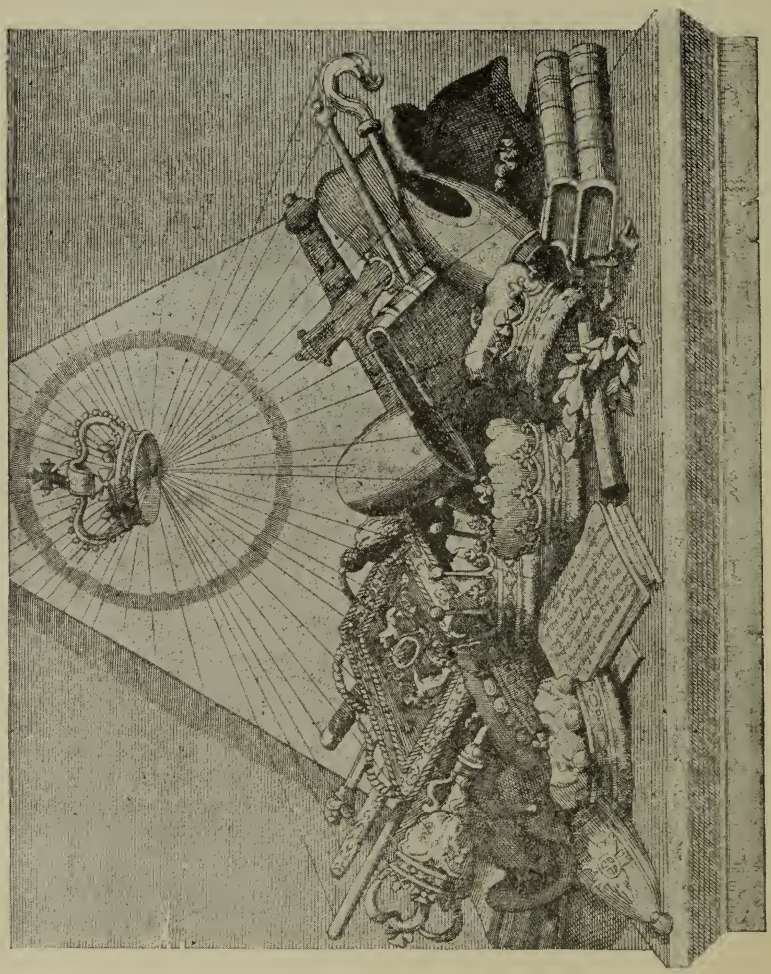
HOGARTH PAINTING THE COMIC MUSE.

In 1758 Hogarth published a second portrait of himself, a full length, painting the Comic Muse, inscribed, "W. Hogarth, Serjeant Painter to his Majesty, engraved by W. Hogarth."

This being a mistake of the writing engraver, the painter altered it to "The face engraved by W. Hogarth."

In a third impression "The face engraved by W. Hogarth" is omitted. In a fourth state, the words "Serjeant Painter, &c.," are scratched over with the graver. The present state—"the face retouched."

Comedy also has the face and mask marked with black; and on the pillar is written, "Comedy, 1764." No other inscription beneath the print than, "W. Hogarth, 1764."



CROWNS, MITRES, MACES, &c., &c.

CROWNS, MITRES, MACES, &c.

THIS plate forms so important a feature in the annals of Hogarth that it requires his own elucidation:—

"After having had my plates pirated in almost all sizes I applied to Parliament for redress, and obtained it in so liberal a manner as hath not only answered my own purpose but made prints a considerable article in the commerce of this country—there being now more business of that kind done here than at Paris or anywhere else, and as well."

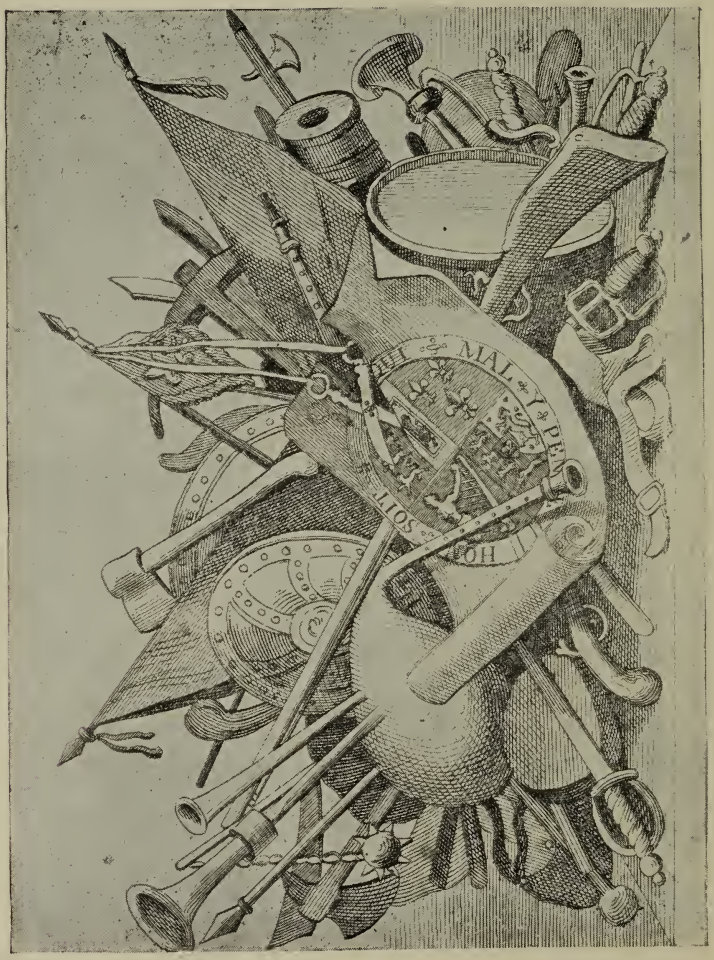
The statute, which took place June 24, 1735, was drawn up by our artist's friend, Mr Huggins, who took for his model the 8th of Queen Anne in favour of literary property. But it was not so accurately executed as entirely to remedy the evil; for in a cause founded on it, which came before Lord Hardwicke in Chancery, that excellent lawyer determined that no assignee claiming under an assignment from the original inventor could take any benefit by it.

Hogarth, immediately after the passing of the Act, published this print with the following inscription:—

In humble and grateful acknowledgment
of the grace and goodness of the Legislature,
manifested in the Act of Parliament for the Encouragement
of the Arts of Designing, Engraving, &c;
obtained by the Endeavours, and almost at the sole Expense,
of the Designer of this Print, in the year 1735,
by which
not only the Professors of those Arts were rescued
from the Tyranny, Frauds, and Piracies
of Monopolizing Dealers,
and legally entitled to the Fruits of their own Labours,
but Genius and Industry were also prompted,
by the most noble and generous inducements, to exert themselves;
Emulation was excited;
Ornamental Compositions were better understood; and every
Manufacture, where Fancy has any concern, was
gradually raised to a pitch of Perfection before unknown—insomuch
as those of Great Britain are at present the most elegant,
and the most in esteem, of any in Europe.

The Royal Crown at the top is darting its rays on mitres, coronets, the Chancellor's great seal, the Speaker's hat, &c., &c.; and on a scroll is written, "An Act for the encouragement of the arts of Designing, Engraving, and Etching, by vesting the properties thereof in the inventors and engravers during the time therein mentioned."

This plate was afterwards used as a receipt or ticket for the subscriptions to his four prints of "Election."



THE RECEIPT PLATE FOR "THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY."

THE RECEIPT PLATE FOR "THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY."

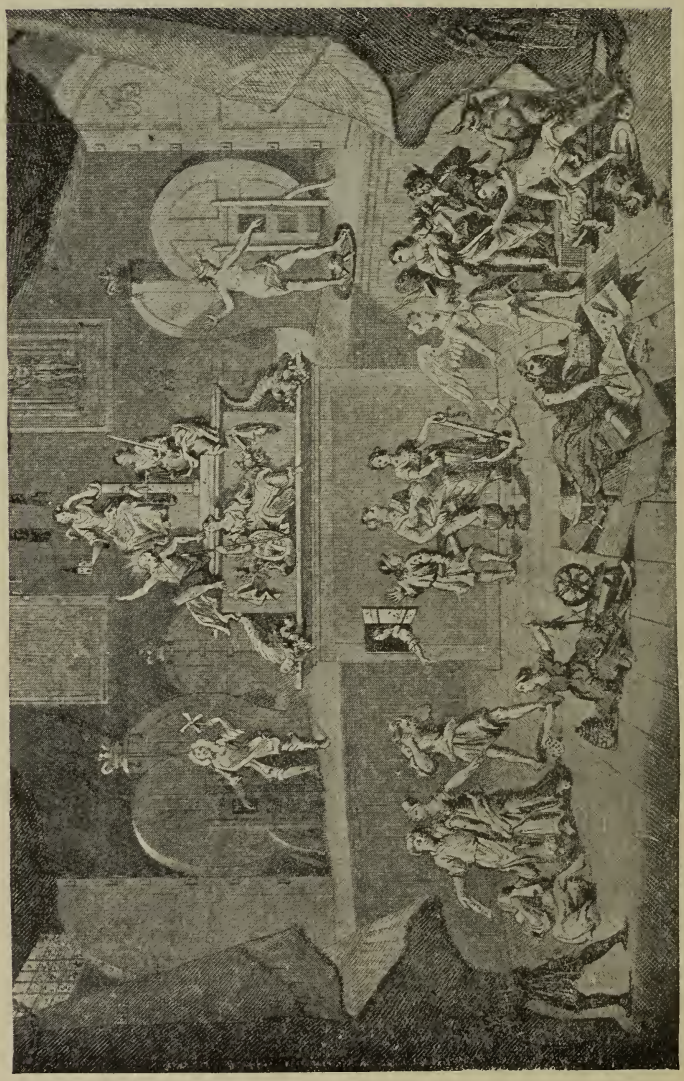
THIS small plate, which was given as a receipt to the subscribers for that interesting plate, represents a stand of various weapons, bagpipes, &c., and a pair of scissors cutting out the arms of Scotland.

The original painting of the "March to Finchley" was sold by a lottery, which realised £300; indeed, this was the way nearly all of his former productions were sold. The price of the print was to be 7s. 6d.; and, in the subscription-book, it was proposed, that each subscriber of three additional shillings should be entitled to a chance of obtaining the original picture, as soon as the engraving could be finished.

The number of chances was limited to 2000; and on the 30th of April, 1750, 1,843 chances were sold—the remaining 157 were given by Hogarth to the Foundling Hospital. At two o'clock the box was opened; the fortunate chance was No. 1941, which belonged to the Hospital, and the same night the picture was delivered to the Governors.

Soon after the lottery Hogarth acquainted the Treasurer, that the Trustees were at liberty to dispose of the picture by auction; but scarcely was the message delivered before he changed his mind, and never afterwards would consent to the measure he had proposed.

The donations in paintings which several Artists presented to the Foundling Hospital, first led to the idea of those exhibitions which are now so lucrative at the Royal Academy, and so entertaining to the public.



THE LOTTERY.

THE LOTTERY.

THE following explanation was engraved under the original:—

"1. Upon the pedestal National Credit, leaning on a pillar, supported by Justice.

"2. Apollo showing Britannia a picture representing the Earth receiving enriching showers drawn from herself (an emblem of State Lotteries).

"3. Fortune drawing the blanks and prizes.

"4. Wantonness drawing y^e^ numbers.

"5. Before the pedestal, Suspence turned to and fro by Hope and Fear.

"6. On one hand Good Luck, being elevated, is seized by Pleasure and Folly—Fame persuading him to raise sinking Virtue, Arts, &c.

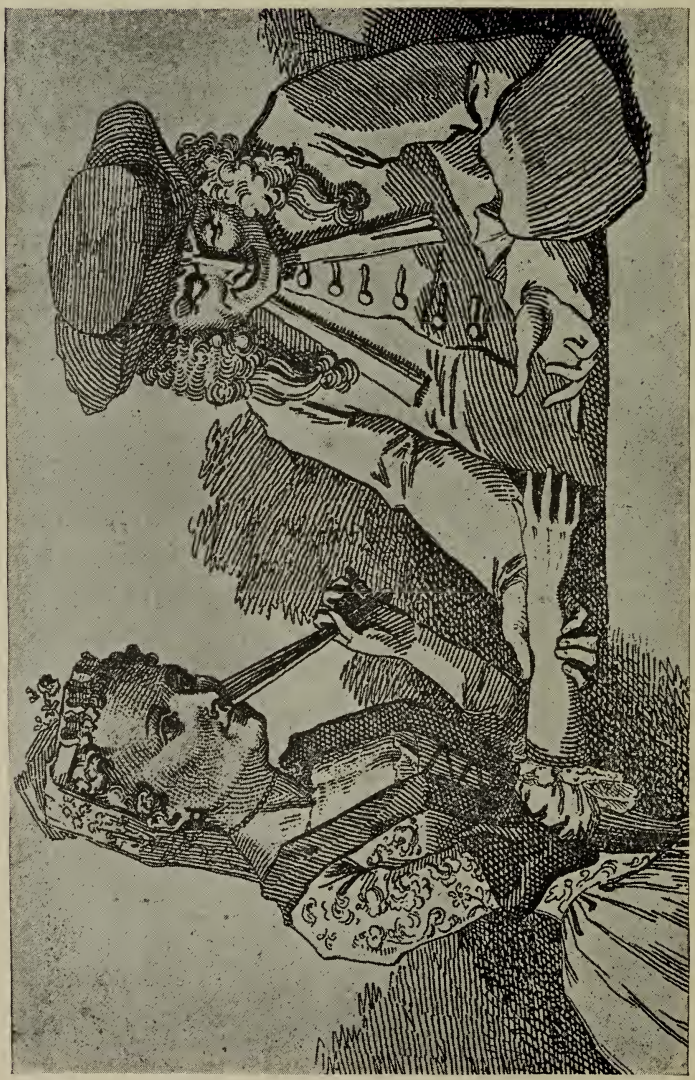
"7. On the other hand Misfortune, opprest by Grief—Minerva, supporting him, points to the sweets of Industry.

"8. Sloth hiding his head in y^e^ curtain.

"9. On the other side, Avarice hugging his money.

"10. Fraud tempting Despair with money at a trap-door in the pedestal."

Had not Hogarth on this occasion condescended to explain his own meaning it must have remained in several places inexplicable.



THE MATCH-MAKER.

THE MATCH-MAKER.

"WANTED IMMEDIATELY—A HUSBAND."

With regard to the lady. By the beauty spots on her face, she apparently wishes to conceal the ravages of time, and from her laced lappets, cuffs, robings, and brocaded silk, we may suppose she is rich.

We see nothing of the proposed bridegroom but his hand and arm; we may, however, fairly infer that he is young and handsome, and a contrast to the antiquated virgin with whom he is prepared to be united.

As to the share which the Match-maker gets in furthering this transaction, I presume it depends on the bargain, and the custom is to be paid by both parties.

THE BATHOS.

(THE BATHOS). FINIS, OR THE TAIL-PIECE.

As many of Mr Hogarth's admirers were desirous of having his works bound up together, considering them as much, if not more. worthy of study, than many books that are extant, he thought it necessary, in order to complete the whole, and preserve that consistency he had been ever observant of, to add some print by way of tail-piece, in contrast to the customary frontispiece of the generality of publications.

What, then, should this be? Something allusive to The End. In the following plate, then, he gives us a collection of such things as bear, indeed, some affinity to the Latin word *Finis*, which are met with in the last leaf of every book; but, that it may not be totally barren of design and humour, takes this opportunity of ridiculing the many glaring absurdities that are often seen in old celebrated pictures of serious cast (owing to the ignorance of their painters in introducing low, obscene, and frequently profane, matter into them), by mixing here the mean with the sublime, and the trifling with that of much importance. Analogous, therefore, to Swift's art of sinking in poetry, he calls it THE BATHOS, or manner of sinking in sublime paintings, and inscribes the plate to the dealers in dark pictures.

The labours of this great painter of the passions being now at an end, and this is the last page of his eventful and instructive histories, a concluding plate seemed necessary, and we are told that, a few months before he was seized with that malady which deprived society of one of its greatest ornaments, he had in contemplation *a last engraving*.

After a dinner with a few social friends at his own table, enjoying

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul,"

the board crowned with wine, and each glass circulating convivial cheerfulness, Hogarth was asked:

"What will be the subject of your next print?"

"*The End of All Things!*" was his reply.

"If that should be the case," added one of his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end of the painter."

With a look that conveyed a consciousness of approaching dissolution, and a deep sigh, he answered, "There will so; and, therefore, the sooner my work is done the better."

With this impulse, he next day began this plate; and, seeming to consider it as *a terminus to his fame*, never turned to the right nor left until he arrived at the end of his journey. The aim of this *omega* to

his alphabet was twofold—to bring together every object which denoted the end of time, and throw a ridicule upon the bathos and profundity of the ancient masters.

On one side, then, we see a ruinous tower, having in front a decayed clock, or time-piece; contiguous to that a grave-stone; and nearer to us the remains of a column, against which lies the figure of time in the utmost agony, breathing out his last. The emblems with which he is customarily painted, viz., a scythe and hour-glass, lie broken beside him. In one of his hands is a fractured pipe; in the other, a roll of parchment, containing his will, in which he has bequeathed all and every atom of this world to blank Chaos, whom he has appointed his sole executor. This will is sealed and witnessed by the three sister Fates—Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos.

Beneath this will lies a shoemaker's last and a cobbler's end. On the left of these is an empty ragged purse; a commission of bankruptcy, with the seal affixed, supposed to be taken out against poor Nature; and a play-book, opened at the close of the last act, where *exeunt omnes* stands forth to view.

In the middle is the remnant of a bow and quiver, a crown destroyed, and a worn-out scrubbing-brush

On the other side of this plate is a withered tree, a decayed cottage, and a falling sign of the world's end, described by the terrestrial globe bursting out in flames.

At the foot of this part is our author's print of the *Times* set on fire, by little better than a snuff of burning candle.

Near this lies a cracked bell, a broken bottle, a piece of old rope, or a rope's end, a besom worn to the stump, the stock of a musket, a whip lashed away from the handle, a capital of the Ionic order, and a painter's fractured palette. At some distance is seen a man hanging in chains, and a ship foundering at sea.

To complete the whole, in the firmament above is the Moon darkened by the death of Sol, who, with his lifeless coursers, lies stretched upon a cloud, his chariot-wheels broken, and his sources of light extinguished.

Thus, however jumbled together may be the objects in this plate, with a design of exposing the absurdities of some ancient paintings, they serve to put us in mind that life is little better than a jumble of incidents, that the end of all things approaches, and that a day will, sooner or later, come, when Time itself shall be no more.

MEMENTO MORI."

FINIS.

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